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A MAP OF
SOUTHERN AFRICA

TO ILLUSTRATE

THE LIFE OF LIVINGSTONE

Scale of English Miles
0 100 200 300 400 500

Livingstone's first Expedition (Measuring Travels) Blue
 " second " (Zambezi & Victoria Nyanza) Red
 " last " (East Karroo) Black

— Trade
 — Cape of Good Hope



Livingstone's Last March.

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DAVID LIVINGSTONE:

The Story of One who Followed Christ.

BY

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE SABBATH MONTH," "FAITHFUL TO THE
END," ETC. ETC.

"The spirit of missions is the spirit of our Master, the very genius of his religion. . . . It requires perpetual propagation to attest its genuineness."—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

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PREFACE.

THE materials of this book have been gathered from Dr. Blaikie's *Personal Life of David Livingstone* and from Livingstone's own journals. It is not an abridgment of Dr. Blaikie's work (although based upon it), but aims to present in a form better suited to interest young people the incidents and the spirit of Livingstone's wonderful life and character.

Such a labor is its own reward. To have lived for a few months in the contemplation of such a life and work as David Livingstone's is to have received a spiritual stimulus which will hardly be spent while life shall last. May the reading of this book arouse many young people to follow in David Livingstone's footsteps until they enter into his reward!

ITHACA, N. Y., July 27, 1881.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the pavement of the nave of Westminster Abbey lies a black marble slab inscribed with these words :

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS
OVER LAND AND SEA,
HERE RESTS
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
MISSIONARY, TRAVELER, PHILANTHROPIST.
BORN MARCH 19, 1813,
AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE;
DIED MAY 4, 1873,
AT CHITAMBO'S VILLAGE, ILALA.

For thirty years his life was spent in unwearied efforts to
evangelize the native races,
to explore undiscovered secrets,
and abolish the desolating slave-trade of Central Africa,
where, with his last words, he wrote,

“All I can say in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing
come down on every one, American, English, Turk,
who will help to heal this open sore of the world.”

There are few young people to whom the name
upon that marble slab is not familiar, at least in

connection with Africa. But since a very few years are enough to bring even a famous name to be little more than a vague tradition to the young, it is none too soon to tell over for them the story of that remarkable life of adventure, of discovery and of self-sacrifice.

Livingstone's whole career of willing service for humanity, the hardships he gladly endured for the benefit of the lowest of mankind, his care of the bodies no less than of the souls of men, his turning away from all the honors which the world would have delighted to heap upon him to go back to the Dark Continent and die in his efforts to heal that "open sore of the world," the slave-trade,—were in a wonderful degree an "imitation of Christ." They make it more nearly possible for us to realize the love of Him whom heaven and the heaven of heavens could not contain while there was a Dark World to be redeemed from the slavery of sin; they are a bright reflection of the divine sympathy of that great Missionary-Physician who went about doing good, and died a ransom for the souls of men. Even in death Livingstone still speaks to us of that divine love and sacrifice, gratitude for which was the spring and the strength of his whole life and work.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

IN March, 1813, David Livingstone was born. He was the second in a family of five children—John, David, Janet, Charles and Agnes. Their home was in Blantyre, a small village near Glasgow, Scotland, and the family had for generations been just such a one as Americans at least ought to know how to value—poor, hardworking, thrifty, pious, trustworthy in business, lovers of books, coveting education even at the cost of the sternest self-denial. David Livingstone's father, Neil Livingstone, was a small tea-merchant, or rather peddler, for he seems to have been an itinerant dealer. Yet he was a man not only of refinement of heart and manner, but of uncommon intelligence, gifted with unusual conversational powers, with an insight into social questions far in advance of his times, and especially endowed with that true missionary spirit which is a sign of a large and generous heart. In his journeyings up and down the

country-side he carried in his pack, besides the tea which was his merchandise, a goodly store of tracts and religious books, which he distributed far and wide. At home he was the model of a Christian house-father, warm-hearted, generous—quick-tempered perhaps, but loving, and beloved even to the point of reverence. His son has told us that the beautiful description in Burns's *Cottar's Saturday Night* applied more closely to him than to any other man he ever knew.

David Livingstone's mother, Agnes Hunter, was a delicate little woman, frail in organization, but very strong in love and self-denial. She was the granddaughter of a sturdy old Covenanter, such as we read of in Scotland in the days of Claverhouse, and she inherited her grandfather's sterling qualities. Her life was one long and arduous struggle to make both ends meet, for the family was large and the profits of tea-peddling small; but with all her cares she ever found time to enter into her children's interests and pleasures, and to train them thoroughly in those habits of neatness, of self-denial and of prompt obedience of which her son David, and through him the whole world, has since then reaped the benefit.

Busy as both father and mother must have been with their heavy cares, it was, after all, the grandparents who in their earlier days were the children's most congenial companions. Grandfather Hunter, who carried on his trade of tailor in the same vil-

lage in which the children's earlier years were passed, was a great reader, and had a famous library for a man of his rank in those days, when books were scarce and dear. They were chiefly theological works, it is true, but in the dearth of other literature, and with the hunger for knowledge which one at least of the Livingstone boys inherited from his parents, they were sure to be ransacked and pored over with an eagerness which children of the present day will perhaps find it hard to understand.

Still, in their earlier years, Grandfather Livingstone's stories were no doubt found to be more enjoyable than Grandfather Hunter's books. Their father's father lived at Blantyre too, possibly in their own house. He had been a faithful agent of a great manufacturing firm in Glasgow, having been employed to carry large sums of money from the city to the works at Blantyre. In his old age he was pensioned off by his employers, and lived in honor and dignity among his neighbors and descendants.

There was a story which Grandfather Livingstone used to tell the children of one of their ancestors, who on his deathbed called his sons around him and said, "Now, in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or of your children should

take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: Be honest." This story, which David Livingstone says is the only family tradition of which he was proud, seems to have had its influence upon all the Livingstones down to the present day.

Grandfather Livingstone's memory was well stored not only with family traditions, but with those tales and legends which Walter Scott afterward gathered into his *Tales of a Grandfather*—wonderful incidents of Highland warfare and of Border foray, weird stories of the Black Douglas and thrilling adventures of Bruce and Wallace and other heroes of the olden time. These he would relate to the five little grandchildren around the winter fire, pausing sometimes that his wife might sing her well-remembered Gaelic ballads, some of which, she believed, had been composed by captive Highlanders while languishing in hopeless, far-away Turkish prisons. Grandmother Livingstone spoke and understood Gaelic far better than English, and her son Neil, David's father, set an example of filial piety by learning Gaelic when himself well on in years and unused to study, that he might read the Bible in that language to his mother after her sight had grown dim.

Among the grandfather's family-histories was the story of his own father, the children's great-grandfather, who had died at Culloden fighting for the

Pretender ; and he had many anecdotes to tell of the love and fidelity of the Highlanders for their chief. Such stories as these, and perhaps the old Highland blood throbbing in his veins, made it more easy for David Livingstone in later years to understand the relation of the African tribes to their chiefs, and to respect it, while he tried to bring it under the purifying influence of Christianity. No doubt this respect and sympathy gave him a power over these savage people which other missionaries have failed to gain. It will be interesting to notice how many times David Livingstone owed his life to that subtle influence over the wild Africans which no one else has possessed, and which can in a measure be traced back to his grandfather's stories around the kitchen fire in far-away Scotland.

The boy David was the brightest and merriest of the children in that fireside circle. He was the favorite of all his brothers and sisters, for he was not only full of fun, but also of the dash and daring of his Highland ancestors, ever ready with some new plan for amusement and full of devices for the employment of play-hours. These were few enough : the parents were very, very poor, and the children were early put to work ; but work was not the hardship to them that it would be to many children : they had been prepared for it by the habits of strict obedience and self-denial in which they had been trained. When David was a very little boy, coming home somewhat later than usual one

evening, he found himself locked out, for it was his father's unvarying rule to fasten the house at dusk, and the children were expected to be within by that time. The little boy had no idea of a rule being broken in his favor, and he made no attempt to get in; but, having procured a piece of bread from some one—it would be pleasant to know from whom—he settled himself upon the doorstep for the night. Happily, his mother looked out and saw him, and he was spared the cold night-watch, though probably he did not lack a serious reproof. Thus early the boy's home-training had formed in him that habit of making the best of things, and that indifference to hardship, which were of such service to him in Africa.

We are told, too, that when only nine years old he received a New Testament for reciting the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm on two successive evenings, with only five mistakes. Hard, drudging study had no terrors for him.

Such training as this no doubt made his life much more endurable when at ten years of age he was put to work in the cotton-mill as a "piecer;" but it must have been weary toil at best for such a little fellow. His great reward was when he brought his first week's earnings, half a crown (sixty cents), and laid them in his mother's lap, and glad was he when his proud mother returned to him so much as would buy a Latin grammar. Ruddiman's *Rudiments* was thenceforth the companion of his leisure

moments. From that time for many years he studied Latin in an evening-school from eight till ten o'clock. "The dictionary part of my labors," he says, "was followed up till twelve o'clock, or later if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now."

Latin, however, was not his only study. He says of himself, "In reading, everything that I could lay my hands on was devoured, except novels. Scientific works and books of travel were my especial delight, though my father—believing, with many of his time who ought to have known better, that the former were inimical to religion—would have preferred to see me poring over the *Cloud of Witnesses* or Boston's *Fourfold State*. Our difference of opinion reached the point of open rebellion on my part, and his last application of the rod was on my refusal to peruse Wilberforce's *Practical Christianity*."

To young people of the present day this seems like excessive severity, but it did not make the son respect, or even love, his father less. David Livingstone revered his father's high principle, and knew that his strictness was by no means the result of harshness or unkindness. Never was there a

more affectionate son. It was a great blow to him to receive the tidings of his father's death when on the way home after his first great journey through Africa, "expecting," as he says, "no greater pleasure than sitting by our cottage fire and telling him my travels. I revere his memory."

The scientific books to which his father so strongly objected supplied a motive for the occupation of the boy's leisure hours. These could not have been many—only the few holidays allowed by the strictness of Scottish customs—but they were all spent in rambling with his brothers over the country-side in search of botanical, geological and zoological specimens. An old-fashioned book on astrological medicine, Culpepper's *Herbal*, which somehow fell into his hands, not only guided him in his search for plants and "simples," but set his mind to work on the subject of astrology, which he studied until he himself became afraid of the dangerous ground on which he was treading. Far better recreation than these occult studies were his country excursions. "These excursions, often in company with my brothers—one now in Canada, and the other a clergyman in the United States—gratified my intense love of Nature; and though we usually returned so unmercifully hungry that the embryo parson shed tears, yet we discovered, to us, so many new and interesting things that he was always as eager to join us the next time as he was the last."

David was not more than twelve years old, he tells us, when he began to think earnestly upon religious subjects; but as he made the mistake of thinking that he must wait for some startling change before he might believe that God loved him and that Christ had died to save him, his mind became confused, and for years he was disturbed with a vague distress, which caused him to try to banish thought on the subject. It was not until he was nearly twenty years old that he fell in with a book which gave him new and wonderful light. This book was Dr. Dick's *Philosophy of a Future State*. It showed him what a mistake he had made, and he suddenly realized that the Saviour had all his life been loving him and offering him the free salvation from his sins for which he had been longing. The moment that this knowledge came to his soul was a wonderful moment to David Livingstone. He felt, he says, like a person cured of color-blindness; everything was made new. His whole heart overflowed with love for Christ; his strong desire was to do something to show his gratitude. "It is my desire," he wrote, "to show my attachment to the cause of Him who died for me, by devoting my life to his service." It was thus he felt at nineteen. Thirty-nine years later, on his last birthday but one, alone among savages in the heart of Africa, he wrote again: "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All! I again dedicate myself to thee. Accept me, and grant, O most gra-

cious Father, that ere this year is done I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen."

It was the same loving gratitude that animated the first hours of his conversion which was the key to his whole life, sustaining him through all his "works and his labor and his patience," until the lonely midnight hour when from the worn kneeling figure in the hut at Ilala his triumphant spirit went forth to the companionship of his beloved Lord.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATION.

FROM the age of ten to nineteen David Livingstone was a "piecer" in the cotton-mills. He was then put at spinning, which was, he says, "excessively severe on a slim, loose-jointed lad such as I then was." He was glad of his promotion, however, not only because of the higher wages, but on account of the opportunities it gave him for reading. Not that he had any more leisure than before. His working-hours were still from six in the morning till eight at night, but he found a way of fixing his book upon the spinning-frame, where it would be constantly before his eyes as he passed and repassed at his work.

In those days machinery was not self-acting, as it now is. David needed to give constant attention to his work, so that he never had so much as a whole minute at one time for his book; but by dwelling upon the few sentences which met his eye as he passed before his book, revolving them over and over in his mind until the next spare moment came, he really learned far more than if he could have gone more rapidly through his books.

Thus, too, he gained a surprising power of abstracting his mind from outward objects, and even from the sense of personal discomfort. It was this power which made it possible for him in later years to carry on his writing and his scientific observations in the midst of the distracting noises of his savage companions and often when undergoing the most tormenting anxiety or the severest suffering. Far from regretting these long years of toil in the cotton-mill or counting them as lost time, he felt that they were his best preparation for the work of his life. Although they kept him from entering on that work until he was nearly thirty years old, he often said that if he had to begin life again he should like to begin it "in the same lowly style and to pass through the same hardy training." Indeed, David Livingstone loved to trace the hand of Providence through his whole life, and to see how constantly it had been shaping events to fit him for a service of which he himself never dreamed.

One of these providential guidings—which people often call "coincidences"—was this very promotion to cotton-spinning, which, by giving him a better opportunity for reading, led, by means of Dr. Dick's works, to the opening of his eyes to the love of Jesus Christ, and to the fullness and freedom of the salvation which he offers. In the joyful gratitude which filled his soul as he realized this divine love he longed to bring every one else to the same

glorious knowledge. It seemed to him that "the salvation of men ought to be the chief desire and aim of every Christian;" and with a full heart he resolved "that he would give to the cause of missions all that he might earn beyond what was required for his subsistence." It did not occur to him at this time to give himself, but about two years later, when he was twenty-one years old, there came, as he always believed, another providential leading which brought him to that decision.

Meantime, the books which had guided him to Christ had not led him away from his favorite studies. The works of Dr. Dick, being a reverential study of Nature by the light of religion, had only whetted his appetite for scientific research, and the reading of these two years, carried on under the difficult conditions that we know of, was all the time moulding his intellect into greater fitness for his as yet undreamed-of career.

The providential call to that career came when he was twenty-one years old, in the shape of an appeal to the churches of Britain and America on behalf of China by Mr. Gutzlaff, a missionary-physician. This appeal made a profound impression on young Livingstone. "The claims of so many millions of his fellow-creatures, and the complaints of the scarcity of qualified missionaries," stirred him to give himself up to such a work. From that time "his efforts were constantly directed toward that object without any fluctuation."

His first idea was to go to China, and to go, as Gutzlaff had gone, as a missionary-physician. His fondness for science made such a profession more attractive to him than that of a religious teacher merely, but his choice made the work of preparation far more formidable to a poor man. A theological education could have been obtained at a very trifling expense, but a medical course was a costly affair. The question of expense, however, did not alarm him in the least. Telling no one of his plan but his parents and his minister, and receiving from them a hearty "God-speed," he set about making the earnings of six months pay not only the support of the year, but the cost of fees, books and lodgings away from home for the other six months. No one could have done it but the boy who had learned by long experience of self-denial and cheerful endurance to meet all the discomforts of cold rooms, hard fare and scanty clothing not only with fortitude, but without any injury to his health.

He was twenty-three years old when he began this arduous life. It was the winter of 1836-37. "Furnished by a friend with a list of lodgings, Livingstone and his father set out from Blantyre one wintry day while the snow was on the ground, and walked to Glasgow. The lodgings were all too expensive. All day they searched for a cheap apartment, and at last in Rotten Row they found a room at two shillings a week. Next evening David wrote to his friends that he had entered in the various classes

and spent twelve pounds in fees—that he felt very lonely after his father left, but would put ‘a stout heart to a steybrae,’ and ‘either mak’ a spune or spoil a horn.’ In Rotten Row he found that his landlady held rather communistic views in regard to his tea and sugar, so another search had to be made, and this time he found a room in the High Street, where he was very comfortable at half a crown a week.”

Livingstone’s spirits, always bright and buoyant, seemed to rise with the self-restraint of this hard winter’s experience. He was more than ever the life of the household when, after his Saturday evening’s walk home, seven miles of dreary trudging through snow and storm, he would spend hours in relating to the family all that had befallen him since the Monday morning. The home-circle looked forward to those Saturday evenings as the brightest hours in the whole week.

Livingstone’s time while in Glasgow was devoted to the study of Greek, theology, and more especially of medicine. He made a few warm and influential friends, although at that time he gave no promise of any unusual capacity, and he was in far too humble a sphere to attract much notice. His chief friend was a Mr. Young, who was then assistant to one of the medical professors, and who afterward became known as the man who discovered the means of refining petroleum and adapting it to illuminating purposes, and of manufacturing paraffine and paraffine

oil. With "Sir Paraffine," as Livingstone used to call his friend, he spent many pleasant hours, busy with the turning-lathe and other tools which were to be found in his room, and thus gaining a knowledge and a dexterity which were of the very highest value to him when, as he said, "he had to become a jack-of-all-trades in Africa."

At the close of the first winter's study he returned to his mill-work in Blantyre. When the second winter came he found that his savings were not quite sufficient for his support, and for the first and only time in his arduous course was obliged to borrow. His brother John, barely richer than himself, became his creditor with a generous confidence in his younger brother's ability which proves the hard-worked laborer to have been himself a man of no ordinary character.

It was in the course of his second session in Glasgow that Livingstone decided to offer himself to the London Missionary Society. He preferred this society because it simply sent the gospel to the heathen without reference to denomination. It was not, however, without a pang that he offered his services to any society, "for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent upon others."

His offer was provisionally accepted, and Livingstone was summoned to London to meet the directors. On the night of his arrival he met a young Englishman who had come up for the same purpose

--Joseph Moore, afterward missionary to Tahiti. Between these two sprang up a friendship so warm that their families used to speak of them as Jonathan and David. Mr. Moore, in writing of this time, says:

“On Monday we passed our first examination. On Tuesday we went to Westminster Abbey. Who that had seen those two young men passing from monument to monument could have divined that one of them would one day be buried with a nation’s—rather with the civilized world’s—lament in that sacred shrine? The wildest fancy could not have pictured that such an honor awaited David Livingstone. I grew daily more attached to him. If I were asked why, I should be rather at a loss to reply. There was truly an indescribable charm about him, which, with all his rather ungainly ways and by no means winning face, attracted almost every one, and which helped him so much in his after wanderings in Africa. (He won those who came near him by a kind of spell.)

“After passing two examinations we were both so far accepted by the society that we were sent to the Rev. Richard Cecil, who resided at Chipping Ongar in Essex. Most missionary-pupils were sent to him for a three months’ probation, and if a favorable opinion were sent to the board of directors, they went to one of the Independent colleges. The students did not for the most part live with Mr. Cecil, but took lodgings in the town, and

went to his house for meals and instruction in classics and theology. Livingstone and I lodged together. We read Latin and Greek and began Hebrew together. Every day we took walks, and visited all the spots of interest in the neighborhood, among them the country churchyard which was the burial-place of John Locke."

Livingstone was at this time twenty-five years of age, a tall, awkward young man, with a face only redeemed from utter plainness by his mother's beautiful blue eyes, but with that wonderful charm of which his friend speaks, which was the direct influence of a noble soul and an exalted Christian character. His clothing was poor and mean, but long before this he had formed a habit of scrupulous neatness, which he kept up through life, and which he exacted from all his family. During all his painful wanderings in Africa he made attention to the toilet a matter of duty, believing that he thus won a higher respect for his Christian profession from the savages around him, besides raising them in the scale of civilization by his example.

Livingstone seldom spoke of his more intimate experiences, seldom wrote of them even in his most private letters and journals. Yet he thoroughly impressed every one with the reality and beauty of his religious life. His friend "Jonathan" tells us that he was much impressed by the fact that Livingstone never prayed without the petition that he might imitate Christ in all his imitable

perfections; and another friend of those student days writes: "One could not fail to be impressed with his simple, loving Christian spirit, and the combined modest, unassuming and self-reliant character of the man." "I might sum up my impressions of him in two words," writes another: "simplicity and resolution. Now, after nearly forty years, I remember his step, the characteristic forward tread, firm, simple, resolute, neither fast nor slow, no hurry and no dawdle, but which evidently meant—getting there."

Of these characteristics his friend "Jonathan," gives an illustration. We learn that Livingstone's older brother had about this time begun to deal in lace, and David undertook to go to London to transact some business for him. "One foggy November morning at three o'clock he set out from Ongar to walk to London. It was about twenty-seven miles to the house he sought. It seems that in the darkness of the morning he fell into a ditch, smearing his clothes and by no means improving his appearance for business purposes. He spent the day in London going from shop to shop, and toward evening set out on foot to return to Ongar. Just out of London near Edmonton a lady had been thrown out of a gig; she lay stunned on the road. Livingstone immediately went to her, helped to carry her into a house close by, and having examined her and found no bones broken, and recommending a doctor to be called, he resumed his weary tramp. Weary

and footsore, when he reached Stanford Rivers he missed his way, and finding after some time that he was wrong, he felt so dead-beat that he was inclined to lie down and sleep; but finding a directing-post, he climbed it and by the light of the stars deciphered enough to know his whereabouts. About twelve that Saturday night he reached Ongar, white as a sheet, and so tired that he could hardly utter a word. I gave him a basin of bread and milk, and I am not exaggerating when I say I put him to bed. He fell at once asleep, and did not awake until noon-day had passed on Sunday."

Among other duties, Mr. Cecil's pupils were expected to lead by turns at family prayer, and also to prepare sermons, which, having been corrected by their tutor, were learned by heart and delivered to congregations in the neighboring villages. One evening Livingstone was sent for to supply the place of a minister who had fallen ill since morning. "He took his text," writes his friend, "read it out very deliberately, and then—then— His sermon had fled! Midnight darkness came upon him, and he abruptly said, 'Friends, I have forgotten all I have to say;' and hurrying out of the pulpit, he left the chapel."

The three months' probation being over, Mr. Cecil, judging from his hesitating manner of conducting family prayer and from his lamentable failure in preaching, sent an unfavorable report to the mission board. Happily, one of the directors plead-

ed hard for another probation, and after another trial he was finally accepted, and sent to London for further study. Here he spent two years, chiefly in the study of medicine and in hospital practice. Not only was scientific study more congenial to him than abstract theology, but it was his best hope for gaining an entrance into China, his chosen field.

Although he made many friends among his teachers, yet no one dreamed of his future success. His mind and character were both slow to mature, and the directors did not count him among their ablest men. They thought him unfit for cultured India, and China being then closed by the "opium war," it was proposed to send him to the West Indies. This Livingstone strongly opposed, since the years he had spent in medical study would be lost in a country where there were regular practitioners.

Finally, one of those providential leadings occurred which he was so fond of tracing. The Rev. Dr. Moffat, whose name, as well as that of his whole family, will ever be identified with Africa, came to England, and created a great interest in his work.

"I had occasion," he writes, "to call for some one at Mrs. Sewell's," a boarding-house for young missionaries, where Livingstone lived. "I observed soon that this young man was interested in my story, that he would sometimes come quietly and ask me a question or two, and that he was always desirous to know where I was to speak in public, and attended on these occasions. By and by he asked

me whether I thought he would do for Africa. I said I believed he would if he would not go to an old station, but would advance to unoccupied ground, specifying the vast plain to the north, where I had sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been. At last Livingstone said, 'What is the use of my waiting for the close of this miserable war? I will go at once to Africa.' The directors concurred, and Africa became his sphere."

This decision and the friendship with Dr. Moffat, who ever after exerted a strong influence over him, appear to have been the needed touches to develop his latent powers. His whole character seemed to expand and his mind to blossom out into strength during the last few months in England. Even his handwriting changed, and from being cramped and feeble it became clear, firm and vigorous.

His preparations were by this time nearly complete. A serious illness for a time interrupted them, and gave him an opportunity to spend a few weeks in his beloved home. There was then nothing more to do but to pass his examinations, take his medical degree and bid his family a last farewell. One precious evening he had to pass with them. He would have sat up all night to talk, but his mother would not hear of it. "I remember my father and him," writes his sister, "talking over the prospects of Christian missions. They agreed that the time would come when rich and great men would think

it an honor to support whole stations of missionaries, instead of spending their money on hounds and horses. On the morning of 17th of November we got up at five o'clock. My mother made coffee. David read the one hundred and twenty-first and the one hundred and thirty-fifth Psalms, and prayed. My father and he walked to Glasgow to catch the Liverpool steamer." There the father and son parted for the last time on earth.

Three days later, being then twenty-seven years and six months old, Livingstone was ordained a missionary. It was the closing act of his old life, the opening of his new. From that day he belonged to Africa.

CHAPTER III.

ACTIVE WAITING.

ON the 8th of December, 1840, Livingstone set sail for Africa. In the course of the voyage the ship touched at Rio de Janeiro, giving him his first and last glimpse of the American continent. The three months at sea were occupied with the study of theology and navigation. The captain "was very obliging to me, and gave me all the information in his power respecting the use of the quadrant, frequently sitting up till twelve o'clock for the purpose of taking lunar observations with me." Thus Livingstone's habit of making the most of every opportunity gained him another qualification for his unanticipated future.

Livingstone preached in the ship's cabin on Sundays, but he could perceive no good result of his efforts. He preached again at the Cape, where the vessel put in, and was invited to remain as minister to the English residents there, but it was not for work such as this that he had come to Africa. As soon as the ship was ready he went on with it to Algoa Bay, where he was to get oxen and make arrangements for a journey into the interior. While

there he preached a sermon to the English colonists, of which he wrote to his friend, Mr. Moore: "I am a very poor preacher, having a bad delivery, and some of them said if they knew I was going to preach again they would not enter the chapel." Whether their disgust was wholly owing to the preacher's bad manner may be doubtful, since he goes on to say: "The truth which I uttered seemed to plague very much the person who supplied the missionaries with wagons and oxen (they were bad ones). My subject was on the necessity of adopting the benevolent spirit of the Son of God and abandoning the selfishness of the world."

The journey to Kuruman, which was the most northerly station of the London Missionary Society, was full of difficulty. A trip of six hundred miles with carts and oxen was no trifling undertaking, but the future explorer found it much to his taste: "I like traveling very much indeed, there is so much freedom connected with our African manners. We pitch our tent, make our fires, etc., wherever we choose, walk, ride or shoot at abundance of game as our inclination leads us. But there is a great drawback: we can't study or read as we please." Yet with all the drawbacks he goes on to say that he can already speak a little Dutch, which was necessary in his intercourse with the colonists, and is studying Sichuana, one of the languages of South Africa.

On the 31st of July, 1841, he arrived at Kuru-

man. Here he was to remain until further instructions came from the directors of the missionary society. He had not been there long, occupied in study, preaching and medical practice, before he became convinced that the missionaries were too much crowded together. He felt sure that their best way was to take possession of a wide field and to make great use of native helpers, since the thorough understanding of the customs, temperament and language of their fellow-countrymen which the converts possessed made them so much fitter to teach them than foreigners could possibly be. He wrote to the directors, urgently begging permission to employ more of these helpers, offering, if necessary, to defray the cost of one of them from his own slender stipend.

While awaiting the answer from London he determined upon a tour of exploration and evangelization among the neighboring tribes. His idea was, by burying himself among the natives, to learn their language more rapidly and to slip more readily into their modes of thinking and feeling. Seven hundred miles he thus traveled over—a long journey in itself, though a mere speck upon the map of the great continent of which so large a portion yet lies in darkness. In the course of this journey Livingstone found many opportunities for the practice of medicine. On his return to Kuruman he wrote to his medical professor in London:

“I have an immense practice: I have patients now

under treatment who have walked one hundred and thirty miles for my advice, and when these go home others will come for the same purpose. This is the country for a medical man if he wants a large practice, but he must leave fees out of the question. . . . Sometimes when traveling my wagon was quite besieged by their blind and halt and lame. What a mighty effect would be produced if one of the seventy disciples were amongst them to heal them all by a word! . . . The great deal of work I have had to do in attending to the sick has proved beneficial to me, for they make me speak the language perpetually. They are excellent patients too, besides. There is no wincing; everything prescribed is done *instantly*. Their only failing is that they become tired of a long course. But in any operation even the women sit unmoved. I have been astonished again and again at their calmness. . . . 'A man like me never cries,' they say; 'they are children that cry.' And it is a fact that the men never cry. But when the Spirit of God works on their minds they cry most piteously. Sometimes in church they endeavor to screen themselves from the eyes of the preacher by hiding under the forms or covering their heads with their *karosses* (cloaks) as a remedy against their convictions. And when they find that won't do, they rush out of the church and run with all their might, crying as if the hand of death were behind them. One would think that when they got away, there they would remain; but no: there

they are in their places at the very next meeting." Whatever may have been the faults of Livingstone's English sermons, it may be seen from this that in Sichuana he was a powerful and effective preacher.

The longed-for permission to go up and occupy the land being still delayed, Livingstone made two more missionary journeys in 1842 and 1843. It was very trying to his faith and patience to be thus kept back from what seemed to him the most important work, but the time was by no means lost. Besides studying, translating hymns into Sichuana, practicing medicine and preaching, he became more thoroughly acquainted with the character of the people and the nature of the country, and fixed upon a spot suitable for his future missionary station. He also continued his scientific investigations and studies, and made a collection of plants, animals and fossils to send to Prof. Owen in Edinburgh. Unfortunately, the box never reached its destination; but the knowledge thus gained was of the utmost use in future explorations.

The place which Livingstone selected for his first station was about two hundred and fifty miles north of Kuruman, among the Bechuanas, a people who were not yet familiar with Europeans, but who had heard that white men had guns by which a few of them could put to flight a whole horde of natives, and who were delighted at the idea of welcoming such powerful allies who could protect them from the hostile tribes. Livingstone felt that it was best

to make the most of this feeling before the traders came and by their frauds and oppressions caused the white people to be suspected and hated. He was not at all afraid to bury himself among savages hundreds of miles from civilization, and wondered that missionaries should ever hesitate to do what the traders did constantly merely for the sake of gain. He had acquired a great influence among the natives, and his ready tact showed him the best way of managing them.

“The doctor and the rain-maker among these people are one and the same person,” he writes on one of his journeys. “As I did not like to be behind my professional brethren, I declared that I could make rain too—not, however, by enchantments like them, but by leading out their river for irrigation. The idea pleased them mightily, and to work we went *instanter*. Even the chief’s own doctor is at it, and works like a good fellow, laughing heartily at the cunning of the ‘foreigner’ who can make rain so. We have only one spade, and this is without a handle, and yet by means of sticks sharpened to a point we have performed all the digging of a pretty long canal. The earth was lifted out in ‘gowpens,’ and carried to the huge dam we have built in karosses (skin cloaks), tortoise-shells or wooden bowls. . . . This is, I believe, the first instance in which Bechuanas have been got to work without wages. It was with the utmost difficulty that the earlier missionaries got them to do

anything. The missionaries solicited their permission to do what they did, and this was the very way to make them show off their airs, for they are so disobliging; if they perceive any one in the least dependent upon them they immediately begin to tyrannize. A more mean and selfish vice certainly does not exist in the world. I am trying a different plan with them. I make my presence with any of them a favor, and when they show any impudence I threaten to leave them, and if they don't amend I put my threat into execution. By a bold, free course among them I have not the least difficulty in managing the most fierce. They are in one sense fierce, and in another the greatest cowards in the world. A kick would, I am persuaded, quell the courage of the bravest of them. Add to this the report which many of them verily believe, that I am a great wizard, and you will understand how I can with ease visit any of them."

A part of one of Livingstone's journeys had to be performed upon ox-back. "It is rough traveling, as you can conceive," he writes. "The skin is so loose there is no getting one's great-coat, which has to serve both as saddle and blanket, to stick on; and then the long horns in front, with which the ox can give one a punch in the abdomen if he likes, make us sit bolt upright as dragoons. In this manner I traveled more than four hundred miles."

On another journey, the draught oxen having become sick, a part of the distance had to be made on

foot. "Some of my companions who had recently joined us, and did not know that I understood a little of their speech, were overheard by me discussing my appearance and powers: 'He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags [trousers]; he will soon knock up.' This caused my Highland blood to rise, and made me despise the fatigue of keeping them all at the top of their speed for days together, and until I heard them expressing proper opinions of my pedestrian powers."

The long-looked-for permission came at last from London, and with it a letter which rejoiced his heart hardly less. It was from Mrs. McRobert, wife of a minister in a town not far from Blantyre, and enclosed twelve pounds, which she had collected for the support of a native helper. He replied in a letter full of gratitude, telling the donors of a young native deacon, Mebalwe by name, whom he had selected as their agent, and begging them to concentrate their prayers upon him; for prayer, he thought, was more efficacious when it could be said, "*One thing have I desired of the Lord.*"

With Mebalwe and a brother-missionary Livingstone set out for the station he had selected in the Bakhatla country. The journey was performed in company with a party of English gentlemen out on a hunting-expedition. Although not entirely in sympathy with Livingstone in religious matters, these gentlemen were charmed by his manliness,

integrity and civility, and were quite willing to fall in with his requirements that Sunday should be kept as a day of rest, and that the conduct of the whole party should be such as became a Christian company. One of these gentlemen, Captain Steele (now General Sir Thomas Steele), became Livingstone's life-long friend, and another, Mr. Oswell, was the companion of several subsequent journeys.

The hunting-party was far better fitted out than the missionary company with horses, servants, tents and stores; but with all their comforts they lacked one thing which Livingstone possessed—the affection of the natives. These crowded to help Livingstone wherever he appeared, and did all in their power to make him comfortable. “When we arrive at a spot where we intend to spend the night,” he writes to his family, “all hands immediately unyoke the oxen. Then one or two of the company collect wood; one of us strikes up a fire, another gets out the water-bucket and fills the kettle; a piece of meat is thrown on the fire, and if we have biscuit we are at our coffee in less than half an hour after arriving. Our friends perhaps sit or stand shivering at their fire for two or three hours before they get their things ready, and are glad occasionally of a cup of coffee from us.”

Thus, after a fortnight's journey, the missionaries reached their new home.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST STATION.

THE first thing to be done, not only at this but at all subsequent settlements, was to have an interview with the chief and ask if he desired a missionary. In the present instance this was merely a form, for not only had the chief been delighted with the idea when Livingstone had proposed it to him on a previous visit, but the tribe had offered to remove to a more desirable locality if he would come and dwell among them. This they now proceeded to do, and a place called Mabotsa (meaning "a marriage-feast"), beautifully situated in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains, was selected. Here Livingstone thought to make the home of his life, establishing a training-school for native teachers and making Mabotsa the centre of a large circle of missionary operations. This was his plan, but it was not the work for which God had called him to Africa. What that work was, was only gradually revealed through the unfolding of circumstances.

The people among whom Livingstone had chosen to labor were the Bakhatla, a tribe of the Bechuana,

who occupy all that part of Africa west of the Transvaal, including the Kalahari Desert. Livingstone tells us: "The different Bechuana tribes are named after certain animals, showing that in former times they were addicted to animal-worship, like the ancient Egyptians. The term Bakhatla means 'they of the monkey;' Bakuena (or Bakwain), 'they of the alligator;' Batlapi, 'they of the fish'—each tribe having a superstitious dread of the animal after which it is called."

The first duty on arriving at Mabotsa was to purchase a piece of ground. The natives were much surprised at the idea of buying land. All land was with them held for the tribe by their chief, who allotted to each man such a piece as was suitable. They were quite willing to sell, however, when Livingstone explained that he wished to avoid all future occasions of dispute, as when a foolish chief began to reign and found large and valuable buildings on the missionaries' land, he might wish to claim it all. These reasons were satisfactory. About twenty-five dollars' worth of goods was given to the tribe, the papers were drawn up, and all parties affixed their names or marks. The next business was building. A house fifty-two feet long by twenty wide was erected, Livingstone, his colleague and the schoolmaster, Mebalwe, doing most of the work themselves.

The Bakhatla were more industrious than the other tribes. They had an iron manufactory, to



Zulu Rain-Doctor.

which Livingstone, as a bachelor, was admitted, but married men were excluded, lest they should bewitch the iron! The people had many superstitious notions, such as belief in charms and medicines and in the power of the rain-makers. They had hardly any idea of God except that of superiority, and often called their chief by the same name. All these things made it the more difficult for them to understand the teachings of the missionaries. To counteract their superstitious ideas, Livingstone soon began a series of popular lectures on the works of God. "I intend to commence," he wrote, "with the goodness of God in bestowing iron ore, by giving, if I can, a general knowledge of the simplicity of the substance, and endeavoring to disabuse their minds of the idea which prevents them, in general, from reaping the benefit of that mineral, which abounds in their country."

There was one serious drawback to the newly-chosen locality. It was infested with lions. They leaped into the cattle-pens at night and destroyed the cows, and even attacked the herds in open day, giving the people to think that they had been bewitched by some hostile tribe. For this reason they were afraid to attack the animals, although they were well aware that if they should kill one the rest would leave the district. Livingstone therefore thought best to encourage them by going with them on a lion-hunt:

"We found the lions on a small hill about a

quarter of a mile in length and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down on the plain with a native schoolmaster [Mebalwe], I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now-closed circle of men. Mebalwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then, leaping away, broke through the open circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was reformed, we saw two other lions in it, but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakhatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps toward the village. In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot! he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him.' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and,

turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little, till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier-dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so it is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempt-

ed to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven tooth-wounds on the upper part of my arm."

The way in which Livingstone treated this occurrence is very characteristic. In his letters home he hardly alludes to it, and he was only induced to give the account quoted above in his book, written thirteen years later, because so many false reports of the occurrence had got abroad. He had meant, he says, to keep the story to tell to his grandchildren in his dotage. To his friend, Dr. Risdon Bennet, he wrote of it as a matter of purely scientific interest. "The account he gave me of his perilous encounter with the lion," says the latter, "and the means he adopted for the repair of the serious injuries which he received, excited the astonishment and admiration of all the medical friends to whom I related it, as evincing an amount of courage, sagacity, skill and endurance which has scarcely been surpassed in the annals of heroism."

Livingstone's life was saved in this encounter as if by a miracle, but he was lame for life of the arm which the lion had crunched, and although he seldom alluded to it, yet we must remember that "for thirty years afterward all his labors and adventures,

entailing such exertion and fatigue, were undertaken with a limb so maimed that it was painful for him to raise a fowling-piece, or in fact to place the left arm in any position above the level of the shoulder." It is a remarkable illustration of those providential circumstances which he was so fond of tracing that the false joint in the left arm made by this encounter with the lion was the means of identifying his body when it was brought home "over land and sea" in 1874.

Having completed the mission-buildings, and gotten schools and religious meetings into working order, Livingstone made a journey to Kuruman for fresh stores and supplies. He found Mr. Moffat returned from England with his family, and an attachment soon sprang up between Livingstone and Dr. Moffat's eldest daughter. She was a charming girl, full of life, vivacity, courage and endurance. The daughter of a missionary, familiar with the duties which would devolve upon a missionary's wife, speaking the native languages and understanding the native character, Mary Moffat was especially fitted to be a helper to Livingstone in the work which he had planned, and to influence the native women and children by setting them an example of Christian living. In due time the marriage took place, and the young couple engaged most vigorously in their chosen duties at Mabotsa, preaching, studying, school-teaching, household labor, translating hymns, practicing medicine and training native

helpers. "I had a great objection to school-keeping," Livingstone writes, "but I find that, as in almost everything else I set myself to do as a matter of duty, I soon became enamored of it."

He found some of his people very bright. "A boy came three times last week, and on the third time could act as monitor to the rest through a great portion of the alphabet."

The subject of a training seminary occupied him more and more as he saw more clearly the usefulness of native helpers. He had brought it before the missionaries and before the directors, but without success. Some thought the plan premature; others hinted that his motive was to put himself in a prominent position. His father-in-law approved of the plan, and on a later visit to England raised a sum of money for the purpose; but for the time being the project had to be abandoned. Livingstone saw that he had not gone to work judiciously, and resolved to approach the object in another way. He would first prove what could be done by native agency; he would travel about, and wherever he found a good opening would settle native helpers far and wide. This resolution was the seed which afterward bore such glorious fruit in the opening up of Africa. If Livingstone could have had his way with the directors, if he could have established a training seminary at Mabotsa, he would not have gone up and down the land pushing his inquiries; he would not have become the great ex-

plorer for which all the events of his life had been fitting him; he would not have opened the Dark Continent, would not have given the deathblow to the slave-trade, and that "open sore of the world" might yet have remained unhealed.

Not much more than two years Livingstone remained in this station of Mabotsa, which he had supposed would be his home for life. He had grown to love the people, and was devotedly loved by them in return. But, most unfortunately, his missionary colleague grew jealous of him, of his ascendancy over the natives and of the position which he held among the missionaries. Livingstone saw at once the harm which such feelings would do to the mission cause, and, though with great pain, he resolved to leave his colleague in possession of the field. "I will do anything for peace except fight for it," he said. He had spent all his money upon the buildings of this station, and out of a stipend of a hundred pounds a year building was no easy matter; but self-denial was far better than strife. It was especially hard to leave his garden. "I like a garden," he wrote, "but paradise will make amends for all our toils and privations here."

The people were loud in their grief, and even after the oxen had been "inspanned" for the removal offered to build him a new house in some other place at their own expense if he would stay. Even his disaffected colleague was struck with his

ready self-sacrifice, and urged him to remain, but Livingstone's mind was made up. It was best for him to go, and he was willing "to go anywhere, *provided it be FORWARD.*"

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

IN the course of Livingstone's previous journeyings he had formed very friendly relations with a chief of the Bechuena or Bakwains, a tribe of the Bechuana. This chief, Sechéle by name, had been very favorably disposed toward the Christian religion as he heard it explained by Livingstone, and had expressed a strong desire that a missionary should be sent to him. On quitting Mabotsa, therefore, Livingstone took up his abode with Sechéle at Chonuane, which was about forty miles north of his former station.

In accordance with his rules, Livingstone at once purchased a piece of ground, and upon it built a house which was to be the centre of an extensive work among the Bakwains—a work in which not only Mebalwe, but two other native converts, Paul and his son Isaac, were to co-operate. Chonuane, lying in the midst of a number of native villages, was favorably situated for such an undertaking, which was entered upon without delay.

The government of the Bechuanas, Livingstone tells us, “is patriarchal, each man being, by virtue

of paternity, chief of his own children. They build their huts around his, and the greater the number of children the more his importance increases. Hence children are esteemed one of the greatest blessings, and are treated kindly. Near the centre of each circle of huts there is a spot called a *kotla*, or fireplace; here they work, eat, or sit and gossip over the news of the day. A poor man attaches himself to the *kotla* of a rich one, and is considered the child of the latter. An under-chief has a number of these circles around his, and the collection of *kotlas* around the great one in the middle of the whole—that of the principal chief—constitutes the town. The circle of huts immediately around the *kotla* of the chief is composed of the huts of his wives and those of his blood-relations. He attaches the under-chiefs to himself and his government by marrying, as Sechéle did, their daughters or inducing his brothers to do so. They are fond of the relationship to great families. If you meet a party of strangers, and the head man's relationship to some uncle of a certain chief is not at once proclaimed by his attendants, you may hear him whispering, 'Tell him who I am.' This usually involves a counting on the fingers of a part of his genealogical tree, and ends in the important announcement that the head of the party is half-cousin to some well-known ruler."

In Sechéle, Livingstone found a zealous and able ally.

“As soon as he had an opportunity of learning he set himself to read with such close application that, from being comparatively thin, the effect of being fond of the chase, he became quite corpulent from want of exercise. He acquired the alphabet on the first day of my residence at Chonuane. He was by no means an ordinary specimen of the people, for I never went into the town but I was pressed to hear him read some chapters of the Bible. Isaiah was a great favorite with him, and he was wont to use the same phrase nearly which the professor of Greek at Glasgow, Sir D. K. Sandford, once used respecting the apostle Paul when reading his speeches in the Acts: ‘He was a fine fellow, that Paul!’—‘He was a fine man, that Isaiah; he knew how to speak.’ Sechéle invariably offered me something to eat on every occasion of my visiting him.

“Seeing me anxious that his people should believe the words of Christ, he once said, ‘Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like I shall call my head men, and with our *litupa* (whips of rhinoceros-hide) we will soon make them all believe together.’”

The people were by no means so ready to embrace the gospel as their chief would have had them, and it may be imagined that Livingstone declined his zealous aid, as far as the *litupa* were

concerned. Though sustained by the authority of the chief, he never attempted to exert the least control over the people, but depended simply upon the power of the truth and the persuasive influence of an upright, generous, manly Christian walk among them. Their respect for him was great. He tells us that in five instances war was prevented by his influence.

But it was difficult for him to overcome their superstitions. Most unfortunately for the spread of the gospel, a severe drought occurred the very first year of Livingstone's residence among them. The belief in the power of rain-making is one of the most deeply rooted of all the South-African superstitions. Sechéle himself was a noted rain-doctor, and the people laid it all at Livingstone's door that he did not make rain for them at the present time. Though believing in Livingstone's kindly feeling, they yet became much disaffected toward a religion which they believed caused the loss of their crops and the destruction of their cattle. Sechéle himself often told Livingstone that it was harder for him to give up his faith in rain-making than in any other of his superstitions. Livingstone explained to the tribe that it was better to select a home near some good, never-failing river, where they could make canals to irrigate their gardens, than to depend upon the rain-doctors. In the end his persuasions availed, and the whole tribe removed to the Kolobeng River, about forty miles from Chonuane.

While still at their first settlement Livingstone made two journeys eastward to visit the Mokhatla, another Bechuana tribe, who had requested that Paul should be sent them as their missionary. Finding that the Boers of the Transvaal, among whom the Mokhatla lived, were very unwilling that they should have a missionary, Livingstone went on to see the Dutch commander, taking Mebalwe with him. The commander appeared friendly, and a missionary station would have been founded but that many of the Boers still proved hostile to the plan. One man even threatened to kill any missionary who should be stationed there, and, as Livingstone did not wish to expose Mebalwe to this danger, he took him back to Chon-uane, where there was plenty of work to be done.

These Boers, of whom the world has heard a good deal lately, were descendants of those French Huguenots and Dutch Protestants who had fled to South Africa to escape the persecutions of the seventeenth century. Into the subject of their quarrels with the English government it is not necessary to enter here, but their attitude toward the natives is a very important element in the history of Livingstone's work in Africa. He found that their treatment of the natives was such as he considered utterly unchristian and unworthy of a superior race. They had taken possession of all their fountains, carried off their cattle, and compelled them to work without wages and to fight

for them in their battles with the fiercer tribes, the Zulus and Caffres, whom they could not succeed in thus oppressing. They encouraged the slave-trade—though somewhat covertly, yet to a great extent. The Bechuanas have never been known to sell their own children, but the tempting prize of a musket, which could only be obtained from the Dutch traders at the price of a slave, could hardly be resisted when they had captives taken in war in their hands. This trade was found by Livingstone to be so utterly demoralizing as to make it useless to carry the gospel to those tribes which practiced it. It was not, however, so early as the year at Chonuane that he fully realized all this. The subject grew upon him as he became more familiar with it.

The Bakwains were not slave-dealers, and Livingstone's chief interest at this time was to deliver them from the oppressions of the Boers, who threatened to come and take away their firearms, on the pretence that they were dangerous neighbors. There were only five old muskets in Sechéle's whole tribe, and the Boers themselves admitted that the Bakwains were an honest, peaceable people. It was evident, therefore, that they only wanted an excuse for a quarrel. These difficulties, combined with the drought, made the Bakwains quite willing to fall in with Livingstone's plan of removing to the river Kolobeng, where water was abundant, and where they would be farther removed from the Boers.

During the year at Chonuane, Livingstone's first child was born. He was named Robert Moffat, after his maternal grandfather. Livingstone wrote to his father that the boy should have been called Neil, after him, but that he himself in that case would always have been called Ra-Neely, and it was such an ugly name! The Bakwains have so high an estimate of the honor of parenthood that they always drop their own names upon the birth of the first son and take that of the child, with a prefix signifying father or mother. From this time Livingstone went among them by the name of Ra-Robert, and his wife by that of Ma-Robert.

Livingstone gives the following summary of his occupations while at Chonuane:—"I get the *Evangelical, Scottish Congregational, Eclectic, Lancet, British and Foreign Medical Reviews*. I can read in journeying, but little at home. Building, gardening, cobbling, doctoring, tinkering, carpentering, gun-mending, farriering, wagon-mending, preaching, schooling, lecturing on physics according to means, besides a chair in divinity to a class of three, fill up my time."// At another time he writes:—"A native smith has taught me to weld iron; and having improved by scraps of information in that line from Mr. Moffat, and also in carpentering and gardening, I was becoming handy at almost any trade, besides doctoring and preaching; and as my wife could make candles, soap and clothes, we

came nearly up to what may be considered indispensable in the accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa—namely, the husband to be a jack-of-all-trades without doors, and the wife a maid-of-all-work within.”

When we remember how busy Livingstone's life had been from his very infancy, and how much he was isolated then and always from books and from reading people, it is wonderful to notice how familiar he was with literature, and even with works with which many reading people are quite unacquainted. His letters contain frequent quotations from the Fathers of the Latin Church, and in one of them the beautiful hymn of St. Bernard is quoted at length, from memory, in the original Latin. There are also many citations from Coleridge, Tennyson, Hood, Longfellow and other poets. Years after this time, when, having sent letters from Central Africa to the *New York Herald*, their genuineness was doubted, one of the arguments against them was the familiarity they evinced with Whittier's poems. But they were genuine, and Whittier was not the only poet whose works Livingstone knew almost entirely by heart.

Still, literature was second to science in his interest. For the sake of adding to the sum of the world's accurate knowledge he endured many a hardship, spent many a weary night in writing, calculating, pondering weighty problems of geography—the watershed of Africa, the causes of its

gradual desiccation, the course of rivers—problems which he saw had a vital connection with the progress of the missionary enterprise. For literature, science, all things, were still subordinate, and only handmaids, to the great cause which was the life of his life—the extension of the kingdom of Christ. Already to this end had arisen in his mind the question which occupied it for so many years—the question with which he closed one of his letters from Chonuane—the question which he was himself to answer: “**WHO WILL PENETRATE THROUGH AFRICA?**”

CHAPTER VI.

KOLOBENG.

THE removal to Kolobeng took place in 1847. There was plenty of work to be done, and for a year Livingstone lived in a temporary hut, the natives not having time to assist him in building a house. They had their own huts to build and gardens to lay out, and in addition had to dig a canal and construct a dam. Sixty-five of the younger men made the dam, and forty of the older dug the water-course. The chief, Sechéle, undertook to build the school. "I desire," he said, "to build a house for God, the defender of the town, and that you be at no expense for it whatever." Two hundred of his people were put at this work. In return Livingstone built a *square* house for the chief. The Bechuana seem to have no idea of making things square. All their dwellings are round, and in every building which Livingstone erected in Africa he says he was obliged to see to the laying straight of every stick and stone.

It was a year before he took possession of his permanent house. "Two days ago," he writes to his sister Janet (July 5, 1848), "we entered our

new house. What a mercy to be in a house again! A year in a little hut through which the wind blew our candles into glorious icicles (as a poet would say) by night, and in which crowds of flies continually settled on the eyes of our poor little brats by day, makes us value our present castle."

The "castle" at Kolobeng was the only permanent home that Livingstone ever had. Several children were born during his residence here, and it was the only considerable time in their family life that father, mother and children were all together. Of the home-life here he gives a description :

"We rose early, because, however hot the day may have been, the evening, night and morning at Kolobeng were deliciously refreshing: cool is not the word where you have neither an increase of cold nor heat to desire, and where you can sit out till midnight with no fear of coughs or rheumatism.

"After family worship and breakfast, between six and seven, we went to keep school for all who would attend—men, women, and children being all invited. School over at eleven o'clock. While the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labor as a smith, carpenter or gardener, according to whatever was needed for ourselves or for the people: if for the latter, they worked for us in the garden or at some other employment; skilled labor was thus exchanged for the unskilled. After dinner and an hour's rest the wife attended her infant-school,

which the young, who were left by their parents entirely to their own caprice, liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied that with a sewing-school, having classes of girls to learn the art; this, too, was equally relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labor till the sun declines. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse with any one willing to do so, sometimes on general subjects, at other times on religion.

“On three nights of the week, as soon as the milking of the cows was over and it had become dark, we had a public religious service, and one of instruction on secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. These services were diversified by attending upon the sick and prescribing for them, giving food and otherwise assisting the poor and wretched. We tried to gain their affections by attending to the wants of the body.”

In this description Livingstone omits all mention of his scientific researches, of his letters home, frequently as long as a magazine article, of the papers written for learned societies or for English periodicals on African missions, on the Boers and slavery, on the Caffre war; he says nothing of the philological studies with which he was preparing the way to write a grammar of the Sichuana tongue, based, not as other grammars of African languages had been, upon the Latin, but upon the

Egyptian, between which and the South-African dialects he had discovered numerous remarkable points of affinity. With such varied and multi-form occupations it is no wonder that he found little time to devote to his children: the wonder is that, looking back upon this time, so conscientious a man as he would be able to write: "I often ponder over my missionary career among the Bakwains, or Bakwaina, and, though conscious of many imperfections, not a single pang of regret arises in view of my conduct, except that I did not feel it to be my duty, while spending all my energy in teaching the heathen, to devote a special portion of my time to play with my children. But generally I was so much exhausted with the mental and manual labor of the day that in the evening there was no fun left in me. I did not play with my little ones while I had them, and they soon sprang up in my absences, and left me conscious that I had none to play with."

The drought which had been the bane of the life at Chonuane was repeated at Kolobeng, a place where hitherto rain had been abundant. The faith of Sechéle was severely tried, but he remained staunch to the gospel. The second and the third year brought the same experience; still there was no rain. "The Bakwains believed I had bound Sechéle with some magic spell, and I received deputations in the evenings of the old counselors, entreating me to allow him to make a few showers: 'The corn will die if

you refuse, and we shall become scattered. Only let him make rain this once, and we shall all, men, women and children, come to the school and pray as long as you please.'” It was not surprising that the people attributed all their troubles to the spells of the missionary when they saw showers falling in all directions around them, while their own fields were dry and their water-courses became useless from the shrinking of the river. Frequently the clouds would roll up dark and promising, only to be scattered before the wind. Livingstone's private journal shows how severe a trial this was to his faith:

“*Nov., 1848.* Long for rains. Everything languishing during the intense heat. Successive droughts having occurred only since the gospel came to the Bakwains, I fear the effect will be detrimental. There is abundance of rain all about us, and yet we, who have our chief at our head in attachment to the gospel, receive not a drop. Has Satan power over the course of the winds and clouds? Feel afraid he will obtain an advantage over us, but must be entirely resigned to the divine will.”

“*Nov. 27.* O Devil! prince of the power of the air! art thou hindering us? Greater is He who is for us than all who can be against us.”

Aside from the disaffection to the gospel which the drought produced, it hindered Livingstone's work in other ways. The people became scattered over the country, the children searching for edible

roots and bulbs, the men hunting game. Teaching and preaching could hardly be carried on for want of an audience: such exercises were regarded with little favor. "We like you as well as if you had been born among us," the people would say—"you are the only white man we can become familiar with—but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying. We cannot become familiar with that at all. You see we never get rain, while those tribes who never pray as we do obtain abundance."

Sechéle was a bright exception to the rule of disaffection. He remained constant in attendance at church and school, where often he and his wives formed the entire audience. He resorted to all sorts of expedients to call the people to the meetings. A bellman of a somewhat peculiar order was once employed to collect the people for service—a tall, giant fellow. "Up he jumped on a sort of platform, and shouted at the top of his voice, 'Knock that woman down over there! Strike her; she is putting on her pot! Do you see that one hiding herself? Give her a good blow! There she is: see! see! knock her down!' All the women ran to the place of meeting in no time, for each thought herself meant. But, though a most efficient bellman, we did not like to employ him."

Sechéle's Christian walk was very exemplary. He held family prayer, and tried in every way to follow the missionary's instructions. He was much perplexed as to his duty to his wives, of whom he

had a great many. It was not that he wished to keep them, but he felt sorry for the poor creatures whom he saw it was his duty to abandon. At one time he thought it would be a good plan "to go to another country for three or four years in order to study, with the hope that probably his wives would have married others in the mean time." While the struggle lasted Livingstone kept him back from baptism, although convinced of the sincerity of his religious faith. Livingstone was above all things zealous to have a *pure* church. "Fifty added to the church sounds well at home," he writes, "but if only five of these are genuine, what will it profit in the great day? I have felt more than ever lately that the great object of our exertions ought to be conversion."

The question of polygamy has been found one of great difficulty by missionaries, and is one great cause of the gospel not being more favorably received by the natives of South Africa. Sechéle was entirely disinterested in his perplexity on the subject. When, at the end of two years and a half, he resolved to take a decisive step and ask for baptism, Livingstone "simply asked him how he, having the Bible in his hand and able to read it, thought he ought to act. He went home, gave each of his superfluous wives new clothing and all his own goods which they had been accustomed to keep in their huts for him, and sent them to their parents, with an intimation that he had no fault to find with

them, but that in parting with them he wished to follow the will of God. On the day on which he and his children were baptized great numbers came to see the ceremony."

The step met with great opposition. All the friends of the repudiated wives became enemies to Sechéle and to the gospel. Only the strong love which the people bore to their missionary saved him from violence. It was one of the many instances in which he owed his life and the lives of his family to the power of his own personality upon a half-savage tribe: the power of love and purity combined awed even their untutored passions into submission. To Livingstone the only cause of anxiety was their increased aversion to gospel truth.

If this was a cause of anxiety to him, still more trying was it to be misunderstood by friends at home. When they heard how few were the converts, they laid it to some mistake in Livingstone's presentation of doctrine, and wrote him to preach more of a free gospel: "Christ loved *you* and gave himself for *you*."

"You may think me heretical," he wrote in reply, "but we don't need to make the extent of the atonement the main topic of our preaching. We preach to men who don't know but they are beasts, who have no idea of God as a personal agent, or of sin as evil otherwise than as an offence against each other, which may or may not be punished by the

party offended. . . . Their consciences are seared and moral perceptions blasted. The memories scarcely retain anything we teach them, and so low have they sunk that the plainest text in the whole Bible cannot be understood by them. There is no use in offering a free pardon to people who have no idea that they need it. There is work to be done by missionaries which people in Christian lands hardly dream of. They have to create a moral sense before they can appeal to it—to arouse the conscience before they can look to its admonitions to enforce their teachings. It is hard, until one goes to a heathen country, to realize how much civilization owes to Christianity. The commonest ideas of decency were distasteful to these Bakwains, intelligent and right feeling as they were in many respects.”

Of Sechéle’s principal wife Livingstone wrote: “She has since become greatly altered, I hear, for the better; but again and again have I seen Sechéle send her out of church to put her gown on; and away she would go with her lips shot out, the very picture of unutterable disgust at his new-fangled notions.”

During the residence in Kolobeng, Livingstone made two journeys of several hundred miles to the eastward, in the hope of planting native workers there; but finding the Boers implacably hostile to the spread not only of the gospel, but of English influence in that direction, he began to turn his thoughts to the northward. He had heard reports

of a great lake in that direction beyond the Kalahari Desert, and he was very anxious to see if by following up its tributaries a thoroughfare through the continent might not be discovered, as well as a wider field for mission operations. One great drawback to the extension of missionary undertakings was in the large expense of transportation of supplies and of the various necessaries of civilized life. Kolobeng was two hundred and seventy miles north of Kuruman, which was seven hundred miles from the nearest seaport. The cost of land-carriage for such a distance was tremendous. If a water-way to the ocean could be found, traders would penetrate into the regions he longed to evangelize, and the problem of providing supplies for missionaries would be solved.

Livingstone had very far-seeing views of the importance of thus allying commerce with missionary effort, not in the person of the missionary, but by using his influence to promote righteous dealings between natives and traders, and his superior intelligence to see that commercial enterprise was led in the best direction. If the natives were encouraged to save up their ivory, beeswax and other raw materials for the purpose of buying articles needed by their improving civilization, the slave-trade would soon be stopped; and until that trade, with all its demoralizing influence, was abolished, there was little hope for the spread of true religion. Thus Christianity and civilization needed to

go hand in hand, bearing light into the Dark Continent.

Such considerations as these brought Livingstone to resolve to undertake at once a journey northward. On consulting Sechéle, he found the chief well disposed to the idea. He knew of the existence of the lake, though no European had ever visited it. Beyond this lake, to the north, lived a great chief, Sebituane, one of the most powerful magnates of Africa, who had subdued many tribes to himself, and had befriended Sechéle in his youth on the occasion of a revolt in his tribe, when the chief, his father, had been killed. A journey across the Kalahari Desert to Lake 'Ngami would give Sechéle an opportunity to visit Sebituane—an idea which greatly delighted him.

Preparations for the journey were at once set on foot. A certain chief of the Bamangwato, Sekomi by name, whom Livingstone had visited more than once, knew of a route to the lake, though he kept it carefully concealed, because the lake country was rich in ivory, and he wished to keep the benefit of the trade in it to himself. By Livingstone's advice, Sechéle sent men to Sekomi asking leave to go by his path, accompanying the request with the present of an ox. "Sekomi's mother, who possesses great influence over him, refused permission, because she had not been propitiated. This produced a fresh message, and the most honorable man in the Bakwain tribe next to Sechéle was sent with an ox for both

Sekomi and his mother. This, too, was met by refusal. It was said, 'The Matabele, the mortal enemies of the Bechuanas, are in the direction of the lake, and should they kill the white man, we should incur great blame from all his nation.'

Though this was no doubt a subterfuge, yet there was a shadow of ground for Sekomi's unwillingness to incur responsibility in the matter. Many attempts had before been made to penetrate the desert, but it had been found impossible even for Griquas, who, having some Bushman blood in them, are more capable of enduring thirst than Europeans. Even after Livingstone had reached the lake several futile attempts were made by other Englishmen well accustomed to desert-traveling. Thus the difficulties of the journey could hardly have been exaggerated. Since Sekomi refused his aid, it was determined to seek for a road around instead of through the desert.

Meanwhile, Livingstone had written to his friends, Colonel Steele and Mr. Oswell, who had been his companions on a former journey, and were at this time in the East Indies, telling them of the proposed excursion. Mr. Oswell immediately gave up a position of importance at a great sacrifice, and hastened to Africa with the sole view of extending the bounds of geographical knowledge. With him came Mr. Murray, also an experienced traveler. They found the arrangements for the expedition all made and everything ready for the start.

With characteristic generosity, Mr. Oswell at once offered to defray all expense of guides, which, with Livingstone's limited means, would have been a heavy burden. The friendship already existing between these two men was cemented by the adventures of the next few years, and endured for life.

CHAPTER VII.

TRY AGAIN.

THE great Kalahari Desert, which lay between Livingstone and the regions he wished to explore, is not, strictly speaking, a desert. It is covered with a rank, coarse vegetation, which supplies food for vast herds of animals and for several tribes of men, but it is destitute of running water and is seldom visited by rain. A few wells there are, usually in the dry beds of water-courses which cross the district, affording another proof of that gradual drying-up of the country which occupied so much of Livingstone's thoughts, and which had become a matter of vital importance in the failure of the river Kolobeng.

The original inhabitants of the Kalahari Desert are Bushmen, who are probably the aborigines of South Africa. They are true nomads, never cultivating the earth, and keeping no domestic animals except dogs. Like the elands and other animals of the antelope species, the ostriches and porcupines, which abound in the same region, they have the power of enduring thirst to a remarkable degree. Not all the inhabitants of the desert, how-

ever, are endowed with this power. The buffalo, rhinoceros, zebra and elephant, none of which can exist far from water, roam over it, and the Bakalahari, or Bechuana, tribe live in the vicinity of the few natural wells or fountains, which, as far as possible, they keep concealed from their enemies the Bushmen. Like the Bushmen, they live upon the wild game, which is remarkably abundant, and upon the many edible roots and bulbs of the region. Unlike them, they are industrious, planting their miserable parched-up gardens with care, and dressing skins, which they exchange with the adjacent Bechuana tribes for tobacco, spears and other necessaries. The Bakwains, among whom Livingstone dwelt, used to buy thousands of these skins, make them into karosses and carry them south to be exchanged for cows, the highest form of wealth known to them.

Though thus by no means a desert, so terrible was the Kalahari region to the Bakwains that it would have been difficult to induce any of them to join the projected expedition had not a deputation arrived from the Bamangwato, who live on the shores of Lake 'Ngami, inviting Livingstone to visit their chief, Lechulatebe, and bringing such accounts of the quantities of ivory to be found in their country as made the Bakwains as impatient to get there as Livingstone could have wished to see them.

On the 1st of June, 1849, the party set out. It consisted of Messrs. Livingstone, Oswell and Mur-

ray, about a score of native guides and attendants, eighty oxen, twenty horses and a number of dogs. At the last moment Sechéle, to his great regret, was obliged to withdraw from the expedition, the attitude of the Boers having become so threatening, and war appearing so imminent, that his presence with his tribe was essential.

The journey, as had been expected, proved a difficult one. The want of water was the great trouble. At one time, after having endured thirst for several days, they arrived at a Kalahari fountain, Serotli by name, where, to their great disappointment, they found only a few hollows, such as are made by the buffalo in wallowing, and containing so little water that the dogs would have lapped it all up had they not been driven away. Spades and hands were at once in requisition, the holes were widened and deepened, though with strict attention to the guides' injunctions not to break through the stratum of hard sand below, which was necessary to hold the water and keep it from filtering away. Slowly the water trickled from the surrounding sand into these wells, and at last, though not until a four days' halt had been made, there was ample water-supply for the whole party, with a store for future use. Such experiences were often repeated, while for many intervening days the only water to be had for that great company was what had been brought away from these "sucking-places" in vessels of skin.

The difficulties of the journey were enhanced in other ways. The wagon-wheels sank in the soft white sand, making the labor of the oxen quite exhausting. Many of them had to be sent back or left behind to recruit for the homeward journey. Then a hyæna got among the cattle and frightened them. "Seventeen of our draught-oxen ran away, and in their flight went right into the hands of Sekomi, whom, from his being unfriendly to our success, we had no particular wish to see. Cattle-stealing, such as in the circumstances might have occurred in Caffraria, is here unknown; so Sekomi sent back our oxen with a message strongly dissuading us against attempting the desert." Determined that they should not reach the lake and interfere with his monopoly of the ivory-trade, Sekomi then sent men before them to drive away all the Bushmen and Bakalahari, lest they should give assistance; but his plans were frustrated by the death of his principal messenger, which the other tribes interpreted as a judgment against him.

To these more serious difficulties were added the discouragements of hope deceived. One day, when they had been a month on the way, Mr. Oswell, riding a little in advance of the party, set up a shout of joy. Before him, in the light of the setting sun, lay a vast lake, the waves dancing along under overshadowing trees. The thirsty animals, horses, dogs and oxen, even the natives of the party, rushed forward, but only to find themselves deceived by a

mirage: Lake 'Ngami still lay three hundred miles beyond.

This mirage, which was often afterward repeated, was formed by the sun shining on the "salt-pans," which are great salty surfaces left in the hollows of ancient water-courses by that process of evaporation which is so constantly taking place. The northern portion of the desert has many of these salines, upon which the mirage, so tantalizing to desert-travelers, is seen in more deceitful perfection than under any other circumstances.

It was on July 4 that the first mirage occurred. Shortly after they came with joy to the river Zouga, a beautiful stream which flows out of 'Ngami, and by following which they would be sure to reach the lake. Ninety-six miles farther on, at 'Ngabisane, they left all the oxen and wagons except one, that the cattle might recruit for the home-journey, and went forward with only their horses. Lechulatebe, who had sent the invitation to Sechéle, had given orders to all the river-people to help them on their way. One of the river-tribes especially, the Bayeiyé, were very friendly. They are the Quakers of the body politic in Africa, having never been known to fight. They had canoes, in which they gave the white man and his friends a lift on their journey.

"The canoes of these inland sailors are truly primitive craft. They are hollowed out of the trunks of single trees by means of iron adzes, and if the tree has a bend, so has the canoe. I found

they regarded their rude vessels as the Arab does his camel. They have always fires in them, and prefer sleeping in them while on a journey to spending a night on shore. 'On land you have lions,' say they, 'serpents, hyænas and your enemies; but in your canoe, behind a bank of reed, nothing can harm you.'

On the 1st day of August, 1849, two months after the departure from Kolobeng, the broad waters of 'Ngami, now as familiar a name as any other on our maps, were first seen by Europeans. The delight of Livingstone at thus attaining his desires may be faintly imagined, but he tells us that it was nothing compared with the emotions with which he heard that beyond it was "a country full of rivers—so many no one can tell their number." Here, then, was the confirmation of his hopes: the water-ways by which the gospel might be carried into the dark places of Africa were near at hand. "What think you of a navigable highway into a large section of the interior?" he writes to his friend Watt; "yet that the Tamanak'le is. . . . Who will go into that goodly land? who?"

The first thing was to push on to Sebituane's country, two hundred miles farther north. He, noted for wisdom and intelligence and wielding vast power, would, if gained, be a strong ally. But here an unexpected difficulty arose. Lechulatebe, the young chief of the 'Ngami district, who had been so forward to welcome them, had no no-

tion of letting them go on to Sebituane, and perhaps open a way by which traders might follow with a supply of guns. He interposed every obstacle, and not only refused to furnish guides, but sent orders to the Bayeiye not to give them passage across the river in their canoes.

Livingstone, determined not to be balked, at once set to work to build a raft, but after laboring all day in the water, miraculously preserved from alligators—of which the river, unknown to himself, was full—he found that the wood of his raft was so rotten that it would carry no weight. Mr. Oswell now offered to go down to the Cape and bring up a boat, and the expedition was therefore postponed till the following year.

When the news of the discovery of Lake 'Ngami reached England the Royal Geographical Society voted a reward of twenty-five guineas "for his successful journey, in company with Messrs. Oswell and Murray, across the South African desert, for the discovery of an interesting country, a fine river and an extensive inland lake." It was highly gratifying to Livingstone to find that his success in an enterprise which had so long baffled travelers was attributed in some degree to his influence over the natives as a missionary. "The lake belongs to missionary enterprise" is a claim which no one has ever wished to dispute.

In April, 1850, a new start was made. This time, Mrs. Livingstone and the three children, as

well as Sechéle, were of the party, but by some misunderstanding Mr. Oswell did not arrive in time to join them. As Sekomi had filled up all the wells they had dug with so much labor, they chose another route, striking directly across to the lower end of the Zouga, and following it up to the lake. The journey was a difficult one, as the river-banks were thickly wooded, and many large trees had to be felled to make a road for the wagons. Many oxen were also lost by falling into the pits which the Bayeiye had dug to entrap elephants and other game. The children suffered great discomfort from mosquitoes, and there was risk of losing all the oxen from the bite of the *tsetse*, a fly which abounded on the banks of the river Tamanak'le, the bite of which is fatal to them. At last, however, 'Ngami was reached, and Livingstone had the delight of seeing his own children paddling in his own lake.

Lechulatebe was somewhat more practicable this time than on the former visit, and after much persuasion consented to furnish guides, and to give protection and food to Mrs. Livingstone and her children while her husband went on to visit Sebituane. This unexpected graciousness was due entirely to the sight of a very valuable gun which Livingstone prized highly, not only on account of its make, but as being the gift of a friend. For this gun Lechulatebe offered any number of elephants' tusks, and when he found them insufficient

to purchase the treasure volunteered to furnish the guides and the protection to Livingstone's family already mentioned. The arrangements were all made when, on the day appointed for the parting with his lion-hearted wife, one of the children fell ill with fever, and the journey had to be once more relinquished. Livingstone returned to Kolobeng with his family, more than ever convinced of the necessity of native agency for the evangelization of Africa, since the vicinity of the lake was uninhabitable by Europeans. A party of Englishmen, who since his discovery of the lake had found their way thither in search of ivory, had all been laid low with fever; one of them had died, and the rest were only saved by Livingstone's medical skill and his wife's assiduous care.

On the way home they met Mr. Oswell coming to join them. "He devoted the rest of this season to elephant-hunting, at which the natives universally declare that he is the greatest adept that ever came into the country. He hunted without dogs. It is remarkable that this lordly animal is so harassed by the presence of a few yelping curs as to be incapable of attending to man. . . . Mr. Oswell has been known to kill four large old male elephants in one day. The value of the ivory in these cases would be a hundred guineas. We had reason to be proud of his success, for the inhabitants conceived from it a very high idea of English courage; and when they wished to flatter me would say, 'If you were not a

missionary you would be just like Oswell: you would not hunt with dogs, either.’”

A fourth child, a daughter, was born shortly after the return to Kolobeng, and died six weeks later of an epidemic which was raging. It was the first break in the family circle which was so soon to know such wide separations. “She went away to see the King in his beauty, and the land, the glorious land, and its inhabitants;” but to a parent of such faith as Livingstone’s that land which is very far off is nearer than many earthly distances. “Hers is the first grave in all that country marked as the resting-place of one of whom it is believed and confessed that she shall live again.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HEART OF AFRICA.

AS Mrs. Livingstone's health continued delicate, the family went to Kuruman for a visit to her early home, but were ready for a third attempt to reach Sebituane's country in the following year. Despite all the dangers from thirst, fever and mosquitoes, Mrs. Livingstone was not to be deterred from accompanying her husband, although the remonstrances of friends were painfully urgent. It was their intention to make this a final journey, at least for some years, the plan being to find a healthy spot somewhere in the hilly country which was known to exist to the north of the lake, and make it the centre of a new series of mission operations.

This time Mr. Oswell was of the party, and his services were such as to endear him more and more to his friends. Sebituane, when he heard of the attempts to visit him, sent three detachments of his men, with thirteen brown cows, to Lechulatebe, thirteen white cows to Sekomi, and thirteen black cows to Sechéle, with a request to each to assist the white men to reach him. Their policy, however, was to keep him out of view, and act as his agents

in purchasing with his ivory the goods he wanted. This is thoroughly African; and that continent being without friths and arms of the sea, the tribes in the centre have always been debarred from European intercourse by its universal prevalence among all the people around the coasts.

The desert was found to be drier than ever. Shobo, the guide, a Bushman, lost his way. "He went to all points of the compass on the trails of elephants which had been here in the rainy season, and then would sit down in the path, and in his broken Sichuana say, 'No water; all country. Shobo sleeps; he breaks down; all country only;' and then coolly curl himself up and go to sleep. The oxen were terribly fatigued and thirsty, and on the morning of the fourth day, Shobo, after professing ignorance of everything, vanished altogether. We went in the direction in which we last saw him, and about eleven o'clock began to see birds; then the trail of a rhinoceros. At this we unyoked the oxen, and they, apparently knowing the sign, rushed along to find the water in the river Mahabe, which comes from the Tamanak'le, and lies to the west of us.

"The supply of water in the wagons had been wasted by one of our servants, and by the afternoon only a small portion remained for the children. This was a bitterly anxious night, and the next morning the less there was of water the more thirsty the little rogues became. The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible. . . . Not one syllable of up-

braiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of that fluid of which we had never before felt the true value."

The mosquitoes were terrible, their sting causing extraordinary pain, and the children were so covered with bites that not a square inch of whole skin was to be found on their bodies.

Passing to the east of Lake 'Ngami, the travelers met some of the Makololo, Sebituane's people, on the banks of the Chobe, nearly two hundred miles north of the lake. From them they learned that Sebituane was only twenty miles farther on, having come more than a hundred miles to meet and welcome the white men. "He was upon an island, with all his principal men around him, and engaged in singing when we arrived. It was more like church-music than the singsong *ē ē ē, ae, ae, ae*, of the Bechuanas of the south, and they continued the tune for some seconds after we approached. We informed him of the difficulties we had encountered, and how glad we were that they were all at an end by at last reaching his presence. He signified his own joy, and added, 'Your cattle are all bitten by the tsetse, and will certainly die; but never mind: I have oxen, and will give you as many as you need.' We, in our ignorance, then thought that as so few tsetse had bitten them, no great mischief would follow.

He then presented us with an ox and a jar of honey as food, and handed us over to the care of Mahalé, who had headed the party to Kolobeng.

“Long before it was day Sebituane came, and sitting down by the fire, which was lighted for our benefit behind the hedge where we lay, he related the difficulties he had himself experienced when a young man in crossing that same desert we had mastered long afterward. Sebituane was about forty-five years of age, of a tall and wiry form, an olive or coffee-and-milk color, and slightly bald—in manner cool and collected, and more frank in his answers than any other chief I have ever met.” His career was a remarkable one. His birthplace was at least eight hundred miles distant from the extensive region over which he reigned. Though not the son of a chief, he had raised himself to the headship of the Makololo by his superior courage and address at the time of the great conflict between the Griquas and the native tribes in 1824. After years of great vicissitude, during which he had made a superhuman effort to reach the white men who he heard were on the coast, but failed, he had established himself, with his people, whom he had always succeeded in keeping together, in the valley of the Leeambye or Zambesi, having subjugated all the neighboring tribes. The country was a beautiful one, densely peopled and supporting innumerable flocks and herds.

But the Caffres, under their fierce chief, Mosili-

katse, pursued him, and a great struggle ensued, in which Sebituane succeeded in driving Mosilikatse back, and making the Zambesi his line of defence. The tribes on the islands in the river having afforded aid to Mosilikatse, he now swept them all away, unwittingly rendering service to the country by breaking down a system which had prevented trade from penetrating into the country, these island-tribes never permitting any one to pass by them, and grimly ornamenting their villages with the skulls of such as were caught attempting it.

Sebituane "had an idea—whence imbibed I never could learn—that if he could get a cannon he might live in peace. He had led a life of war, yet no one apparently desired peace more than he did." He had accordingly thought of following the Zambesi down to the cities of the white men, but a prophet induced him to return to his own country.

Sebituane knew everything that happened in the country, for he had an art of gaining the affection of both his own people and of strangers. "He was much pleased with the proof of confidence we had shown in bringing our children, and promised to take us to see his country, so that we might choose a part in which to locate ourselves. Our plan was that I should remain in the pursuit of my objects as a missionary, while Mr. Oswell explored the Zambesi to the east. Poor Sebituane, however, just after realizing what he had so long ardently desired, fell sick of inflammation of the lungs, which originated

in an old wound. I saw his danger, but, being a stranger, I feared to treat him medically, lest, in the event of his death, I should be blamed by his people. I mentioned this to one of his doctors, who said, 'Your fear is prudent and wise; this people would blame you.'

"On the Sunday afternoon in which Sebituane died, when our usual religious service was over, I visited him with our little boy Robert. 'Come near,' said Sebituane, 'and see if I am any longer a man. I am done.' He was thus sensible of the dangerous nature of his disease, so I ventured to assent, and added a single sentence regarding hope after death. 'Why do you speak of death?' said one of a relay of fresh doctors; 'Sebituane will never die.' If I had persisted the impression would have been produced that by speaking about it I wished him to die. After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, raising himself up a little from his prone position, called a servant and said, 'Take Robert to Maneku' (one of his wives), 'and tell her to give him some milk.' These were the last words of Sebituane."

How deeply Livingstone felt the loss of this friend of less than one month's standing his private journal shows: "Poor Sebituane, my heart bleeds for thee; and what would I not do for thee now? I will weep for thee till the day of my death. Little didst thou

think when, in the visit of the white man, thou sawest the long-cherished desires of years accomplished, that the sentence of death had gone forth. Thou thoughtest that thou shouldest procure a weapon from the white man that would be a shield from the attacks of the fierce Matabele; but a more deadly dart than theirs was aimed at thee, and though thou couldst well ward off a dart—none ever better—thou didst not see that of the king of terrors. I will weep for thee, my brother, and I would cast forth my sorrows in despair for thy condition. But I know that thou wilt receive no injustice whither thou art gone. ‘Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?’ I leave thee to him. Alas! alas! Sebituane!”

The government of the country now devolved upon Sebituane’s daughter, Ma-mochisane. She lived two hundred miles farther north, but she sent permission to Livingstone to settle wherever he liked in her country. Leaving his family at Seshéke, on the river Chobe, Livingstone and Mr. Oswell made a tour of exploration, and were rewarded by the discovery of the river Zambesi in the very heart of the continent, hundreds of miles farther west than it had been supposed to exist. Even so near its source, in the dry season, it was a mighty stream. “I have never seen a *river* before,” Livingstone wrote to his brother, “and Mr. Oswell, though familiar with the rivers of India, said the same. Here was a new and very valuable

addition to geographical knowledge—a water-way extending hundreds of miles into the interior of Africa.”

The country between the Chobe and the Zambesi was low, swampy and often flooded. No place could be found sufficiently healthy for a settlement, except in those districts which were unsafe from being exposed to the incursions of Mosilikatse. It would not do to ask the Makololo to remove for his benefit, nor could the family be left with them during the extended tour which Livingstone now saw to be necessary before finally mapping out a plan of missionary operations. There was nothing to do but to carry them all back to Kolobeng.

On the way southward another child was born, a son, whom they called William Oswell. A few days later the child next older, Thomas, was attacked with fever, but finally recovered. To complete their trials, when, at last, they reached Kolobeng they found the station deserted! Drought and the Boers had made it no longer a safe habitation, and the people had forsaken it. Either the whole plan of Livingstone's life-work must be given up, or some safe refuge must be found for his wife and children during the next few years.

All things considered, it seemed wisest to send them to England. This was a severe trial. “Nothing,” he writes to the directors, “but a strong conviction that the step will lead to the glory of Christ would make me orphanize my

children. Even now my bowels yearn over them. They will forget me, but I hope when the day of trial comes I shall not be found a more sorry soldier than those who serve an earthly sovereign. Should you not feel yourselves justified in incurring the expense of their support in England, I shall feel called upon to renounce the hope of carrying the gospel into that part of the country, and labor among those who live in a more healthy country—namely, the Bakwains. But stay! I am not sure. So powerfully convinced am I that it is the will of our Lord I shall, *I will go, no matter who opposes*; but from you I expect nothing but encouragement. I know you wish as ardently as I can that all the world may be filled with the glory of the Lord.”

The long journey to Cape Town was made, with a short halt at Kuruman for a farewell visit. Mr. Oswell generously fitted up Mrs. Livingstone and the children with “the money drawn from the preserves on her own estate,” as he called the proceeds of his elephant-hunting. On the 23d of April, 1852, the parting which they supposed to be for two years, but which proved to be for five, took place, and Mrs. Livingstone and the four children sailed for England.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WRECKED HOME.

THE war between the English in South Africa and the Caffres was at this time going on, and the authorities at Cape Town were far from well disposed toward Livingstone, whose sympathy with the native Africans and capacity for seeing both sides of a question were, in their view, "unpatriotic." So far did they hold him in suspicion that he found it difficult to procure the arms and ammunition which were essential to the projected expedition as the only means of procuring food for his party in the wilderness. For nearly two months after his family sailed he was detained by repeated annoyances arising out of the unfriendly disposition of the authorities. He made the best of his time by placing himself under the instructions of the astronomer-royal, Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Maclear, with a view of qualifying himself more perfectly for taking observations which would make his explorations of greater benefit to geographical science. The loneliness he felt at parting from his family was all the deeper from the annoyances to which he was

subject. To his little daughter, Agnes, then not quite five years old, he wrote:

Cape Town, 18th May, 1852.—MY DEAR AGNES: This is your own little letter. Mamma will read it to you, and you will hear her just as if I were speaking to you, for the words which I write are those which she will read. I am still at Cape Town. You know you left me here when you all went into the big ship and sailed away. Well, I shall leave Cape Town soon. Malatoi has gone for the oxen, and then I shall go away back to Sebituane's country, and see Seipone and Meriye, who gave you the beads and fed you with milk and honey. I shall not see you again for a long time, and I am very sorry. I have no Nannie now. I have given you back to Jesus, your Friend, your Papa, who is in heaven. He is above you, but he is always near you. When we ask things from him, that is praying to him; and if you do or say a naughty thing, ask him to pardon you and bless you, and make you one of his children. Love Jesus much, for he loves you, and he came and died for you. Oh, how good Jesus is! I love him, and I shall love him as long as I live. You must love him too, and you must love your brothers and mamma, and never tease them or be naughty, for Jesus does not like to see naughtiness. Good-bye, my dear Nannie. D. LIVINGSTONE."

At last, on the 8th of June, he set out upon the long journey in a wagon drawn by ten oxen, which

is the ordinary mode of traveling in the country. The party consisted of two Bakwain men, and two young girls who had gone to the Cape as nurses to the children, and were now returning home. George Fleming, a colored trader, whom a friend of Livingstone's at the Cape had fitted out to introduce lawful traffic among the Makololo, was to join him later.

The journey to Kuruman was slow. The oxen were lean, and the wagon doubly loaded with everybody's parcels; a wheel came off, and everything seemed to conspire to delay him. The delay proved to be providential, for when he arrived at Kuruman, on the 1st of September, he learned that the Boers had made another raid upon the Bakwains, and had "harried" his house at Kolobeng. Had he been there, Pretorius would without doubt have fulfilled his threat of killing him. A few days later Masabele, the wife of Sechéle, arrived in Kuruman, bringing a letter to Mr. Moffat. During the fight she had been hiding in a cleft of the rock over which the Boers were actually firing. She could see the muzzles of the guns at every discharge, and, her infant being in her arms, was tortured with the fear that the child would cry and thus betray their hiding-place. Sechéle's letter tells its own story:

"Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechéle. I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be

in their kingdom, and I refused. They demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing [northward]. I replied, These are my friends and I can prevent no one [of them]. They came on Saturday, and I besought them not to fight on Sunday, and they assented. They began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire, and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women, children and men. And the mother of Baleriting [a former wife of Sechéle] they also took prisoner. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. The number of wagons they had was eighty-five, and a cannon; and after they had stolen my own wagon and that of Macabe, then the number of their wagons [counting the cannon] was eighty-eight. All the goods of the hunters [certain English gentlemen hunting and exploring in the north] were burned in the town; and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved friend, now my wife goes to see the children [he had sent five of his children to Mr. Moffat to be educated], and Kobus Hac will convey her to you.

“I am Sechéle,

“The son of Mochoasele.”

Livingstone's letters to his wife give further particulars:

“*Kuruman, 20th September, 1852.*—Along with

this I send you a long letter ; this I write in order to give you the latest news. The Boers gutted our house at Kolobeng ; they brought four wagons down and took away sofa, table, bed, all the crockery, your desk (I hope it had nothing in it: have you the letters?), smashed the wooden chairs, took away the iron ones, tore out the leaves of all the books and scattered them in front of the house, smashed the bottles containing medicines, windows, oven-door, took away the smith's bellows, anvil and all the tools—in fact, everything worth taking ; three corn-mills, a bag of coffee for which I paid six pounds, and lots of coffee, tea and sugar which the gentlemen who went to the north left ; took all our cattle, and Paul's and Mebalwe's. They then went up to Simaüie, went to church morning and afternoon, and heard Mebalwe preach !

“ After the second service they told Sechéle that they had come to fight, because he allowed Englishmen to proceed to the north, though they had repeatedly ordered him not to do so. He replied that he was a man of peace—that he could not molest Englishmen, because they had never done him any harm and always treated him well. In the morning they commenced firing on the town with swivels, and set fire to it.

“ The Boers were six hundred, and they had seven hundred natives with them. All the corn is burned. Parties went out and burned Bangwaketse town, and swept off all the cattle. Sebubi's

cattle are gone. All the Bakhatla cattle are gone. Neither Bangwaketse nor Bakhatla fired a shot. All the corn burned of the whole three tribes. Everything edible is taken from them. How will they live? . . .

“The Bakwains will plunder and murder the Boers without mercy, and by and by the Boers will ask the English government to assist them to put down rebellion; and of this rebellion I shall have, of course, to bear the blame. They often expressed a wish to get hold of me. I wait here a little in order to get information when the path is clear. Kind Providence detained me from falling into the very thick of it. God will preserve me still. He has work for me, or he would have allowed me to go in just when the Boers were there. We shall remove more easily, now that we are lightened of our furniture. They have taken away our sofa. I never had a good rest on it. We had only got it ready when we left. Well, they can't have taken away all the stones. We shall have a seat in spite of them, and that too with a merry heart, which doeth good like a medicine.”

The articles thus destroyed were valued at three hundred pounds, but no money could have replaced them. Not only were the books which had been the solace of so many solitary hours wantonly ruined, but the journal, to write which a rigid sense of duty had often deprived Livingstone of sorely-needed rest, was torn to pieces and scattered. It is

no wonder that Livingstone felt bitterly toward the Boers. He did feel so, yet he was able to make light of his trouble.

“Think,” he writes to his friend Watt—“think of a big fat Boeress drinking coffee out of my kettle, and then throwing her tallowy corporeity on my sofa, or keeping her needles in my wife’s writing-desk! Ugh! And then think of foolish John Bull paying so many thousands a year for the suppression of the slave-trade, and allowing Commissioner Aven to make treaties with the Boers, who carry on the slave-trade! . . . The Boers are mad with rage against me, because my people fought bravely. It was I, they think, who taught them to shoot Boers. Fancy your reverend friend teaching the young idea how to shoot Boers, and praying for a blessing on the work of his hands!”

He now saw more clearly than ever the quality of the work he had to do. The Boers were resolved to shut up the interior; he was resolved to “*open a path through the country, or perish.*” With God’s help he believed he should be successful. And he was successful, though at what a fearful price he little dreamed. His journals, however, show that he had not failed to count the cost:

“*28th September, 1852.*—Am I on my way to die in Sebituane’s country? Have I seen the end of my wife and children?—the breaking up of all my connections with earth, leaving this fair and beautiful world, and knowing so little of it? I am only

learning the alphabet of it yet, and entering on an untried state of existence. Following Him who has entered in before me into the cloud, the veil, the Hades, is a serious prospect. Do we begin again in our new existence to learn much by experience, or have we full powers? My soul! whither wilt thou emigrate? where wilt thou lodge the first night after leaving this body? Will an angel soothe thy flutterings, for sadly flurried wilt thou be in entering upon eternity? Oh, if Jesus speaks one word of peace, that will establish in my breast an everlasting calm. O Jesus, fill me with thy love now, and, I beseech thee, accept me and use me a little for thy glory. I have done nothing for thee yet, and I would like to do something. Oh do, do, I beseech thee, accept me and my service, and take thou all the glory!"

It was almost impossible in the unsettled state of the country to get any one to go with him. He declined the proposition that another missionary should be of the party. There was no missionary, indeed, except his father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, who would have gone or who could have endured the hardships of the journey; and Dr. Moffat was engaged upon his translation of the Bible into Sichuana, and could not go. At last, two worthless fellows were engaged at Kuruman, and in December, 1852, in company with George Fleming the trader, who had joined him, he set out, stopping at Kolobeng to look at his wrecked home, and then passing on

to Sechéle's village. Before arriving there he met Sechéle, who was on his way to England to see the queen and ask for redress from the Boers.

“Two of his own children and their mother, a former wife, were among the captives seized by the Boers; and, being strongly imbued with the then very prevalent notion of England's justice and generosity, he thought that in consequence of the violated treaty he had a fair case to lay before Her Majesty. He employed all his eloquence and powers of persuasion to induce me to accompany him, but I excused myself on the ground that my arrangements for exploring the north were already made. On my explaining the difficulties of the way, and endeavoring to dissuade him from the attempt on account of the knowledge I possessed of the governor's policy, he put the pointed question, ‘Will the queen not listen to me, supposing I reach her?’ I replied, ‘I believe she would listen, but the difficulty is to get to her.’ ‘Well, I shall reach her,’ expressed his final determination.”

Sechéle proceeded as far as the Cape, but his resources being there exhausted, he was obliged to return to his own country, one thousand miles distant, without accomplishing the object of his journey.

After stopping five days with his old flock, the Bakwains, his heart aching with all he saw of the effect of the war, Livingstone pushed on to the north.

CHAPTER X.

RETURN TO THE MAKOLOLO.

THE journey to the north was more arduous than any of the preceding ones had been. Livingstone chose a new route, west of the old familiar one, that he might give the Boers a wide berth. The season had been unusually rainy; the journey was a terrible one. The oxen became entangled in the woods, and immense trees had to be chopped down and cleared away to make a road for the wagons; the ground was all under water, and for days together they had to wade, fighting their way through underbrush so tangled that it was necessary for two men to throw their entire weight upon it in order to bend it down to make a path for the oxen. The men were taken ill with fever.

February 4, 1853, he wrote: "I am spared in health, while all the company have been attacked by the fever. If God has accepted my service, then my life is charmed till my work is done. And though I pass through many dangers unscathed while working the work given me to do, when that is finished some simple thing will give me my quietus. Death is a glorious event to one

going to Jesus. Whither does the soul wing its way? What does it see first? There is something sublime in passing to the second stage of our immortal lives if washed from our sins. But oh, to be consigned to ponder over all our sins, with memory excited, every scene of our lives held up as in a mirror before our eyes, and we looking at it and waiting for the day of judgment!"

During the halt required by the illness of the men they experienced a new trouble: "The grass here was so tall that the oxen became uneasy, and one night the sight of a hyæna made them rush away into the forest at the east of us. On rising on the morning of the 19th, I found that my Bakwain lad had run away with them. This I have often seen with persons of this tribe, even when the cattle are startled by a lion. Away go the young men in company with them, and dash through bush and brake for miles, till they think the panic is a little subsided; they then commence whistling to the cattle in the manner they do when milking the cows: having calmed them, they remain as a guard till morning. The men generally return, with their shins well peeled by the thorns. Each comrade of the Mopato would expect his fellow to act thus, without looking for any other reward than the brief praise of his chief. Our lad, Kibopechoe, had gone after the oxen, but had lost them in the rush through the flat, trackless forest. He remained on their trail all the next day and all the

next night. On Sunday morning, as I was setting off in search of him, I found him near the wagon. He had found the oxen late in the afternoon of Saturday, and had been obliged to stand by them all night. It was wonderful how he managed without a compass and in such a country to find his way home at all, bringing about forty oxen with him."

Weary of the long detention, Livingstone left the invalids in camp with the oxen and wagons, while he went forward, with one of his men, carrying the sections of a pontoon which had been given him, to explore a way across the watery plain. They were so buried beneath the tall, reedy grass, the saw-like edges of which reduced their clothes to rags and tore their flesh, that they could see nothing except by occasionally climbing a tree. At last they reached the open waters of the river Chobe, and, launching their pontoon, paddled down the river, coming at last to an island where a portion of Sebituane's tribe were encamped. Their surprise at seeing Livingstone may be imagined.

"The villagers looked as we may suppose people do who see a ghost, and in their figurative way of speaking said, 'He has dropped among us from the clouds, yet came riding on the back of a hippopotamus! We Makololo thought no one could cross the Chobe without our knowledge, but here he drops among us like a bird!'"

That day they went to their camp in canoes, and shortly after some of the head men of the Makololo

came down and escorted them all to Linyanti, their capital. The day before arriving (May 22, 1853) he wrote: "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given away or kept only as by the giving or keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity. May grace and strength sufficient to enable me to adhere faithfully to this resolution be imparted to me, so that, not in name only, all my interests and those of my children may be identified with his cause! . . . I will try to remember to approach God in secret with as much reverence in speech, posture and behavior as in public. Help me, thou who knowest my frame and pitiest as a father his children!"

Since Livingstone's former visit, two years before, a change had taken place in the government of the tribe. Ma-mochisane, Sebituane's daughter, had become weary of the honors of chieftainship, and especially of the duty of taking a number of husbands. The husbands being frequently already married, the wives talked and made her much trouble. She wanted to "marry one husband, and have a family like other women." Accordingly, she abdicated in favor of her brother, Sekelétu, a youth of eighteen. Livingstone found him a bright, candid lad, though not equal to his father Sebituane in ability. He had eagerly awaited the

arrival of the white man, being full of expectations of the marvelous benefits he would confer upon him. Livingstone labored to make him understand that the benefits he would confer were spiritual only, and tried to explain the way of salvation. Sekelétu listened kindly, but he was reluctant to learn to read the Bible, lest it should make him content with only one wife, as Sechéle had been. He could not understand that, being content, he would in that case be as happy with one as he then was with half a dozen.

Sekelétu's admiration for Livingstone was very great. In fact, he was completely fascinated by him, and would have followed him everywhere. Shortly after Livingstone's arrival he had pressed him to name something which he would like. "As I had declined to name anything as a present from Sekelétu, except a canoe to take me up the river, he brought ten fine elephants' tusks and laid them down beside my wagon. He would take no denial, though I told him I should prefer to see him trading with Fleming, a man of color from the West Indies, who had come for the purpose. I had, during the eleven years of my previous course, invariably abstained from taking presents of ivory, from an idea that a religious instructor degraded himself by accepting gifts from those whose spiritual welfare he professed to seek. My precedence of all traders in the line of discovery put me often in the way of very handsome offers, but I always advised the

donors to sell their ivory to traders who would be sure to follow."

The chief's attachment to Livingstone was shared by all his people. They had learned to love him on his first visit, and had planted a garden for him, that he might have food to eat when he returned. This garden he found producing maize ready to be cut when he arrived at Linyanti.

The Makololo are very different from the Barotse and other tribes of the Zambesi Valley. They are of a light tawny color, whereas the Barotse and other tribes are jet black. Having emigrated from a southern and healthier climate, they are also more delicate than the original inhabitants of the country. "The Makololo women work but little. Indeed the families of that nation are spread over the country, one or two only in each village, as the lords of the land. They all have lordship over great numbers of subjected tribes, who pass by the general name of Makalaka, and who are forced to render certain services and to aid in tilling the soil; but each has his own land under cultivation, and otherwise lives nearly independent. They are proud to be called Makololo, but the other term is often used in reproach, as betokening inferiority. This species of servitude may be termed serfdom, as it has to be rendered in consequence of subjection by force of arms, but it is necessarily very mild. It is so easy for any one who is unkindly treated to make his escape to other tribes that the Makololo are com-

pelled to treat them, to a great extent, rather as children than slaves."

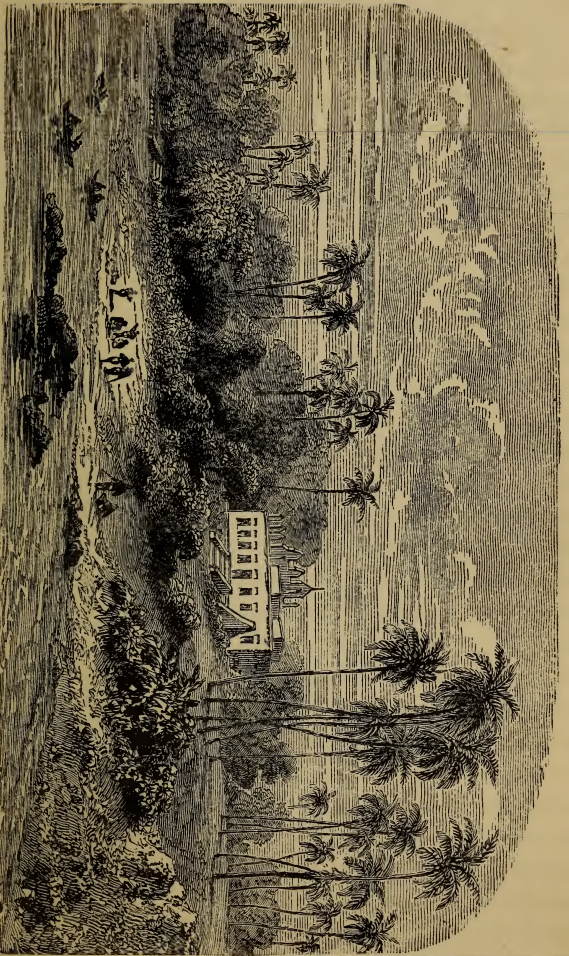
They have very much the same ideas of comeliness that we have. "They came frequently and asked for the looking-glass; and the remarks they made, while I was engaged in reading and apparently not attending to them, on first seeing themselves therein, were amusingly ridiculous: 'Is that me?'—'What a big mouth I have!'—'My ears are as big as pumpkin-leaves.'—'I have no chin at all.'—Or, 'I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by those high cheek-bones.'—'See how my head shoots up in the middle!' laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One man came alone to have a quiet gaze at his own features once when he thought I was asleep; after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, 'People say I am ugly; and how very ugly I am, indeed!'"

Among these people Livingstone remained some two months, preaching and teaching assiduously. He found the people more willing to receive the gospel, and more easy to train in decent and devout behavior, than the Bechuana of Kuruman and Kolobeng.

It is not easy to realize how strange the forms of our religious worship must appear to those who have never seen the like. Livingstone says he had no difficulty in getting the natives in general to listen with

respect to his preaching, "but when we kneel down and address an unseen Being, the position and the act often appear to them so ridiculous that they cannot refrain from bursting into uncontrollable laughter. After a few services they get over this tendency. I was once present when a missionary attempted to sing among a wild heathen tribe of Bechuanas, who had no music in their composition; the effect on the risible faculties of the audience was such that the tears actually ran down their cheeks." Such trifles as this give one a more vivid idea of a missionary's task.

Not long after his arrival at Linyanti he was attacked by fever. He had before this, as usual, treated the sick of the tribe, but this course had been so prudent that he had propitiated instead of offending the native doctors, and in his own illness could safely entrust himself to their care. This illness convinced him that Linyanti was not a suitable place to which to bring his family, and on his recovery he set out for a tour through the Makololo and Barotse country in search of a better station. Sekelétu, who could not bring his mind to a separation, accompanied him. On the way they encountered Sekelétu's mortal enemy, Mpepe. He was a relative of Sebituane, and had been by him given a position of high trust, the superintendence of the cattle. This position he had abused to make a party for himself. Shortly before Sebituane's death some half-breed slave-traders had found their way



An Arab Slave Trader's Home.

to the Barotse country from the Portuguese settlements on the West Coast. "Mpepe favored these slave-traders, and they, as is usual with them, founded all their hopes of influence on his successful rebellion. My arrival on the scene was felt to be so much weight in the scale against their interests." A large party of slave-hunters fled at once. "The Makololo inquired the cause of the hurry, and were told that if I found them there I should take all their slaves and goods from them; and, though assured by Sekelétu that I was not a robber, but a man of peace, they fled by night while I was still sixty miles off. They went to the north, where, under the protection of Mpepe, they had erected a stockade of considerable size.

"The usual course which the slave-traders adopt is to take part in the political affairs of each tribe, and, siding with the strongest, get well paid by captures made from the weaker party. Long secret conferences were held by the slave-traders and Mpepe, and it was deemed advisable for him to strike the first blow; so he provided himself with a small battle-axe, with the intention of cutting Sekelétu down the first time they met."

Accordingly, when Livingstone and Sekelétu had gone about sixty miles on their journey to Barotse, they met Mpepe. "The Makololo, though possessing abundance of cattle, had never attempted to ride oxen until I advised it in 1851. The Bechuanas generally were in the same condition until

Europeans came among them and imparted the idea of riding. All their journeys previously had been performed on foot. Sekelétu and his companions were mounted on oxen, though, having neither saddle nor bridle, they were perpetually falling off. Mpepe, armed with his little axe, came along a path parallel to, but about a quarter of a mile distant from, that of our party, and when he saw Sekelétu, he ran with all his might toward us; but Sekelétu, being on his guard, galloped off to an adjacent village." Mpepe made several other attempts to kill Sekelétu. Once he was thwarted by Livingstone stepping in between him and his intended victim. Finally, his attendants having betrayed his secret, Sekelétu caused him to be arrested, and immediately put him to death. His men fled to the Barotse, and the country being by this event unsettled, Livingstone returned to Linyanti with Sekelétu.

CHAPTER XI.

FORWARD INTO THE DARK.

AS soon as the excitement consequent upon the death of Mpepe had passed away, Livingstone set out upon a new journey of discovery. His plan was to descend the Chobe, on which Linyanti is situated, to its confluence with the Leeambye, or Zambesi, and then make his way up that river in a north-west direction to the mouth of the Leeba. In this journey he was accompanied by Sekelétu with about one hundred and sixty followers.

“It was pleasant to look back on the long-extended line of our attendants as it twisted and bent according to the course of the footpath or in and out behind the mounds, the ostrich-feathers of the men waving in the wind. Some had the white ends of oxtails on their heads, hussar-fashion, and others great bunches of black ostrich-feathers or caps made of lions’ manes. Some wore red tunics or various colored prints which the chief had bought from Fleming; the common men carried burdens; the gentlemen walked with a small club of rhinoceros-horn in their hands, and had servants to carry their shields; while the Machaká (battle-axe men) car-

ried their own, and were liable at any time to be sent off a hundred miles on an errand, and expected to run all the way."

At Seshéke, on the Zambesi, they procured canoes in which to make the journey up the river. "I had the choice of the whole fleet, and selected the best, though not the largest; it was thirty-four feet long by twenty inches wide. It had six paddlers, and the larger canoe of Sekelétu had ten. They stand upright and keep the stroke with great precision, though they change from side to side as the course demands. The men at the head and stern are selected from the strongest and most expert of the whole. The canoes, being flat-bottomed, can go into very shallow water; and whenever the men can feel the bottom they use the paddles, which are about eight feet long, as poles to punt with. Our fleet consisted of thirty-three canoes and about one hundred and sixty men. It was beautiful to see them skimming along so quickly and keeping the time so well."

Livingstone was charmed with all he saw of the country. "The river is indeed a magnificent one, often more than a mile broad, and adorned with many islands of from three to five miles in length. Both islands and banks are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banyan, or *Ficus Indica*. . . . The soil is of a reddish color, and very fertile, as is attested by the great

quantities of grain raised annually by the Banyeti. . . . The whole of this part of the country being infested with tsetse, they are unable to rear domestic animals. This may have led to their skill in handicraft works. Some make large wooden vessels with very neat lids, and wooden bowls of all sizes; and since the idea of sitting on stools has entered the Makololo mind, they have shown great taste in the different forms given to the legs of these pieces of furniture.

“I cannot find that they have ever been warlike. Indeed, the wars in the centre of the country, where no slave-trade existed, have seldom been about anything else but cattle. So well known is this that several tribes refuse to keep cattle, because they tempt their enemies to come and steal.”

A part of the journey was quite difficult. “From the bend up to the north, called Ketima-Molelo (‘I quenched fire’), the bed of the river is rocky and the stream runs fast, forming a succession of rapids and cataracts, which prevent continuous navigation when the water is low. The rapids are not visible when the river is full, but the cataracts of Nambwe, Bombwe and Kale must always be dangerous. The fall between each of these is between four and six feet. But the falls of Gonye present a much more serious obstacle. There we were obliged to take the canoes out of the water, and carry them more than a mile by land. The fall is about thirty feet.”

“This, being the first journey which Sekelétu had made through his dominions since his accession, was quite a triumphal progress; feasting and merry-making were the order of the day everywhere. The head men of each village presented oxen, milk and beer, more than the horde which accompanied him could devour, though their abilities in that line are something wonderful. The people usually show their joy and work off their excitement in dances and songs. The dance consists of the men standing nearly naked in a circle, with clubs or small battle-axes in their hands, and each roaring at the loudest pitch of his voice, while they simultaneously lift one leg, stamp heavily twice with it, then lift the other and stamp once with that; this is the only movement in common. The arms and head are often thrown about also in every direction; and all this time the roaring is kept up with the utmost possible vigor; the continued stamping makes a cloud of dust ascend, and they leave a deep ring in the ground where they stood. If the scene were witnessed in a lunatic asylum, it would be nothing out of the way, and even quite appropriate, as a means of letting off the excessive excitement of the brain; but here gray-headed men join in the performance with as much zest as others whose youth might be an excuse for making the perspiration stream off their bodies with the exertion.”

Although the people received Livingstone with such kindness as everywhere drew his heart to

them, yet his whole soul sickened at what he saw of heathenism pure and unadulterated. "To endure the dancing, roaring and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarreling and murdering of these children of Nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had done before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent effects of missions in the south, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo. The indirect benefits, which, to a casual observer, lie beneath the surface and are inappreciable, in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time, are worth all the money and labor that have been expended to produce them." He now saw more clearly than ever that the number of conversions is not the criterion of the pioneer missionary's work. The part he has to perform in the great business of the world's conversion is one that produces little immediate effect. "The fact which ought to stimulate us above all others is, not that we have contributed to the conversion of a few souls, however valuable these may be, but that we are diffusing a knowledge of Christianity throughout the world. We work for a glorious future which we are not yet destined to see—the golden age which has not been, but yet will be. We are only morning stars shining in the dark, but the glorious morn will break, the good time coming yet."

With the Makololo and Barotse people about him, he could comfort himself for his small apparent success among the Bakwains. "Many missions which God had sent in the olden time seemed bad failures. Noah's preaching was a failure; Isaiah thought his so too; poor Jeremiah is sitting weeping tears over his people, everybody cursing the honest man, and he ill pleased with his mother for having borne him among such a set; and Ezekiel's stiff-necked, rebellious crew were no better. Paul said, 'All seek their own, not the things of Jesus Christ;' and he knew that after his departure grievous wolves would enter in, not sparing the flock. Yet the cause of God is still carried on to more enlightened developments of his will and character, and the dominion is being given by the power of commerce and population unto the people of the saints of the Most High."

Livingstone found the whole Barotse Valley (of the Leeambye, or Zambesi) very beautiful and fertile. The people—who, in spite of their utter heathenism, were remarkably intelligent, with clearer views of a Supreme Being than the Bechuanas, and with a decided notion of life after death—would have welcomed him with open arms. In fact, he fascinated them all. His pronounced horror of the slave-trade, and his having by moral suasion alone forced a party of half-caste Portuguese traders to liberate eighteen captives, made them admire and trust him still more.

But, though he would gladly have devoted his life to the instruction of this interesting people, he felt that he must first push on and accomplish the second object of his mission—the opening of a highway from Central Africa to the sea. George Fleming, the trader, had returned to the Cape. It had been proved that land-carriage over so great a distance destroyed all the profits of trading even in the valuable products—ivory and ostrich-feathers—of the district. An outlet to the West Coast must be found by which commerce could be carried on, and through which the blessings of Christian civilization might come to this beautiful country.

There was a route which Livingstone might have taken, a little north of west, through the country of the Mambari, to St. Philip de Benguela. But this was the route taken by the half-caste Portuguese slave-traders in their incursions. The Mambari were their allies in procuring slaves—it was through them that Mpepe had had dealings with the traders—and Livingstone would not run the risk of identifying himself in the minds of the natives with those white people who trafficked in slaves. Besides that, a slave-trading route would have been an unsafe one. Experience had shown him that the natives who practiced slave-stealing were cruel, bloodthirsty and treacherous—by no means to be trusted. He chose another, though a far longer and more difficult route, to St. Paul de Loanda, by way of the Leeba and Coanza. “The Leeba

seemed to come from the north and by west, or north-north-west; so, having an old Portuguese map which pointed out the Coanza as rising in the middle of the continent, in 9° south latitude, I thought it probable that, when we had ascended the Leeba (from $14^{\circ} 11'$) two or three degrees, we should then be within one hundred and twenty miles of the Coanza, and find no difficulty in following it down to the coast near Loanda. This was the logical deduction, but, as is the case with many a plausible theory, one of the premises was decidedly defective. The Coanza, as we afterward found, does not come from anywhere near the centre of the country."

In order to make preparations for this journey it was necessary to return to Linyanti.

CHAPTER XII.

WESTWARD HO!

ON the 11th of November, 1853, Livingstone set out from Linyanti, in the heart of Africa, to make his way through to the coast, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles, never before trodden by the foot of white man except so far as he had himself explored it—namely, to where the Leeba flows into the Leeambye, some four hundred miles above his starting-point. That white men had never before visited these regions he knew, not only from the universal testimony of the people, but from the fact that there was no intimation of their presence in the native names, this being a favorite method of perpetuating any remarkable event. Since Livingstone's previous visit with his family, in 1851, many children had received the names Horse, Wagon, Gun, Robert, Jesus, and the absence of any such testimony to the presence of white people among them previous to this time was conclusive.

The party which set out for the sea consisted, besides Livingstone, of twenty-seven Makololo and

Barotse men, and the eighteen slaves whom Livingstone had liberated from the traders, and whose homes lay along his route. The men from Kuruman, having proved utterly worthless, had been sent back with Fleming. These twenty-seven men did not go as servants in Livingstone's pay, but as volunteers to aid in opening the country, as the Makololo fully recognized the value of direct trade with the coast. They were on the whole a fine set of fellows, faithful and patient, but so chicken-hearted and easily discouraged as really to be a great burden, and often by their faint-hearted advice a serious hindrance.

Livingstone was himself in no fit state to undertake the journey. "The fever had caused considerable weakness in my own frame, and a strange giddiness when I looked up suddenly to any celestial object, for everything seemed to rush to the left; and if I did not catch hold of some object I fell heavily to the ground." How he ever endured the hardships of the next few months can hardly be explained except by miracle. That he was not ignorant of the worst possibilities may be seen from his journal:

"Our intentions are to go up the Leeba till we reach the falls, then send back the canoes and proceed in the country beyond as best we can. Matiamvo is far beyond, but the Cassantse (probably the Cassange) live on the west of the river. May God in mercy permit me to do something for the

cause of Christ in these dark places of the earth! May he accept my children for his service, and sanctify them for it! My blessing on my wife! may God comfort her! If my watch comes back after I am cut off, it belongs to Agnes. If my sextant, it is Robert's. The Paris medal to Thomas. Double-barreled gun to Zouga. Be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, for Jesus' sake."

The preparations for the journey were made by leaving everything behind that could possibly be spared. "As I had always found that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few *impedimenta* as possible, and not forgetting to carry my wits about me, the outfit was rather spare, and intended to be still more so when we should come to leave the canoes. Some would consider it injudicious to adopt this plan, but I had a secret conviction that if I did not succeed it would not be for want of the 'knickknacks' advertised as indispensable for travelers, but from want of 'pluck,' or because a large array of baggage excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass."

There was no road. Everything had to be carried upon the shoulders of the men. As Livingstone had seen abundance of game on the previous journey of exploration, he thought it best to depend mostly upon his musket for provision for the party, and thus relieve the people of the discouragement

of carrying heavy loads. "I took only a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty of coffee, which, as the Arabs find, though used without either milk or sugar, is a most refreshing beverage after fatigue or exposure to the sun. We carried one small tin canister, about eighteen inches square, filled with spare shirting, trousers and shoes, to be used when we reached civilized life, and others in a bag which were expected to wear out on the way; another of the same size for medicines; a third for books, my stock being a *Nautical Almanac*, Thompson's logarithm tables and a Bible; a fourth box contained a magic-lantern, which we found of much use. The sextant and artificial horizon, thermometer and compasses were carried apart. My ammunition was distributed in portions through the whole luggage, so that if an accident should befall one part we would still have others to fall back upon. Our chief hopes for food were upon that; but in case of failure I took about twenty pounds of beads, worth forty shillings, which still remained of the stock I bought at Cape Town; a small gypsy tent, just sufficient to sleep in; a sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed." In addition, he had four tusks, which Sekelétu had sent by way of experiment to sell at the coast, and his journal, a quarto volume of eight hundred pages with lock and key, with a quantity of note-books. It was his custom to jot down his observations in the

note-books when traveling, and extend them in his journal when detained by rain or other causes.

“When under way our usual procedure is this: We get up a little before five in the morning; it is then beginning to dawn. While I am dressing coffee is made, and, having filled my pannikin, the remainder is handed to my companions, who eagerly partake of the refreshing beverage. The servants are busy loading the canoes while the principal men are sipping the coffee, and that being soon over, we embark. The next two hours are the most pleasant part of the day’s sail. The men paddle away most vigorously; the Barotse, being a tribe of boatmen, have large, deeply-developed chests and shoulders, with indifferent lower extremities. They often engage in loud scolding of each other in order to relieve the tedium of their work. About eleven we land, and eat any meat which may have remained from the previous evening meal, or a biscuit with honey, and drink water. After an hour’s rest we again embark and cover under an umbrella. The men, being quite uncovered in the sun, perspire profusely, and in the afternoon begin to stop, as if waiting for the canoes we have left behind. Sometimes we reach a sleeping-place two hours before sunset, and all being troubled with languor we gladly remain for the night. . . . As soon as we land, some of the men cut a little grass for my bed, while Mashuana plants the poles of the little tent. These are

used by day for carrying burdens, for the Barotse fashion is exactly like that of the natives of India, only the burden is fastened near the ends of the pole, and not suspended by long cords. The bed is made, and the boxes ranged on each side of it, and then the tent is pitched over all. Four or five feet in front of my tent is placed the principal or kotla fire, the wood for which must be collected by the man who occupies the post of herald, and takes as his perquisite the heads of all oxen slaughtered and of all the game too. Each person knows the station he is to occupy in reference to the post of honor at the fire in front of the door of the tent. The two Makololo occupy my right and left, both in eating and sleeping, as long as the journey lasts. But Mashuana, my head boatman, makes his bed at the door of the tent as soon as I retire. The rest, divided into small companies according to their tribes, make sheds all around the fire, leaving a horseshoe-shaped place in front for the cattle to stand in. The fire gives confidence to the oxen, so the men are always careful to keep them in sight of it. The sheds are formed by planting two stout forked poles in an inclined direction, and placing another over these in a horizontal position. A number of branches are then stuck in the ground in the direction to which the poles are inclined, the twigs drawn down to the horizontal pole and tied with strips of bark. Long grass is then laid over the branches in sufficient quantity

to throw off the rain, and we have sheds open to the fire in front, but secure from beasts behind. In less than an hour we were usually all under cover. We never lacked abundance of grass during the whole journey. It is a picturesque sight at night, when the clear bright moon of these climates glances on the sleeping forms around, to look out upon the attitudes of profound repose both men and beasts assume. There being no danger from wild animals in such a night, the fires are allowed almost to go out; and as there is no fear of hungry dogs coming over sleepers and devouring the food or quietly eating up the poor fellows' blankets—which at best were but greasy skins—which sometimes happened in the villages, the picture was one of perfect peace.

“The cooking is usually done in the natives' own style, and, as they carefully wash the dishes, pots and their hands before handling food, it is by no means despicable. Sometimes alterations are made at my suggestion, and then they believe that they can cook in thorough white man's fashion. The cook always comes in for something left in the pot, so all are eager to obtain that office.”

As far as Sekelétu's domain extended the journey was plain sailing. Messengers had been sent before with orders from the chief “not to let the *nake* [doctor] hunger,” and ample provisions were always found waiting his coming.

“Both men and women present butter in such

quantity that I shall be able to refresh my men as we move along. Anointing the skin prevents the excessive evaporation of the fluids of the body, and acts as clothing both in sun and shade. They always made their presents gracefully. When an ox was given the owner would say, 'Here is a little bit of bread for you.' This was pleasing, for I had been accustomed to the Bechuanas presenting a miserable goat with the pompous exclamation, 'Behold an ox!'"

The only difficulty was that the head men of the party, unwilling to lose any advantage, were inclined to linger in each village, feasting and merrymaking. Another delay was the frequent portages around the rapids of the river, the water being low at this season. The rains began, however, when they reached Naliele, the Barotse capital, and their immediate result was a new attack of fever, which excessively weakened Livingstone.

At Naliele he received, by Sekelétu's orders, eight riding and seven slaughter oxen, intended either for his own use or for presents to the Balonda chief, whose domains were beyond those of Sekelétu. A quantity of butter was also given for the same purpose.

After leaving the Barotse country food was more difficult to come by. The Balonda villages were less frequent, and delays were constantly caused by the native ideas of etiquette, which made it essential to send a messenger on before to each village to ex-

plain the object of their visit and obtain permission to proceed. The company depended largely upon Livingstone for supplies of game, for he had found it impossible to teach them to shoot straight. "Their inability was rather a misfortune; for, in consequence of working too soon after having been bitten by the lion, the bone of my left arm had not united well. Continual hard manual labor and some falls from ox-back lengthened the ligament by which the ends of the bones were united, and a false joint was the consequence. . . . I wanted steadiness of aim, and it generally happened that the more hungry the party became the more frequently I missed the animal."

Soon after reaching the Balonda country the liberated slaves were sent away to their own homes, though many of them would gladly have remained with Livingstone rather than risk the chances of being again sold by their chiefs.

A little way up the Leeba they came to the domains of Manenko, a female chief of the Balonda. As it would have been considered rude to pass by without visiting her, they were here kept waiting a long time for her gracious permission to approach. The people of the country crowded around them, and were highly amused by all they saw. "By way of gaining confidence, I showed them my hair, which is considered a curiosity in all this region. They said, 'Is that hair? It is the mane of a lion, and not hair at all.' Some thought I had made a wig

of a lion's mane, as they sometimes do with the fibres of the *ipe*, and dye it black, and twist it so as to resemble a mass of their own wool. . . . I showed my watch and pocket-compass, which are considered great curiosities." These, however, they were somewhat afraid of, considering that they might be *witch-medicine*.

The magic-lantern was an unfailing source of entertainment throughout the entire journey, and was always made the means of teaching religious truth, for the prime object of his expedition was never absent from Livingstone's mind. Through all his wanderings he invariably observed the rest of the Sabbath, even when sorely pressed by hunger. He always gathered the people around him for religious instruction on that day, thus exerting an influence whose benefit he could not estimate, but which will doubtless be felt by future travelers and will be owned and acknowledged on "that day."

At last Manenko made her appearance. "She was a tall, strapping woman, about twenty, distinguished by a profusion of ornaments and medicines hung round her person; the latter are supposed to act as charms. Her body was smeared all over with a mixture of fat and red ochre as a protection against the weather—a necessary precaution, for, like most of the Balonda ladies, she was otherwise in a state of frightful nudity. This was not for want of clothing, for, being a chief, she might have been as

well clad as any of her subjects, but from her peculiar ideas of elegance in dress.

One object of Livingstone's mission was to cement an alliance between the Balonda and the Makololo, and thus prevent the kidnapping of the latter as slaves. Having explained the advantages of all the tribes acting in concert to open a path to the sea, instead of being at war with each other, and thus in the power of the traders, Manenko was quite willing to make peace with the representatives of Sekelétu, and proposed to go on with Livingstone to visit her uncle, Shinte, the principal Balonda chief. As he lived east of the river Leeba, it would be necessary to abandon the canoes and perform the remainder of the journey on foot; but the object to be accomplished was, Livingstone felt assured, worth the sacrifice.

On the 7th of January they arrived at Shinte's village, Kabompo, and were honored with an audience.

"The kotla, or place of audience, was about a hundred yards square, and two graceful specimens of a species of banyan stood near one end; under one of these sat Shinte, on a sort of throne covered with a leopard's skin. He had on a checked jacket and a kilt of scarlet baize edged with green; many strings of large beads hung from his neck, and his limbs were covered with iron and copper armlets and bracelets; on his head he wore a helmet made of beads woven neatly together and crowned with

a great bunch of goose-feathers. Close to him sat three lads with sheaves of arrows over their shoulders.

“When we entered the kotla the whole of Manenko’s party saluted Shinte by clapping their hands, and Sambanza (Manenko’s husband) did obeisance by rubbing his chest and arms with ashes. One of the trees being unoccupied, I retreated to it for the sake of the shade, and my whole party did the same. We were now about forty yards from the chief, and could see the whole ceremony. The different sections of the tribe came forward in the same manner that we did—the head man of each making obeisance with ashes he carried with him for the purpose; then came the soldiers, all armed to the teeth, running and shouting toward us, with their swords drawn and their faces screwed up so as to appear as savage as possible, for the purpose, I thought, of trying whether they could not make us take to our heels. As we did not, they turned round toward Shinte and saluted him; then retired. When all had come and were seated, then began the curious capering usually seen in *pichos*. A man starts up and imitates the most approved attitudes observed in real fight, as throwing one javelin, receiving another on the shield, springing to one side to avoid a third, running backward or forward, leaping, etc. This over, Sambanza and the spokesman of Nyamoana (another female chief) stalked backward and forward in front of Shinte, and gave forth in

a loud voice all they had been able to learn, either from myself or from my people, of my past history and connection with the Makololo—the return of the captives; the wish to open the country to trade; the Bible as a word from Heaven; the white man's desire for the tribes to live in peace (he ought to have taught the Makololo that first, for the Balonda never attacked them, yet they had assailed the Balonda). Perhaps he was fibbing, perhaps not; they rather thought he was; but as the Balonda had good hearts, and Shinte had never done harm to any one, he had better receive the white man well, and send him on his way."

Sambanza was gayly dressed, and besides a profusion of beads had a cloth so long that a boy carried it after him as a train.

"Behind Shinte sat a hundred women clothed in their best, which happened to be a profusion of red baize. The chief wife of Shinte, one of the Matabele or Zulus, sat in front with a curious red cap on her head. During the intervals between the speeches these ladies burst forth with a sort of plaintive ditty, but it was impossible for any of us to catch whether it was in praise of the speaker, of Shinte or of themselves. This was the first time I had ever seen females present in a public assembly. In the south the women are not permitted to enter the kotla, and even when invited to come to a religious service there, would not enter till ordered to do so by the chief; but here they ex-

pressed approbation by clapping their hands and laughing to different speakers; and Shinte frequently turned around and spoke to them.

“A party of musicians, consisting of three drummers and four performers on the piano (an instrument made of bars and keys of wood, with gourds by way of sounding-board), went around the kotla several times, regaling us with their music.

“When nine speakers had concluded their orations, Shinte stood up, and so did all the people. He had maintained true African dignity of manner all the while, but my people remarked that he scarcely ever took his eyes off me for a moment. About a thousand people were present, according to my calculation, and about three hundred soldiers. The sun had now become hot, and the scene ended by the Mambari discharging their guns.”

The party was detained at Kabompo for a week. “One cannot get quickly away from these chiefs; they like to have the honor of strangers residing in their villages. Here we had an additional cause of delay in frequent rains; twenty-four hours never elapsed without heavy showers. Everything is affected by the dampness; surgical instruments become all rusty, clothes mildewed, shoes mouldy; my little tent was now so rotten and so full of small holes that every smart shower caused a fine mist to descend on my blanket, and made me fain to cover the head with it. Heavy dews lay on everything in the morning, even inside the tent;

there is only a short time of sunshine in the afternoon, and even that is so interrupted by thunder-showers that we cannot dry our bedding.

“Shinte was most anxious to see the pictures of the magic-lantern, but fever had so weakening an effect, and I had such violent action of the heart, with buzzing in the ears, that I could not go for several days; when I did go for the purpose, he had his principal men and the same crowd of court-beauties near him as at the reception. The first picture exhibited was Abraham about to slaughter his son Isaac; it was shown as large as life, and the uplifted knife was in the act of striking the lad. The Balonda men remarked that it was much more like a god than the things of wood and clay which they worshiped. I explained that this man was the first of the race to whom God had given the Bible we now hold, and that among his children our Saviour appeared. The ladies listened with silent awe, but when I moved the slide, the uplifted dagger moving toward them, they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac’s. ‘Mother! mother!’ all shouted at once; and off they rushed, helter-skelter, tumbling pell-mell over each other and over the little idol-huts and tobacco-bushes; we could not get one of them back again. Shinte, however, sat bravely through the whole, and afterward examined the instrument with interest. An explanation was always added after each time of showing its

powers, so that no one should imagine there was aught supernatural in it; and had Mr. Murray, who kindly brought it from England, seen its popularity among both Makololo and Balonda, he would have been gratified with the direction his generosity then took. It was the only mode of instruction I was ever pressed to repeat. The people came long distances for the purpose of seeing the objects and hearing the explanations."

Finally, on the 25th they set out. "As the last proof of friendship, Shinte came into my tent, though it scarcely could contain more than one person, looked at all the curiosities—the quicksilver, the looking-glass, books, hair-brushes, combs, watch, etc.—with the greatest interest; then closing the tent so that none of his people might see the extravagance of which he was about to be guilty, he drew out from his clothing a string of beads and the end of a conical shell which is considered, in regions far from the sea, of as great value as the lord mayor's badge is in London. He hung it around my neck, and said, 'There, *now* you *have* a proof of my friendship.'" These shells, Livingstone's men told him, are so highly valued that two of them would purchase a slave, and five an elephant's tusk worth ten pounds.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE party left Shinte loaded with food, which he sent eight of his men to help them carry, and accompanied by a Balonda sub-chief, Intemese, as guide. As far as Shinte's domains extended they encountered no hostility, but journeying was retarded by the obstinacy of the guides, by the ignorance and timidity of his own people, by the incessant rains, and by the immense amount of water which lay upon the plains over which they now had to pass. The splashing of his ox, Sinbad, kept Livingstone's clothes continually wet, even when the rain spared them, and the men complained that their horny soles became tender from the perpetual soaking; besides this, there were numerous streams to cross.

“The oxen in some places had their heads only above water, and the stream, flowing over their backs, wetted our blankets, which we used as saddles. The armpit was the only safe spot for carrying the watch, for there it was preserved from the rains above and the waters below. The men on foot

crossed these gullies holding up their burdens at arm's length."

Another difficulty which Livingstone had not at all counted upon was the scarcity of game; even moles and caterpillars were esteemed delicacies by the Balonda, who rarely tasted animal food, and hardly a bird had escaped their traps and gins. The party were obliged to purchase their food, and could obtain little that was suitable. Unfortunately, their beads were not so valuable as a purchasing medium in this region as in the south. The people inquired eagerly after cotton cloth, having no skins which served them for clothing, and, failing that, in many cases they refused to part with food for anything less than "an ox, a gun, a tusk or a man." Again and again did these exorbitant demands bring Livingstone into controversy with the natives, from which he only extricated himself without bloodshed by means of his surprising tact and knowledge of native character. An ox he could not spare, far less a gun; the tusks were Sekelétu's, and he would not part with them; a man he would rather die than give up. The men, seeing his devotion to them and the terrible risks he ran to save them from slavery, gradually changed their naturally insubordinate, unruly manners into the most absolute and unquestioning obedience and devotion, and eventually became the very best of travelers.

They were, however, very much at the mercy of

the guides who were furnished by successive chiefs to conduct them to the domains of the next potentate. "The reason why we needed a guide at all was to secure the convenience of a path, which, though generally no better than a sheep-walk, is much easier than going straight in one direction through tropical forest and tangled vegetation. We knew the general direction we ought to follow, and also if any deviation occurred from our proper route, but to avoid impassable forests and untreadable bogs, and to get to the proper fords of the rivers, we always tried to procure a guide; and he always followed the common path from one village to another when that lay in the direction we were going." Many times the guides led them out of the way to serve their own purposes; again and again they kept them waiting for days or involved them in difficulties with the natives. Gradually the little store of purchasing property melted away. One ox after another had to be killed to satisfy the cupidity of the chiefs or to keep the party from absolute starvation. The men parted with their copper ornaments, Livingstone with razors, buttons and shirts; yet, after all, many a time hunger was severely felt. A number of the men came down with fever; Livingstone himself was wretchedly ill with fever and dysentery, and reduced almost to a skeleton.

"The blanket which I used as saddle on the back of the ox, being frequently wet, remained so beneath

me, even in the hot sun, and, aided by the heat of the ox, caused extensive abrasion of the skin, which was continually healing and getting sore again. To this inconvenience was now added the chafing of my projecting bones on the hard bed."

The labor of taking observations was now doubled by the confusion of mind caused by extreme weakness, which made it almost impossible for him to make calculations. Still, with all his discomforts, we find him not only making minute observations of the fauna and flora of the country, but delighting in the beauty of the land, and recommending to other travelers and missionaries to solace themselves for the horrors they must constantly see and the discomforts they must undergo by dwelling on the beauties of Nature. Missionaries ought to cultivate a taste for the beautiful. "We are necessarily compelled to contemplate much moral impurity and degradation. . . . We are apt to become either callous or melancholy, or if preserved from these the constant strain on the sensibilities is likely to injure bodily health. On this account it seems necessary to cultivate that faculty for the gratification of which God has made such universal provision. See the green earth and blue sky, the lofty mountain and the verdant valley, the glorious orbs of day and night, the starry canopy, the graceful flowers, so chaste in form and perfect in coloring! The various forms of animated life present to him whose heart is at peace with

God through the blood of his Son an indescribable charm. . . . The sciences exhibit such wonderful intelligence and design in all their various ramifications that some time ought to be devoted to them before engaging in missionary work."

As they drew nearer to the West Coast the natives, whom the slave-trade had made unscrupulous, demanded payment even for passage through the country, and many a time the party were kept waiting for days together while Livingstone tried all legitimate means to pacify them. Frequently the most insignificant pretexts were made the ground of the most exorbitant demands.

"Having reached the village of Njambi, one of the chiefs of Chiboque, we intended to pass a quiet Sunday, and, our provisions being quite spent, I ordered a tired riding-ox to be slaughtered. As we wished to be on good terms with all, we sent the hump and ribs to Njambi, with the explanation that this was the customary tribute to chiefs in the part from which we had come, and that we always honored men in his position. He returned thanks, and promised to send food. Next morning he sent an impudent message, with a very small present of meal; scorning the meat he had accepted, he demanded either a man, an ox, a gun, powder, cloth or a shell; and in the event of refusal to comply with his demand he intimated his intention to prevent our further progress.

"We heard some of the Chiboque remark, 'They

have only five guns;’ and about midday Njambi collected all his people and surrounded our encampment. Their object was evidently to plunder us of everything. My men seized their javelins and stood on the defensive, while the young Chiboque had drawn their swords and brandished them with great fury. Some even pointed their guns at me, and nodded to each other, as much as to say, ‘This is the way we shall do with him.’ I sat on my camp-stool with my double-barreled gun across my knees, and invited the chief to be seated also. When he and his counselors had sat down on the ground in front of me, I asked what crime we had committed that he had come armed in that way. He replied that one of my men, Pitsane, while sitting at the fire that morning, had in spitting allowed a small quantity of the saliva to fall on the leg of one of his men, and this guilt he wanted to be settled by the fine of a man, an ox or a gun. Pitsane admitted the fact of a little saliva having fallen on the Chiboque, and in proof of its being a pure accident mentioned that he had given the man a piece of meat, by way of making friends, just before it happened, and wiped it off with his hand as soon as it fell. In reference to a man being given, I declared that we were all ready to die rather than give up one of our number to be a slave—that my men might as well give me as I give one of them, for we were all free men. ‘Then you can give the gun with which the ox was shot.’ As we heard some of his people remarking

even now that we had only 'five guns,' we declined on the ground that as they were intent on plundering us, giving a gun would be helping them to do so."

Finally, on their explaining that the spitting was really considered a matter of guilt, he gave the chief one of his shirts and a bunch of beads. "The more I yielded, the more unreasonable their demands became, and at every fresh demand a shout was raised by the armed party and a rush made around us, with brandishing of arms. One young man made a charge at my head from behind, but I quickly brought round the muzzle of my gun to his mouth, and he retreated. I pointed him out to the chief, and he ordered him to retire a little. I felt anxious to avoid the effusion of blood, and, though sure of being able, with my Makololo, who had been drilled by Sebituane, to drive off twice the number of our assailants, though now a large body and well armed with spears, swords, arrows and guns, I strove to avoid actual collision. My men were quite unprepared for this exhibition, but behaved with admirable coolness. The chief and counselors, by accepting my invitation to be seated, had placed themselves in a trap, for my men very quietly surrounded them, and made them feel that there was no chance of escaping their spears. I then said that, as one thing after another had failed to satisfy them, it was evident that they wanted to fight, while *we* only wanted to pass peaceably through the country—that they

must begin first and bear the guilt before God : we would not fight till they had struck the first blow. I then sat silent for some time. It was rather trying for me, because I knew that the Chiboque would aim at the white man first ; but I was careful not to appear flurried, and, having four barrels ready for instant action, looked quietly at the savage scene around. The Chiboque countenance, by no means handsome, is not improved by the practice which they have of filing the teeth to a point. The chief and counselors, seeing that they were in more danger than I, did not choose to follow our decision that they should begin by striking the first blow and then see what we could do, and were perhaps influenced by seeing the air of cool preparation which some of my men displayed at the prospect of a work of blood.

“The Chiboque at last put the matter before us in this way : ‘You come among us in a new way, and say you are quite friendly : how can we know it unless you give us some of your food and you take some of ours ? If you give us an ox, we will give you whatever you may wish, and then we shall be friends.’ In accordance with the entreaties of my men, I gave an ox, and when asked what I should like in return, mentioned food as the thing we most needed. In the evening Njambi sent us a very small basket of meal and two or three pounds of the flesh of our own ox, with the apology that they had no fowls and very little of any other food.

It was impossible to avoid a laugh at the coolness of the generous creatures. I was truly thankful, nevertheless, that, though resolved to die rather than deliver up one of our number to be a slave, we had so far gained our point as to be allowed to pass on without having shed human blood."

Not long after he had to cope with a mutiny raised by the guides. "They grumbled, as they often do against their chiefs when they think them partial in their gifts, because they supposed that I had shown a preference in the distribution of the beads; but the beads I had given to my principal men were only sufficient to purchase a scanty meal, and I had hastened on to this village in order to slaughter a tired ox and give them all a feast, as well as a rest on Sunday, as preparation for the journey before us. I explained this to them, and thought their grumbling was allayed. I soon sank into a state of stupor, which the fever sometimes produced, and was oblivious to all their noise in slaughtering. On Sunday the mutineers were making a terrible din in preparing a skin they had procured. I requested them twice, by the man who attended me, to be more quiet, as the noise pained me; but as they paid no attention to this civil request, I put out my head, and, repeating it myself, was answered by an impudent laugh. Knowing that discipline would be at an end if this mutiny were not quelled, and that our lives depended on vigorously upholding authority, I seized a double-bar-

reled pistol and darted forth from the domicile, looking, I suppose, so savage as to put them to a precipitate flight. As some remained within hearing, I told them that I must maintain discipline, though at the expense of some of their limbs; so long as we traveled together they must remember that I was master and not they. There being but little room to doubt my determination, they immediately became very obedient, and never afterward gave me any trouble or imagined that they had any right to my property."

Not the least of his troubles was his ox Sinbad, which "had a softer back than the others, but a most intractable temper." He delighted in running under such climbers as were too low to be avoided, and dragging off his rider, "and he never allowed an opportunity of the kind to pass without trying to inflict a kick, as if I neither had nor deserved his love." Once "he went off at a plunging gallop, the bridle broke, and I came down backward on the crown of my head. He gave me a kick on the thigh at the same time. I felt none the worse for this rough treatment, but would not recommend it to others as a palliative in cases of fever."

On the banks of the Loajima they met a hostile party who refused them passage. They were armed with iron-headed arrows and a few guns, and the affair looked formidable. Livingstone ordered his men to put the luggage in the centre and erect a screen of saplings as fast as possible. "I then

dismounted, and, advancing a little toward our principal opponent, showed how easily I could kill him, but pointed upward, saying, 'I fear God.' He did the same, placing his hand on his heart, pointing upward, and saying, 'I fear to kill, but come to our village; come—do come!' At this juncture the old head man came up, and I invited him and all to be seated, that we might talk the matter over." Eventually, the old man was quite pacified. "During these exciting scenes, I always forgot my fever, but a terrible sense of sinking came back with the feeling of safety."

His men at last became discontented and threatened to return home. "The prospect of being obliged to return when just on the threshold of the Portuguese settlements distressed me exceedingly. After using all my powers of persuasion, I declared to them that if they returned I should go on alone, and went into my little tent with my mind directed to Him who hears the sighing of the soul, and was soon followed by the head of Mohorisi, saying, 'We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened; wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks we made only on account of the injustice of these people.'"

On the 2d of April, worn-out and nearly starved, they reached the country of the Bashinje, in the upper valley of the Coango.

"Sansawe, the chief of a portion of the Bashinje, having sent the usual formal demand for a man, an

ox or a tusk, spoke very contemptuously of the poor things we offered him instead. We told his messengers that the tusks were Sekelétu's: everything was gone except my instruments, which could be of no use to them whatever. One of them begged some meat, and when it was refused said to my men, 'You may as well give it, for we shall take it all after we have killed you to-morrow.' The more humbly we spoke, the more insolent the Bashinje became, till at last we were all feeling savage and sulky, but continued speaking as civilly as we could. They are fond of argument, and when I denied their right of asking tribute from a white man who did not trade in slaves, an old white-headed negro put rather a posing question: 'You know that God has placed chiefs among us whom we ought to support. How is it that you, who have a book that tells you about him, do not come forward at once and pay this chief tribute like every one else?' I replied by asking, 'How could I know that this was a chief, who had allowed me to remain a day and a half near him without giving me anything to eat?' This, which to the uninitiated may seem sophistry, was to the Central African quite a rational question, for he at once admitted that food ought to have been sent, and added that probably his chief was only making it ready for me, and that it would soon come."

Finally, Sansawe himself appeared, and was quite interested in the sight of Livingstone's hair, his watch

and compass, but was too much afraid of witchcraft to stop till dark for the magic-lantern. "On departing he sent for my spokesman, and told him that if we did not add a red jacket and a man to our gift of a few copper rings and a few pounds of meat, we must return by the way we had come. I said in reply that we should certainly go forward next day, and if he commenced hostilities the blame before God would be that of Sansawe; and my man added of his own accord, 'How many white men have you killed in this path?' which might be interpreted into, 'You have never killed any white man, and you will find ours more difficult than you imagine.'"

The next morning at daybreak "we were all astir, and, setting off in a drizzling rain, passed close to the village. This rain probably damped the ardor of the robbers. We, however, expected to be fired upon from every clump of trees or from some of the rocky hillocks among which we were passing. It was only after two hours' march that we began to breathe freely, and my men remarked, in thankfulness, 'We are children of Jesus.'"

On the following day they were met by another Bashinje chief with the usual demand of payment for permission to cross the Coango (or Quango), here one hundred and fifty yards broad and very deep. There really was nothing wherewith to pay. The men had parted with their copper ornaments, Livingstone with shirts, razors and buttons. He

was upon the point of giving up his blanket, his last remaining possession, when a young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia, Cypriano de Abrão, made his appearance, and advised him to move on across the river without permission of the natives. "When we moved off from the chief who had been plaguing us, his people opened a fire from our sheds, and continued to blaze away for some time in the direction we were going, but none of the bullets reached us. It is probable they expected a demonstration of the abundance of ammunition they possessed would make us run; but when we continued to move quietly to the ford, they proceeded no farther than our sleeping-place." On the opposite side of the river they were in the country of the Bangalo, who are subjects of the Portuguese, and their difficulties with the border-tribes were at an end.

With glad hearts they went on to the dwelling of Cypriano, who entertained all the men on pumpkins and maize, and invited Livingstone to a meal of roast fowl, ground-nuts, guavas and honey. "He quite bared his garden in feeding us during the few days which I remained anxiously expecting the clouds to disperse, so as to allow of my taking observations for the determination of the position of the Quango. He slaughtered an ox for us, and furnished his mother and her maids with manioc-roots to prepare farina for the four or five days of our journey to Cassangé, and never even hinted at

payment. My wretched appearance must have excited his compassion."

After a few days spent in resting and getting correct observations of latitude and longitude, three days' hard traveling brought the party to Cassangé, the most inland town of the Portuguese in Western Africa. "I made my entrance in a somewhat forlorn state as to clothing among our Portuguese allies. The first gentleman I met in the village asked if I had a passport, and said it was necessary to take me before the authorities. As I was in the same state of mind in which individuals are who commit a petty deprecation in order to obtain the shelter and food of a prison, I gladly accompanied him to the house of the commandant or chefe, Senhor de Silva Rego. Having shown my passport to this gentleman, he politely asked me to supper, and as we had eaten nothing except the farina of Cypriano from the Quango to this, I suspect I appeared particularly ravenous to the other gentlemen around the table. . . . Captain Antonio Rodrigues Neves then kindly invited me to take up my abode in his house. Next morning this generous man arrayed me in decent clothing, and continued during the whole period of my stay to treat me as if I had been his brother. I felt deeply grateful to him for his disinterested kindness. He not only attended to my wants, but also furnished food for my famishing party free of charge."

At Cassangé they disposed of Sekelétu's tusks

at such prices as to astound the natives and convince them fully of the value of trade with Europeans. Livingstone found himself the object of considerable curiosity to the Portuguese. "They evidently looked upon me as an agent of the English government engaged in some new movement for the suppression of slavery. They could not divine what a *missionario* had to do with latitudes and longitudes, which I was intent on observing. When they became a little familiar the questions put were rather amusing: 'Is it common for missionaries to be doctors?'—'Are you a doctor of medicine and a *doctor mathematico* too?'—'You must be more than a missionary to know how to calculate the longitude. Come, tell us at once what rank you hold in the English army.'"

The Makololo, who had so courageously endured the trials of the long journey, now became really frightened. The colored people at Cassangé told them that they were being led to the sea only to be taken on board ships, fattened and eaten. Livingstone succeeded in quelling their fears, until, on drawing near their journey's end, their natural timidity again overcame their confidence. "One of them asked me if we should all have an opportunity of watching each other at Loanda. 'Suppose one went for water, would the others see if he were kidnapped?' I replied, 'I see what you are driving at; and if you suspect me you may return, for I am as ignorant of Loanda as you are; but

nothing will happen to you but what happens to myself. We have stood by each other hitherto, and will do so to the last.' ”

Though the perils of the journey were over, three hundred weary miles still lay between Cassangé and Loanda. A guide was furnished, and the hospitality of the people all along the route was in refreshing contrast to the previous portion of the journey, but rain, fatigue, illness still followed them. The men suffered exceedingly from the cold climate of the mountains over which their road lay. The moisture of the air was so great it was impossible to get night observations. Sinbad kept up his tricks, and plunged his rider into a deep hole in the river Lombe. At Ambaca the commandant gave Livingstone the first glass of wine he had taken in Africa. “I felt much refreshed, and could then realize and meditate upon the weakening effects of the fever. They were curious even to myself; for, though I had tried several times since we had left Nagio to take lunar observations, I could not avoid confusion of time and distance, neither could I hold the instrument steady nor perform a simple calculation; hence many of the positions of this part of the route were left till my return from Loanda. Often on getting up in the mornings I found my clothing as wet from perspiration as if it had been dipped in water. In vain I had tried to collect the words of the Banda dialect spoken in Angola. I forgot

the days of the week and the names of my companions, and, had I been asked, I probably could not have told my own."

At last they left the mountains and drew near the West Coast. On coming across the plains near Loanda they first beheld the sea. "My companions looked upon the boundless ocean with awe. On describing their feelings afterward, they remarked that 'We marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, "I am finished; there is no more of me!"' They had always imagined that the world was one extended plain without limit."

Livingstone had been told that there were many Englishmen in Loanda, but on approaching the city his spirits, depressed with fatigue and care, fell on hearing that there was only one in the whole city. But that one was a host in himself. He was Mr. Gabriel, the British commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade. His reception of the traveler was that of a brother. He had heard of his approach, and forwarded an invitation, which, however, had crossed him on the road. His first act of hospitality was to offer the weary traveler his bed. "Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch after six months' sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep; and Mr. Gabriel, coming in almost immediately, rejoiced at the soundness of my repose."

CHAPTER XIV.

AN HEROIC SACRIFICE.

LIVINGSTONE'S stay under Mr. Gabriel's hospitable roof was a long one. Repeated fevers and the fatigues of the journey had so reduced him that for some time he became weaker rather than stronger while enjoying rest. He received great attention from the Portuguese gentlemen of the town, as well as from the officers of the English vessels in port. The surgeon of one of the vessels offered his services, and the bishop of Angola sent his secretary to offer the services of the government physician. Mr. Gabriel arrayed all his men in robes of striped cotton cloth and red caps, and the merchants of the town sent him valuable presents for Sekelétu, handsome specimens of all their articles of trade, and two donkeys. The Board of Public Works, also, at the bishop's instance, sent a complete colonel's uniform and a horse for the chief, and presented all his men with suits of clothes.

To Livingstone's great grief, no letters were awaiting him. He afterward learned that many

had been sent, but by some inexplicable fatality none reached him. During his long stay in Loanda he continued to hope for news from home, but no letters came until after his departure, and although Mr. Gabriel despatched them after him, he never saw either letters or messenger. From the public papers he heard of the Crimean war and the battle of Alma, and his interest in this great struggle was as intense as if he had never left England.

Several English cruisers came into port while he was in Loanda and offered him free passage home. In his worn and exhausted condition a visit to England would have been the best thing for him, but, though he had accomplished his desire of making his way to the sea, yet the tribes through whose dominions he had come were so hostile that he felt sure his Makololo would never reach home again without him. Besides, no wagon-route had been found, and he was now resolved to try if the Zambesi might not be made a water-way for missionary enterprise from the East Coast. He therefore resolved to repress his longings for home and family and return to the interior. While waiting for strength he was busily employed in arranging his papers, preparing reports to the Missionary and Geographical Societies, making maps and charts of the route, and writing long letters to his family and friends in Europe and Africa.

His observations of latitude and longitude he sent, for verification, to his friend Mr. Maclear at

the Cape, who was delighted at his pupil's improvement and success, and who wrote to Sir John Herschel: "Such a man deserves every encouragement in the power of his country to give. He has done that which few other travelers in Africa can boast of: he has fixed his geographical points with great accuracy, and yet he is only a poor missionary." When Livingstone's papers reached the Geographical Society they voted him their gold medal, the highest honor at their disposal. The chairman, Lord Ellesmere, comparing his expedition with that of a Portuguese officer, recently made, said, "I advert to it to point out the contrast between the two. Colonel Monteiro was the leader of a small army—some twenty Portuguese soldiers and a hundred and twenty Caffres. The contrast is as great between such military array and the solitary grandeur of the missionary's progress as it is between the actual achievements of the two—between the rough knowledge obtained by the Portuguese of some three hundred leagues of new country, and the scientific precision with which the unarmed and unassisted Englishman has left his mark on so many important stations in regions hitherto a blank."

During the severe illness which followed Livingstone's arrival at Loanda, when he was too low to think about them, his men had shown their energy and self-reliance by going up into the mountains for fire-wood, which they made into fagots and sold in the town. Afterward they found employ-

ment, at sixpence a day, unloading coal from a steamer. When Livingstone recovered he took them on board an English frigate, at which their astonishment was overwhelming: "It is not a canoe at all; it is a town!"

On the 24th of September, 1854, somewhat less than four months after their arrival, the party left Loanda on the return journey, well laden with cloth, beads, ammunition and medicines, and each of the men armed with a musket. A portion of these goods had been purchased with the proceeds of Sekelétu's tusks, a part had been amassed by the men, a part came from Livingstone's own resources, he having drawn a portion of his stipend at Loanda, and the remainder was presented by friends. A new tent was given by the officers of the frigate *Philomel*. Having made a considerable détour from the route to examine the country more closely (and having had frequent opportunities to exercise his medical profession on the way), Livingstone had the mortification of learning on reaching Pungo-Andongo that all his papers, dispatches and maps had been lost at sea with the mail-packet *Fore-runner*. While much chagrined at the loss of so much toil, he was deeply grateful that he himself had not been on the ship, as would have been the case but for his determination to return with his Makololo. At the invitation of Colonel Pires, a merchant-prince of Pungo-Andongo, he remained at his house till the end of the year, reproducing

his lost papers and maps. "I felt so glad that my friend Lieutenant Bedingfeld, to whose care I had committed them, though in the most imminent danger, had not shared a similar fate, that I was at once reconciled to the labor of re-writing."

On the 1st of January, 1855, he departed from Pungo-Andongo. At Cassangé, where there is a post twice a month from Loanda, he saw the account of the famous "charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava, but was forced to restrain his burning anxiety for further news until his arrival on the East Coast, a year later. The journey through the Portuguese dominions was made delightful by the kind attentions he everywhere received from natives as well as from the authorities, but he was grieved at the brutality of the people, whose only thought, in the midst of a beautiful country, was animal pleasure. He takes refuge from this pain in the beauty of the country. "I have often thought, in traveling through their land, that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld, on still mornings, scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth, yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness of a fan! Green grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping; groups of herd-boys with miniature bows, arrows and spears; the women wending their way to the river with water-pots poised jauntily on their heads; men sewing under the

shady banians; the old gray-headed fathers sitting on the ground, staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry trees or branches to repair their hedges; and all this flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches before the heat of the day has become intense,—form pictures which can never be forgotten.”

Beyond the Quango they again met with inhospitality and rudeness, but the people were much more manageable than on their former journey, solely because the whole party now possessed guns, and they were afraid of them. Livingstone found in this a confirmation of his opinion that the English were acting foolishly in attempting to prevent the natives from possessing firearms. “The universal effect of the diffusion of the more powerful instruments of warfare in Africa is the same as among ourselves: firearms render wars less frequent and less bloody. It is indeed exceedingly rare to hear of two tribes having guns going to war with each other; and, as nearly all the feuds, in the south at least, have been about cattle, the risk which must be incurred from long shots generally proves a preventive to the foray.”

As the rainy season opened Livingstone’s fever returned, and the detentions in the hostile Chibouque country were numerous and trying. In April a severe attack of rheumatic fever came on. “This was brought on by being obliged to sleep on an

extensive plain covered with water. The rain poured down incessantly, but we formed our beds by dragging up the earth into oblong mounds, something like graves in a country churchyard, and then placing grass upon them. The rain continuing to deluge us, we were unable to leave for two days, but as soon as it became fair we continued our march. The heavy dew upon the high grass was so cold as to cause shivering, and I was forced to lie by for eight days, tossing and groaning with violent pain in the head. This was the most severe attack I had endured. It made me quite unfit to move, or even to know what was passing outside my little tent."

His illness encouraged the natives, in spite of their respect for his weapons, to attempt to force a quarrel upon him. "It happened that the head man of the village where I had lain twenty-two days, while bargaining and quarreling in my camp for a piece of meat, had been struck on the mouth by one of my men. My principal men paid five pieces of cloth and a gun as an atonement, but the more they yielded the more exorbitant he became, and he sent word to all the surrounding villages to aid him in avenging the affront of a blow on the beard. As their courage usually rises with success, I resolved to yield no more, and departed. In passing through a forest in the country beyond we were startled by a body of men rushing after us. They began by knocking down the burdens of the hinder-

most of my men, and several shots were fired, each party spreading on both sides of the path. I fortunately had a six-barreled revolver, which my friend, Captain Henry Need of Her Majesty's brig *Linnet*, had considerably sent to Golungo Alto after my departure from Loanda. Taking this in my hand and forgetting fever, I staggered quickly along the path with two or three of my men, and fortunately encountered the chief. The sight of the six barrels gaping into his stomach, and my own ghastly visage looking daggers at his face, seemed to produce an instant revolution in his martial feelings, for he cried out, 'Oh, I have only come to speak to you, and wish peace only.' Mashauana had hold of him by the hand, and found him shaking. We examined his gun, and found that it had been discharged. Both parties crowded up to their chiefs. One of the opposite party coming too near, one of mine drove him back with a battle-axe. The enemy protested their amicable intentions, and my men asserted the fact of having the goods knocked down as evidence to the contrary. . . . The villagers were no doubt pleased with being allowed to retire unscathed, and we were also glad to get away without having shed one drop of blood or having compromised ourselves for any future visit. My men were delighted with their own bravery, and made the woods ring with telling each other how brilliant their conduct before the enemy would have been had hostilities not been brought to a sudden close."

The return journey occupied more time than the outward one had done. Still, they went much more rapidly than the traders do, who are the only travelers in these regions. Livingstone tells us that traders generally travel ten days in the month only, spending twenty in rest, and that they only make seven geographical miles per day; whereas his party made ten geographical miles per day, and traveled twenty days in the month. The reasons why his was so much more rapid progress were, first, the fact that the traders traveled with slaves, who made no effort to get along rapidly, and more especially because his men all felt an interest in the journey, which the traders' people did not. When one of Livingstone's men was ill the others divided his burden between them, or even carried the man himself if he was unable to walk, and at halting-time all hands went so vigorously to work to make the party comfortable that it was done in half the usual time.

Still, sickness made the progress slow. On one occasion Livingstone met with an accident to one of his eyes by a blow from a branch while passing through a forest. He employed the time of his detention in drawing a sketch of the country so far passed over to send to Mr. Gabriel at Loanda. Rather singular occupation for a half-blinded man! But Livingstone omitted no opportunity of transmitting his discoveries, lest they should be lost by some accident happening to himself. Neither was

any time wasted while on this toilsome journey. In a letter to his wife, written from the Balonda country, he says: "I work at the interior languages when I have a little time, and also at Portuguese, which I like from being so much like Latin. Indeed, when I came I understood much that was said from its similarity to that tongue, and when I interlarded my attempts at Portuguese with Latin, or spoke it entirely, they understood me very well. The Negro language is not so easy, but I take a spell at it every day I can. It is of the same family of languages as the Sichuana."

On the fourth of June they reached the villages of Katima, one of the Balonda, who had been very friendly on their former visit. The people were exceedingly liberal with presents of food. "When Katima visited our encampment I presented him with a cloak of red baize ornamented with gold tinsel which cost thirty shillings, according to the promise I had made in going to Loanda; also a cotton robe, both large and small beads, an iron spoon, and a tin pannikin containing a quarter of a pound of powder. He seemed greatly pleased with the liberality shown, and assured me that the way was mine, and that no one should molest me in it if he could help it. . . . Katima asked if I could not make a dress for him like the one I wore, so that he might appear as white men when any stranger visited him. One of the counselors imagining that he ought to second this by begging, Katima check-

ed him by saying, 'Whatever strangers give, be it little or much, I always receive it with thankfulness, and never trouble them for more.' On departing he mounted on the shoulders of his spokesman, as the most dignified mode of retiring. The spokesman being a slender man, and the chief six feet high and stout in proportion, there would have been a breakdown had he not been accustomed to it."

The country of the Balonda seemed to Livingstone a good place for a mission-station. A point near the junction of the Leeba and the Leeambye, not very far from Shinte's village, was especially suitable—healthy, never overflowed by the rise of the river and among friendly tribes. The head men of his party, Pitsane and Mohorisi, were heard discussing the feasibility of establishing a Makololo village there, as a sort of halfway trading-station. They were very intelligently alive to all the best methods of preserving the benefits of the path they had opened to the white man's territories.

"We reached our friend Shinte, and received a hearty welcome from this friendly old man, and abundant provisions of the best that he had. On hearing the report of the journey given by my companions, and receiving a piece of cotton cloth about two yards square, he said, 'These Mambari cheat us by bringing little pieces only, but the next time you pass I shall send men with you to trade for me in Loanda.' When I explained the use made of

the slaves he sold, and that he was just destroying his own tribe by selling his people, and enlarging that of the Mambari for the sake of these small pieces of cloth, it seemed to him quite a new idea."

Livingstone had brought a pot containing a little plantation of coffee-plants and orange and other fruit trees from Loanda, and left it with Shinte for cultivation in one of the gardens, promising to give him a share when it was grown. The men had also brought fowls and pigeons with them, being much interested in improving their country by all possible methods. They had few cattle, as the tsetse-fly is common on the banks of the Leeambye. During all their travels they had been careful to watch that no tsetse settled on their oxen, but not long after leaving Shinte's village Livingstone's riding-ox was bitten.

"Poor Sinbad had carried me all the way from the Leeba to Golungo Alto, and all the way back again, without losing any of his peculiarities or becoming reconciled to our perversity in forcing him away each morning from the pleasant pasturage on which he had fed. I wished to give the climax to his usefulness and allay our craving for animal food at the same time; but my men having some compunction, we carried him to end his days in peace at Naliele."

On the Leeambye they met a party of hunters, and the men were regaled on hippopotamus flesh, the first feast of meat they had had for months, for

Livingstone had gotten out of the way of shooting, and missed perpetually.

It was the end of July, 1855, when the weary party arrived in the Barotse country, which was the home of many of them. The demonstrations of joy at their arrival were such as Livingstone had never seen before. "The women came forth to meet us, making their curious dancing gestures and loud lullilooing." The travelers had long been given up for dead, for it was nearly a year and nine months since they had set out for Linyanti.

All was now mirth and festivity. Oxen were killed, food was prepared, and feasting and ceremonies of rejoicing were the order of the day. "Pitsane delivered a speech of upward an hour in length, giving a highly flattering picture of the whole journey, the kindness of the white men in general, and of Mr. Gabriel in particular. He concluded by saying that I had done more for them than they expected—that I had not only opened up a path for them to the other white men, but conciliated all the chiefs along the route."

The men who had left Loanda laden with goods had returned home in utter poverty, everything having been expended among the rapacious tribes on the way; none the less were they welcome. The people all understood the value of the path which had been opened, and warmly assured Livingstone of their gratitude. On Sunday a general thanksgiving service was held. The men arrayed

themselves in gorgeous clothes they had managed to preserve, tried to imitate the walk of soldiers, kept their guns over their shoulders during service, and were very generally admired. "I told them we had come that day to thank God before them all for his mercy in preserving us from dangers, from strange tribes and sicknesses. We had another service in the afternoon. They gave us two fine oxen to slaughter, and the women have supplied us abundantly with milk and meal. This is all gratuitous, and I feel ashamed that I can make no return. . . . My men explained the total expenditure of our means, and the Libontese answered gracefully, 'It does not matter; you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep.' Strangers came flocking from a distance, and seldom empty-handed. Their presents I distributed among my men."

On arriving at Seshéke he found that a box had been sent there by Mr. Moffat, to await his return should he be still alive. The box having been brought by Matabele, the natives had feared that it might be only a pretence for introducing witch-medicine, and had carried it out to an island in the river, built a hut over it, and there it was when Livingstone arrived. How delightful to get letters from friends, and especially from his wife, though they were more than a year old! The stores were exceedingly grateful, and the provision of new clothing not less so.

One of the most important results of this journey, in Livingstone's estimation, was the information he had gained respecting the form of the African continent. Previous to this time it had been supposed that all the region east of the hills of Angola was a vast sandy plateau, without rivers and unfit for habitation. From his observations Livingstone had come to the conclusion that the whole interior of Africa was a vast basin, full of great lakes and immense rivers—a region of the greatest fertility, such as might produce food enough for millions of people and furnish cotton for all Europe. This great central region he believed to lie between two high ridges on the east and west, through great fissures in which the rivers of the central basin made their way to the sea. These high ridges were healthy and fertile, furnishing suitable places of settlement for Europeans, whether missionaries or commercial men. These views he had transmitted to Europe with great care. Now on arriving at Seshéke and examining the papers in Mr. Moffat's box, his self-love, if he had any, was menaced by the information that Sir Roderick Murchison of the British Geographical Society, from an attentive study of and reflection upon papers furnished by various travelers in different parts of Africa, had come to the very same conclusion, and had communicated it to the Geographical Society the year before. "There was not much use in nursing my chagrin

at being thus fairly 'cut out' by the man who had foretold the existence of Australian gold before its discovery, for here it was in black and white. In his easy-chair he had forestalled me by three years, though I had been working hard through marsh, jungle and fever, and since the light dawned on my mind at Dilolo had been cherishing the pleasing delusion that I should be the first to suggest the idea that the interior of Africa was a watery plateau of less elevation than flanking hilly ranges." It is only just to Livingstone to say that the most important data on which Sir Roderick based his opinion had been furnished by Livingstone himself.

Sekelétu had been behaving badly in Livingstone's absence making forays among the neighboring tribes. He received the traveler with all the old affection, however, and was delighted with the prospect of trade with Angola. He immediately busied himself with projects for sending a trading-party westward, and meantime began to make arrangements for furthering Livingstone's journey to the east, only begging him to remain a month or two until the season should be more favorable for traveling. This the weary traveler was quite willing to do.

At Seshéke, Livingstone was met by the horses which he had left at Linyanti, and having proceeded thither by a more easy method than walking, he found his wagon and all the property he had left there in November, 1853, perfectly safe. Another

great rejoicing was held, at which Livingstone deputed his companions to give the account of the journey. "The wonderful things lost nothing in the telling, the climax always being that they had finished the whole world, and had turned only when there was no more land. One glib old gentleman asked, 'Then you reached Ma-Robert [Mrs. L.]?' They were obliged to confess that she lived a little beyond the world. The presents were received with expressions of great satisfaction and delight, and on Sunday, when Sekelétu made his appearance in church in his uniform, it attracted more attention than the sermon."

CHAPTER XV.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

THERE was no difficulty in finding volunteers for the eastward journey. The supreme sacrifice that Livingstone had made in giving up the opportunity of going home to his family, that he might bring his men safely back to their own homes, was appreciated, and the whole tribe was at his service, ready to brave all dangers at his bidding. Sekelétu and his head men frequently said to him, "All the ivory in the country is yours; take as much as you can of it, and the chief will furnish men to carry it." "Although the Makololo," Livingstone tells us, "were so confiding, the reader must not imagine that they would be so to every individual who might visit them. Much of my influence depended upon the good name given me by the Bakwains, and that I secured only through a long course of tolerably good conduct. No one gains much influence in this country without purity and uprightness."

It is important to remember that but for this confidence and love which he had gained from

the native tribes, Livingstone would never have succeeded in crossing Africa. Such journeys are very costly, even though money is not used or understood in the interior. We have seen how great an expenditure of goods they entailed, and Livingstone had no money with which to purchase goods for the next journey. When he reached Cape Town with his family early in 1852, he had not only spent all the salary (one hundred pounds) of that year, but more than half of the next year's. His three houses at Mabotsa, Chonuane and Kolo-beng had cost heavily, and the expense of all the necessaries of decent life so far from market had been so great that no extravagance was necessary to account for this woeful deficit in his accounts.

But for Mr. Oswell's generosity his wife and children would not have been properly fitted out for the voyage home. The provisions for the journey to Loanda had been furnished by Sekelétu and the friendly tribes, and although at Loanda in 1853 he had drawn seventy pounds of his salary with which to pay his men and buy goods for the return journey, these had long since been exhausted. But for his success in winning the confidence of the natives along the route, he must have starved to death long ere this.

Livingstone was very glad of the rest which the preparations for the eastward journey made necessary. Twenty-seven attacks of fever in twenty months had very much reduced his strength. Still,

as he takes care to explain in his book, and as he frequently repeated in his public lectures while at home, his experience of illness need not frighten would-be missionaries, for it was no fair criterion of the case. "Compelled to sleep on the damp ground month after month; exposed to drenching showers and getting the lower extremities wetted two or three times every day; living on native food (excepting sugarless coffee during the journey to the north and the latter half of the return journey), and that food the manioc-roots and meal, which contain so much uncombined starch that the eyes become affected (as is the case with animals fed for experiment on pure gluten or starch); and being exposed many hours each day in comparative inaction to the direct rays of the sun, the thermometer standing above ninety-six degrees in the shade,—these constitute a more pitiful hygiene than any missionaries who may follow me will ever have to endure. I do not mention these privations as if I considered them to be *sacrifices*, for I think that that word ought never to be applied to anything we can do for Him who came down from heaven and died for us; but I suppose it is necessary to notice them, in order that no unfavorable opinion may be formed from my experience as to what that of others might be if less exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather and change of diet."

The rest at Linyanti was not an idle one. The town contained seven thousand inhabitants, and

“every one thought he might come and at least look at me.” This gave the opportunity for not a little religious teaching and for considerable medical practice. It must not be forgotten that Livingstone practiced his healing art on all his journeys—to such an extent, indeed, that his men were sometimes inclined to remonstrate, lest the medicines he had brought from the Cape or from Loanda might be exhausted on others instead of being kept for their own wants. There were religious services always on Sundays, wherever they might be, for the benefit of his men and of such lookers-on as might be disposed to attend. To the end Livingstone was always less the explorer than the messenger of Christ. “My great object,” he told his fellow cotton-spinners in Blantyre when on his visit home, “was to be like him—to imitate him as far as he could be imitated. . . . We have not the power of working miracles, but we can do a little in the way of healing the sick, and I sought a medical education in order that I might be like him.”

One important result of Livingstone’s exalted Christian life among the natives was that he prepared the hearts of the people to receive whoever might come after him, whether missionaries or commercial men. “I am not to be understood,” he says, “as intimating that any of the numerous tribes are anxious for instruction: they are not the inquiring spirits we read of in other countries; they

do not desire the gospel, because they know nothing about it or its benefits; but there is no impediment in the way of instruction. Every head man would be proud of a European visitor or resident in his territory, and there is perfect security for life and property all over the interior country.”

There were several routes to the East Coast among which to choose. A party of Arab traders arrived from Zanzibar while Livingstone was waiting at Linyanti. They represented the country as safe and friendly in that direction, and told him of Lake Tanganyika, which he subsequently visited. But as his object was to find a highway practicable for commerce, Livingstone decided to descend the river Zambesi, though it led through the country of the Zulus (Matabele) and many fierce, unfriendly tribes. The Makololo knew the way as far as the Kafua, as they had in former times lived in those parts. There was also a member of the tribe, Sekwebu by name, who had been captured by the Matabele when a child and carried as far eastward as Tete in Mozambique. He had been up and down the banks of the Zambesi, and knew the dialects spoken there. Sekelétu appointed him and Kanyata, sub-chief, to be heads of the expedition.

There were a hundred and twenty-seven men in the new party, so great a number being required by the great quantity of ivory Sekelétu was sending east with which to purchase European goods. Since Livingstone's first arrival at Linyanti, Sekelétu had

been in the habit of coming to drink coffee with him, being excessively fond of the sugar with which it was sweetened. "So long as the sugar lasted Sekelétu favored me with his company at meals; but the sugar soon came to a close. The Makololo, as formerly mentioned, were well acquainted with the sugar-cane, as it is cultivated by the Barotse, but never knew that sugar could be got from it. When I explained the process by which it was produced, Sekelétu asked if I could not buy him apparatus for the purpose of making sugar. He said that he would plant the cane largely if he only had the means of making the sugar from it. I replied that I was unable to purchase a mill, when he instantly rejoined, 'Why not take ivory to buy it?' As I had been living at his expense, I was glad of the opportunity to show my gratitude by serving him; and when he and his principal men understood that I was willing to execute a commission, Sekelétu gave me an order for a sugar-mill and for all the different varieties of clothing that he had ever seen—especially a mohair coat—a good rifle, beads, brass wire, etc. etc., and wound up by saying, 'And any other beautiful things you may see in your own country.'"

Hence the great number of people necessary to the expedition. The chief furnished Livingstone with ten slaughter-cattle and three of his best riding-oxen, with stores of food, and authority to levy tribute over all the tribes which were subject to him. The horses were again to be left behind on account

of the danger from tsetse, as Linyanti was free from that pest, which was very disastrous on the Zambesi.

The first rains of the season having cooled the earth, on the 27th of October the party prepared to set out. "The mother of Sekelétu prepared a bag of groundnuts, by frying them in cream with a little salt, as a sort of sandwiches for my journey. This is considered food fit for a chief. . . . Mamire, who had married the mother of Sekelétu, on coming to bid me farewell before starting, said, 'You are now going among people who cannot be trusted because we have used them badly; but you go with a different message from any they ever heard before, and Jesus will be with you and help you, though among enemies; and if he carries you safely, and brings you and Ma-Robert back again, I shall say he has bestowed a great favor upon me. May we obtain a path whereby we may visit and be visited by other tribes and by white men!'"

Sekelétu, with two hundred of his followers, accompanied the expedition a part of the way, feeding the whole party by levies on each village. They traveled by night on account of the tsetse, a portion of the company going on by daylight to prepare beds at the halting-places. On one occasion a terrific thunder-storm came on, which frightened the animals and bewildered the men as to the route. "Then came a pelting rain, which completed our confusion. After the intense heat of the day we soon felt miser-

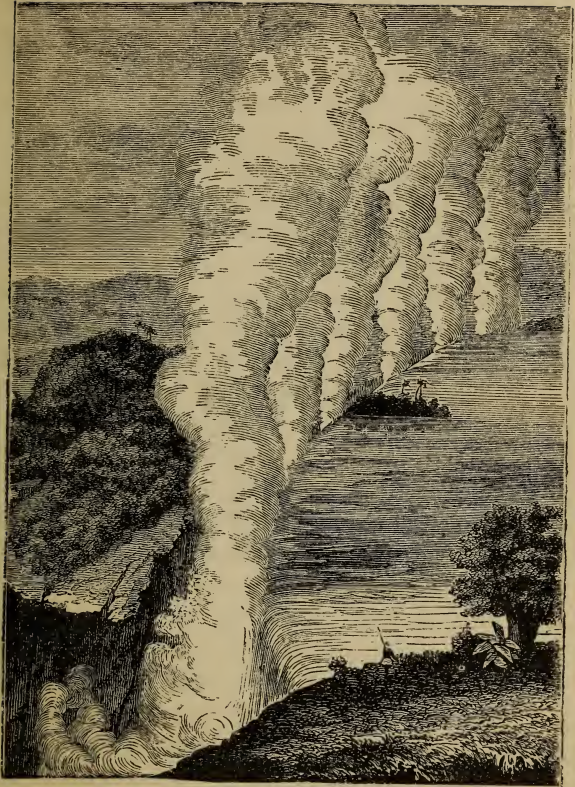
ably cold, and turned aside to a fire we saw in the distance. . This had been made by some people on their march, for this path is seldom without numbers of strangers passing to and from the capital. My clothing having gone on, I lay down on the cold ground, expecting to spend a miserable night, but Sekelétu kindly covered me with his blanket and lay uncovered himself."

It was at this time that Livingstone first visited the now famous falls of the Zambesi, of which he had heard much from the natives, and his announcement of which to the world, under the name he gave them, "Victoria Falls," created so great a sensation. "They are like a second Niagara, only more wonderful." The natives call them Mosioatunya ("smoke does sound there"), from the five columns of vapor which perpetually ascend from them; and one of the questions Sebituane asked Livingstone on his first visit to Seshéke in 1852 was, "Have you 'smoke that sounds' in your country?" Sekelétu had never seen the falls till he visited them with Livingstone. At the distance of several miles they saw the five columns of smoke ascending. "It had never been seen before by European eyes, but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. . . . When about half a mile from the falls I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of

the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. . . . But, though we had reached the island and were within a few rods of the spot a view of which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet,* and became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills.

“In looking down into the fissure at the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. . . . From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapor exactly like steam, and it mounted two hundred or three hundred feet high; there

*Livingstone was not given to exaggeration. The distances were subsequently ascertained to be eighteen hundred yards and three hundred and twenty feet, respectively.



Falls of the Zambesi.

condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. . . . On the left of the island we see the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass moving away to the prolongation of the fissure, which branches off near the left bank of the river. A piece of rock has fallen off a spot at the left of the island, and juts out from the water below, and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be about one hundred feet.* . . . We saw five columns of vapor ascending from this strange abyss. They are evidently formed by the compression suffered by the force of the water's own fall into an unyielding, wedge-shaped space."

With his usual spirit of making the most of every opportunity to benefit either himself or mankind, Livingstone made a little garden on the island and planted a hundred peach- and apricot-stones and a quantity of coffee-seed. He had often tried such experiments before, but the natives had always forgotten to water the young trees when sprouted. He "had great hopes of Mosioatunya's abilities as a nurseryman," and only feared the hippopotami, whose footprints he saw on the island. He cut his initials and the date on a tree—the only instance, he says, in which he indulged in this piece of vanity.

On the 20th of November, Sekelétu and his escort bade farewell to Livingstone and his men, and returned home, while Livingstone pushed on to the

* It was three hundred and ten.

east, walking most of the way, that he might have daylight for his observations while the cattle were brought forward by night. "Pedestrianism," was his conclusion on the subject, "may be all very well for those whose obesity requires much exercise; but for one who was becoming as thin as a lath through the constant perspiration caused by marching day after day in the hot sun, the only good that I saw in it was that it gave an honest sort of man a vivid idea of the tread-mill."

This journey was made even more disheartening than the former one by the enmity of the tribes on the route, who were at once bloodthirsty and cowardly. A village of the Batoka, a tribe subject to the Makololo, was palisaded with stakes, on which hung fifty-four human skulls. In this region, "if a man wished to curry favor with a Batoka chief, he ascertained when a stranger was about to leave and waylaid him at a distance from the town, and when he brought his head back to the chief it was mounted as a trophy, the different chiefs vieing with each other as to which should mount the greatest number of skulls in his village."

Farther on the people were actually hostile, the chiefs going so far as to send messengers on in advance to stir up the neighboring villages against them. Yet even under these circumstances Livingstone finds frequent opportunities for telling people of the love of the Son of God. Amid his distractions of mind he finds leisure to discover



A Village Palisade.

evidences of coal on the slope of the river Mozuma and to verify his theories of the conformation of the country. But he is utterly sickened and disheartened by the depravity of the people. At one village "the head man came and spoke civilly, but when nearly dark the people of another village arrived and behaved very differently. They began by trying to spear a young man who had gone for water. Then they approached us, and one came forward howling at the top of his voice in the most hideous manner; his eyes were shot out, his lips covered with foam and every muscle of his frame quivered. He came near to me, and, having a small battle-axe in his hand, alarmed my men lest he should do violence: but they were afraid to disobey my previous orders and follow their own inclination by knocking him on the head. I felt a little alarmed too, but would not show fear before my own people or strangers, and kept a sharp look-out for the little battle-axe. . . . I felt it would be a sorry way to leave the world, to get my head chopped off by a mad savage."

The conflict of spirit is a severe one. "How soon," he writes at the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi—"how soon I may be called to stand before Him, my righteous Judge, I know not. All hearts are in his hands, and merciful and gracious is the Lord our God. O Jesus, grant me resignation to thy will and entire reliance on thy powerful hand! On thy word alone I lean. But

wilt thou allow me to plead for Africa? The cause is thine. What an impulse will be given to the idea that Africa is not open if I perish now! See, O Lord, how the heathen rise up against me, as they did to thy Son. I commit my way unto thee. I trust also in thee, that thou wilt direct my steps. Thou givest wisdom liberally to all who ask thee: give it to me, my Father. My family is thine. They are in the best hands. . . . It seems a pity that the important facts about the two healthy longitudinal ridges should not become known in Christendom. Thy will be done! . . . They will not furnish us with more canoes than two. I leave my cause and all my concerns in the hands of God, my gracious Saviour, the Friend of sinners."

So he goes on in his intimate intercourse with his sole but ever-present Friend, mingling his entreaties for the cause he has so much at heart with cries for help; and at last, as ever, his faith obtains the victory:

"*Evening.*—Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; and lo, *I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*' It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honor, and there's an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night,

as I intended ; it would appear as flight ; and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily, I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God !”

They were at this time in the country of Mburuma, a fierce and treacherous chief who had refused them passage across the Loangwa. The next morning after that day of conflict of soul which had resulted in such a triumph of faith, Mburuma consented to allow them passage. “The natives of the surrounding country collected around us this morning, all armed. Children and women were sent away, and Mburuma’s wife, who lives here, was not allowed to approach, though she came some way from her village in order to pay me a visit. Only one canoe was lent, though we saw two tied to the bank. And the part of the river we crossed at, about a mile from the confluence, is a good mile broad. We passed all our goods first to an island in the middle, then the cattle and men, I occupying the post of honor, being the last to enter the canoe. We had by this means an opportunity of helping each other in case of attack. They stood armed at my back for some time. I then showed them my watch, burning-glass, etc., and kept them amused till all were over except those who could go into the canoe with me. I thanked them all for their kindness, and wished them peace.”

After this victory of faith they had a few days

of comfort. The villagers brought them food as they passed along, although they had no goods left with which to pay for it. "In few other countries would one hundred and fourteen sturdy vagabonds be supported by the generosity of the head men and villagers, and whatever they gave be presented with politeness." The men paid for it by dancing, greatly to the amusement of the villagers. The country was full of large game, and Livingstone would have been able to supply his men with food but for the difficulty in shooting straight caused by the trouble in his arm. He and his men had many hairbreadth escapes while hunting. At one time a buffalo gored one of the men; again, a hippopotamus upset his canoe and threw him and his men into the water. He was several times in danger from hyænas. A lion came and roared at him, but was put to flight. The natives were more dangerous by far than the wild beasts. Their guide had misled them, and they found themselves in the midst of a Caffre war. At every village he gave them a bad character, calling out to the people that they were to allow him to lead the party astray, as they were a bad set; to all which the travelers had to submit, being quite at his mercy.

"At Mpende's this morning, at sunrise, a party of his people came close to our encampment, using strange cries and waving some red substance toward us. They then lighted a fire with charms in it, and departed, uttering the same hideous screams as be-

fore. This was intended to render us powerless, and probably also to frighten us. No message has yet come from him, though several parties have arrived, and profess to come simply to see the white man. Parties of his people have been collecting from all quarters long before daybreak. It would be considered a challenge for us to move down the river, and an indication of fear and invitation to attack if we went back. So we must wait in patience, and trust in Him who has the hearts of all men in his hands. To thee, O God, we look. And, O Thou who wast the Man of Sorrows for the sake of poor vile sinners, and didst not disdain the thief's petition, remember me and thy cause in Africa. Soul and body, my family and my cause, —I commit all to thee. Hear, Lord, for Jesus' sake!"

The only alleviation to all their troubles was that the health of the party was much improved, owing to Livingstone's greater experience in traveling. "In Loanda we braved the rain, and, as I despised being carried in our frequent passages through running water, I was pretty constantly drenched; but now, when we saw a storm coming, we invariably halted. The men soon pulled grass sufficient to make a little shelter for themselves by placing it on a bush, and having got my camp-stool and umbrella, with a little grass under my feet, I kept myself perfectly dry. We also lighted large fires, and the men were not chilled by streams of water

running down their persons and abstracting the heat, as they would have been had they been exposed to the rain. When it was over they warmed themselves by the fires, and we traveled on comfortably. The effect of this care was, that we had much less sickness than with a smaller party in journeying to Loanda. Another improvement made from my experience was, avoiding an entire change of diet. In going to Loanda I took little or no European food, in order not to burden my men and make them lose spirit, but trusted entirely to what might be got by the gun and the liberality of the Balonda; but on this journey I took some flour which had been left in the wagon, with some gotten on the island, and baked my own bread all the way in an extemporaneous oven made by an inverted pot. With these precautions, aided, no doubt, by the greater healthiness of the district over which we passed, I enjoyed perfect health."

Their goods being now all spent, they tried to avoid the villages and depend on their guns for food; but being in a region of strict game laws, they were not permitted to cut up any animal they had killed without first sending to the chief to come and take his share.

At last, on the evening of March 2, 1856, they arrived within eight miles of Tete, or Nyongwe, the most inland Portuguese settlement. "My men asked me to go on; I felt too fatigued to proceed, but sent forward to the commandant the letters of

recommendation with which I had been favored in Angola by the bishop and others, and laid down to rest. Our food having been exhausted, my men had been subsisting for some time on roots and honey. About two o'clock in the morning of the 3d we were aroused by two officers and a company of soldiers, who had been sent with the materials for a civilized breakfast and a *masheela* to bring me to Tete. My companions thought we were captured by the armed men, and called me in alarm. When I understood the errand on which they had come, and had partaken of a good breakfast, though I had just before been too tired to sleep, all my fatigue vanished. It was the most refreshing breakfast I ever partook of, and I walked the remaining eight miles without the least feeling of weariness, although the path was so rough that one of the officers remarked to me, 'This is enough to tear a man's life out of him.' The pleasure experienced in partaking of that breakfast was only equaled by the enjoyment of Mr. Gabriel's bed on my arrival at Loanda. It was also enhanced by the news that Sebastopol had fallen and that the war was finished."

CHAPTER XVI.

HOME TO ENGLAND.

THE commandant at Tete, Major Sicard, received the party with the utmost hospitality, and advised their remaining for a month, as this was the unhealthy season at the sea-coast. This, tired as they were, they were glad to do. As Livingstone's men had agreed to wait for him until his return from England, he decided to leave most of them at Tete. Major Sicard gave them a portion of land to cultivate, engaging to supply them with food until their crops were grown. He also gave them permission to hunt elephants with his men, that they might have the proceeds of the tusks and dried meat to purchase stores for the return. Some of the men established a trade in fire-wood; sixteen of them only accompanied Livingstone to Quilimane when, after due rest, he went forward. Major Sicard lent him a boat with which to descend the river, and sent Lieutenant Miranda to escort him to the coast, a distance of three hundred miles, and ordered that he should be supplied with everything needful free of payment. At Senna, where they made a halt, some

of the men, being expert boatmen, procured employment in carrying government goods up to Tete in canoes.

Livingstone arrived in Quilimane on the 20th of May, 1856, only a few days less than four years after his departure from Cape Town. His joy at reaching the coast was embittered by the news that the commander of the brigantine *Dart*, which had been sent from Cape Town to Quilimane to meet him, had been lost on the bar with a lieutenant and five of his men. "It seemed as if it would have been easier for me to die for them than that they should all be cut off from the joys of life in generously attempting to render me a service," he wrote in sadness of heart.

The men who were with him begged leave to go on with him to England, but it was impossible for him to take more than one, and he sent them all back to Tete except the faithful Sekwebu. "I bought a quantity of calico and brass wire with ten of the smaller tusks we had in our charge, and sent the former back as clothing to those who remained at Tete. As there were still twenty tusks left, I deposited them with Colonel Nunes, that, in the event of anything happening to prevent my return, the impression might not be produced in the country that I had made way with Sekelétu's ivory. I instructed Colonel Nunes, in case of my death, to sell the tusks and deliver the proceeds to my men; but I intended, if my life should be prolonged, to

purchase the goods ordered by Sekelétu in England with my own money, and pay myself on my return out of the price of the ivory. This I explained to the men fully, and they, understanding the matter, replied, 'Nay, father, you will not die; you will return to take us back to Sekelétu.' They promised to wait till I came back, and on my part I assured them that nothing but death would prevent my return."

But shortly after making this promise a letter arrived from the directors of the Missionary Society which seemed to condemn Livingstone's course, telling him that they could not, "within any definite period, enter upon untried, remote and difficult fields of labor." They characterized his plans as "only remotely connected with the spread of the gospel," thus inflicting the keenest pain upon the man who, more than any other perhaps who has lived since St. Paul, had at heart the conversion of the world to Christ. // "I had imagined in my simplicity," he writes to the society's agent at Cape Town, "that both my preaching, conversation and travel were as nearly connected with the spread of the gospel as the Boers would allow them to be. A plan for opening up a path from either the East or the West Coast for the teeming population of the interior was submitted to the judgment of the directors, and received their formal approbation.

"I have been seven times in peril of my life from savage men while laboriously and without

swerving pursuing that plan, and never doubting that I was in the path of duty.

“Indeed, so clearly did I see that I was performing good service to the cause of Christ that I wrote to my brother that I would perish rather than fail in my enterprise. I shall not boast of what I have done, but the wonderful mercy I have received will constrain me to follow out the work in spite of the veto of the Board.

“If it is according to the will of God, means will be provided from other quarters.”

Subsequently an explanation by the directors removed whatever wounded feeling he may have felt, but did not shake the opinion he had already formed, that it was best to sever his connection with the society. Though without other resources, the former dealings of Providence gave him assurance that he was in the path of duty. “If the reader remembers,” he says, “the way in which I was led, while teaching the Bakwains, to commence exploration, he will, I think, recognize the hand of Providence. Anterior to that, when Mr. Moffat began to give the Bible—the Magna Charta of all the rights and privileges of modern civilization—to the Bechuanas, Sebituane went north and spread the language into which he was translating the sacred oracles in a new region larger than France. Sebituane at the same time rooted out hordes of bloody savages, among whom no white man could have gone without leaving his skull to ornament some village.

He opened up the way for me—let us hope also for the Bible. Then ~~again~~, while I was laboring at Kolo-beng, seeing only a small arc of the cycle of providence, I could not understand it, and felt inclined to ascribe our successive and prolonged droughts to the wicked one. But when, forced by these and the Boers to become explorer and open a new country in the north rather than set my face southward, where missionaries are not needed, the gracious Spirit of God influenced the minds of the heathen to regard me with favor, the divine Hand is again perceived. Then I turned away westward, rather than in the opposite direction, chiefly from observing that some native Portuguese, though influenced by the hope of reward from their government to cross the continent, had been obliged to return from the east without accomplishing their object. Had I gone first in the eastern direction, which the course of the great Leeambye seemed to invite, I should have come upon the belligerents near Tete when the war was raging at its height, instead of, as it happened, when all was over. And again, when enabled to reach Loanda the resolution to do my duty by going back to Linyanti probably saved me the fate of my papers in the Forerunner. And then, last of all, this new country is partially opened to the sympathies of Christendom, and I find that Sechéle himself has, though unbidden by man, been teaching his own people. In fact, he has been doing all that I was prevented from doing, and

I have been employed in exploring—a work that I had no previous intention of performing. I think that I see the operation of the unseen Hand in all this, and I humbly hope that it will still guide me in my day and generation in Africa.” ~~XX~~

Leaving Quilimane on the 12th of August, 1856, in the brig *Frolic*, he turned his face toward England by way of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Sekwebu, who had accompanied him so faithfully through so many dangers, set sail with him, but, most lamentably, he was so terrified by the immensity of the waves and by all the unfamiliar surroundings that in a fit of insanity he threw himself overboard and could not be rescued.

After having narrowly escaped shipwreck in the Mediterranean, Livingstone reached England on the 12th of December, 1856, and was met by his wife after a separation of more than five years. He had been fifteen years absent from England, and during that time had traveled over more than eleven thousand miles of African ground. The joy of homecoming was not without its cloud. Tidings of his father's death had reached him at Cairo. The blow to his bright anticipations was a heavy one. Livingstone had too often faced death to feel the separation a wide one. His father was nearer to him dead than he had been living for many a year, but he sorely missed the loving sympathy on which in his lonely wanderings he had often counted as one of his earthly rewards.

He was completely taken by surprise by his reception in England, which was one continuous ovation. Experience had led him to expect rather misconstruction and blame than enthusiastic admiration. When he had left the light of the open world at Cape Town five years before to bury himself in the Dark Continent, he could hardly be trusted with ammunition enough for his safety. He emerged from the darkness at Quilimane to find himself in the dazzling light of a whole world's admiration. All Britain fêted and flattered him; the queen sent for him; learned societies gave him gold medals and added honorary degrees to his name; great people feasted him; and cities presented him their freedom in golden boxes. The eyes of all the civilized world were bent upon him. He was elected correspondent of scientific societies in America, France and Austria. Every one of his actions was exhibited in the most appreciative light.

No event of his career made so strong an impression as that tremendous sacrifice he had made in going back with his men from Loanda. "How much, indeed," said Sir R. Murchison when presenting the society's medal, "must the influence of the British name be enhanced throughout Africa when it has been promulgated that our missionary has thus kept his plighted word to the poor natives who faithfully stood by him!"

As soon as his public duties and honors would

permit he hastened to Hamilton to see his mother and children and to weep over his father's grave; then, having been assured by the Portuguese ambassador that the men at Tete should be cared for till his return, he gathered his family around him in lodgings near London and set to work at what he considered the hardest task of his life. "I would rather cross Africa," he said, "than write another book."

Missionary Travels was published in November, 1857, and was an immense success. Thirteen thousand eight hundred copies were ordered on the day of issue, and a second edition had to be printed at once. Through the honorable conduct of the publisher the book yielded him a little fortune. Yet there were not wanting people to find fault, and to point out that the book was too scientific—that not enough prominence was given to religious matters. Livingstone's book is, in fact, thoroughly true to himself. Like every other act of his life, it is subsidiary to his one object—to open the way for the gospel to the heart of Africa. His own work was, in his estimation, essentially preparatory. It was his to make ready the ground and sow the seed; it would be for those who came after him to gather in the sheaves with rejoicing. His book was a record of the facts he had been able to gather of whatever nature, and by it he hoped to interest men of all classes—philanthropists, men of science, political economists, as well as Christian teachers—

in the welfare of Africa. "We are all," he had written while in Africa, "engaged in very much the same cause. Geographers, astronomers, mechanics, laboring to make men better acquainted with each other; sanitary reformers, prison reformers, promoters of ragged schools and Niger expeditions; soldiers fighting for right against oppression; sailors rescuing captives in deadly climes, as well as missionaries,—all are aiding in hastening on a glorious consummation to all God's dealings with our race." It was in this far-seeing and catholic spirit that his book was written, a record of every fact which might, however remotely, help on God's kingdom in the world. Any one who could fail to find in it the most stirring incentives to a life of Christian self-sacrifice must have read with eyes blinded by indifference or by prejudice.

On the completion of his book Livingstone went all over Great Britain lecturing and stirring up men's minds to interest in the evangelization of Africa. The Scotch Livingstonia Mission was a distant result of his visit to Edinburgh, the Universities' Mission of his Cambridge lectures. Nothing had ever been seen in Cambridge like the enthusiasm which greeted Livingstone on the close of his appeal for missionaries from among the students of the university: * "The sort of men wanted for missionaries are such as I see before me—men of education, standing, enterprise, zeal and piety. . . .

I hope that many whom I now address will embrace that honorable career. . . .

“People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter? It is emphatically no sacrifice. Away with the word in such a view and with such a thought! Say rather it is a privilege. . . .

“I beg to direct your attention to Africa. I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open; do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. I LEAVE IT WITH YOU.”

Livingstone had said while in Quilimane that God would provide the means for that work which the Missionary Society was unwilling to undertake. These came in the shape of a commission from the queen appointing him her consul at Quilimane for the East Coast and independent districts in the interior, and commander of an exploring expedition; with directions that he was to be furnished with a paddle-steamer of light draught for the navigation of rivers, and to have a number of officers under his

absolute control. These officers were a naval officer for the steamer's captain, a botanist, practical miner, geologist, artist, engineer, and a general assistant, the last his brother, the Rev. Charles Livingstone, formerly a clergyman in a New England village.

Livingstone accepted this commission, though with the knowledge that he would be blamed by many excellent people for what they would consider his forsaking his calling. He had long before this come to a full understanding as to the matter of that calling. He had lived in too close a personal intimacy with his Lord during all those years when he had had no other friend to be afraid of misunderstanding his orders; yet it was an added trial to have his motives misunderstood. As a matter of fact, even the most ignorantly sensitive consciences might have been satisfied that his conduct was consistent with itself. "We cannot all go out as missionaries," he had often said, "but we may all do something toward providing a substitute." His provision for a substitute, though he assuredly needed none, was an arrangement by which his brother-in-law, Mr. John Moffat, was to go to the Makololo as their missionary, Livingstone pledging him an amount equal to three years of his own salary as consul for outfit and stipend. His heart yearned after the Makololo, to whom he himself would gladly have gone but that he had a peculiar and more arduous work to do.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECOND JOURNEY.

AFTER a little more than two years in England, on the 10th of March, 1858, Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone, with their youngest child, Oswell, set sail for Africa. The three older children were left in Scotland—at what cost to their parents' feelings it would be impossible to describe. The colonial steamer Pearl by which they sailed carried, besides the members of the expedition and its stores and outfit, the sections of the Ma-Robert, the steam-launch which was to be used for river exploration.

After leaving Sierra Leone the weather became very rough, and Mrs. Livingstone suffered so much from illness that it was considered unsafe for her to conclude the voyage. The vessel accordingly put in at Cape Town, and, Mrs. Livingstone's parents being providentially there at the time, she joined them and went with them to Kuruman, where, three months later, her youngest child, a daughter, was born.

“It was a bitter parting with my wife, like tearing the heart out of one. It was so unexpected,”

her husband writes. Livingstone's reception at the Cape was in striking contrast to his former one. A grand dinner was given him, with all sorts of honors. "Eight hundred guineas," he wrote, "were presented in a silver box by the hand of the governor, Sir George Grey, a fine fellow. Surely, no one might be more thankful to the Giver of all than myself. The Lord grant me grace to serve him with heart and soul!—the only return I can make."

They reached the mouths of the Zambesi, which are numerous, spreading out over a large space similar to the Delta of the Nile. Here they put the sections of the *Ma-Robert* together on May 15th. The first duty of the party was to explore the delta and find a channel suited for a harbor, the bar at Quilimane being very dangerous, and the river at that place too low at certain seasons for vessels of any considerable burden. They soon found the Kongone entrance to be the best, and there the luggage and stores were landed, a *dépôt* formed, and, arrangements having been made for further provisioning and exchange of letters, the *Pearl* returned to England. At this time an unfortunate collision with the naval officer in command of the *Ma-Robert* occurred, and he withdrew from the expedition, very greatly to Livingstone's regret, who knew the obloquy so speedy a misunderstanding would bring upon the expedition in the minds of many who were already inclined to look unfavorably upon it. The government, however, sustained Livingstone.

As no substitute for the seceding officer could be procured, Livingstone undertook to navigate the *Ma-Robert* himself, in addition to all his other duties, pressing into the service the lessons he had taken sixteen years before when on the first voyage to Africa, and aided, no doubt, by observations he had been able to make in subsequent voyages. It proves his remarkable versatility of talent that he was able, with so little technical knowledge, thus to extricate himself from an embarrassment which the retiring captain no doubt had thought to be insuperable. "It was imagined," he wrote, "that we could not help ourselves, but I took the task of navigating on myself, and have conducted the steamer over sixteen hundred miles, though, so far as my likings go, I would as soon drive a cab in November fogs in London as be 'skipper' in this hot sun; but I shall go through with it as a duty. . . . My great difficulty is calling out 'Starboard' when I mean 'port,' and feeling crusty when I see the helmsman putting the helm the wrong way." His principal regret in taking up this new duty was that it would give him less time for missionary work among the natives.

The instructions he had given his corps of officers shortly after leaving England show that he clearly foresaw the nature of the unaccustomed difficulties with which he now had to cope, and also reveal the exalted idea he had formed of the business he had undertaken: "You will understand

that Her Majesty's government attach more importance to the moral influence which may be exerted on the minds of the natives by a well-regulated and orderly household of Europeans, setting an example of consistent moral conduct to all who may congregate around the settlement ; treating the people with kindness and relieving their wants ; teaching them to make experiments in agriculture ; explaining to them the more simple arts ; imparting to them religious instruction as far as they are able to receive ; and inculcating peace and good-will to each other. . . . It is hoped that we may never have occasion to use our arms for protection from the natives, but the best security from attack consists in upright conduct and the natives seeing we are prepared to meet it. At the same time, you are strictly enjoined to exercise the greatest forbearance toward the people, and, while retaining proper firmness in the event of any misunderstanding, to conciliate as far as possibly can be done with safety to our party. . . . The chiefs of tribes and leading men of villages ought always to be treated with respect, and nothing should be done to weaken their authority. Any present of food should be accepted frankly, as it is impolitic to allow the ancient custom of feeding strangers to fall into disuse. We come among them as members of a superior race and servants of a government that desires to elevate the more degraded portion of the human family. We are adherents of a benign, holy religion, and

may by consistent conduct and wise, patient efforts become the harbingers of peace to a hitherto distracted and trodden-down race. . . . No great result is ever attained without patient, long-continued effort. . . . Depend on it, a kind deed or word is never lost."

The natives of the East Coast had lately rebelled against the Portuguese, and Livingstone had been warned that it would not be safe for him to proceed to the interior. He resolved to push on, but to keep out of the quarrel; and although his men frequently were in some danger of being fired upon, yet on Livingstone's calling out that they were English, not Portuguese, they were always permitted to proceed. On reaching Tete he found his men delighted to see him. The promises of the Portuguese government had not been fulfilled, but Major Sicard had put the men in a way to maintain themselves. Thirty of them had died of small-pox, six had been killed by an unfriendly chief. When the survivors saw Dr. Livingstone, they said, "The Tete people often taunted us by saying, 'Your Englishman will never return,' but we trusted you, and now we shall sleep." As they were making a livelihood and in no haste to return to their own country, Livingstone left them there while he continued his explorations.

His attention was first directed to the Zambesi, with a view of ascertaining how far it was navigable above Tete. On coming down from Seshéke, he

had been forced to leave the river-shore at a certain point above the rapids of Kebrabasa, and make a détour for the sake of a smoother path. He now found the rapids impassable for the Ma-Robert, but having scrambled along upon the rocks of the shore by a way so rough that he felt sure it would have killed him had he come that way on his former journey, he decided that the rapids might be navigated when the river was in full flood. The Ma-Robert, however, had proved herself a complete disappointment. Her engines were so weak that she could make no headway against the rapid rivers; she burned so much fuel that it took the whole force a day and a half to cut enough wood to last her a day, and she snorted so horribly that the men dubbed her "The Asthmatic." Dr. Livingstone appealed to government for another vessel, writing at the same time to his friend, Mr. Young, that in case of refusal he should get one at his own expense from the proceeds of his book.

As the Ma-Robert could not pass the Kebrabasa rapids, it was decided next to explore the Shiré, a river which comes down from the north into the Zambesi at the head of the delta, and was, up to that time, utterly unexplored, as the natives would never permit the Portuguese to ascend it. The country was entirely hostile. The Manganja, who inhabited it, were a very warlike race, had never been visited except by kidnappers, and had never seen Europeans. Not far above the confluence of

the Shiré with the Zambesi the Ma-Robert came to a stand at the rapids now known as Murchison Falls. It seemed impossible to go farther without supplies among a people so suspicious that they followed the boat in crowds along the shore, mounting guard over it by night, and always ready with bows and poisoned arrows. The further exploration of the stream was therefore, for the time, abandoned.

It was at this period that Livingstone wrote in his private journal (March 3, 1859): "If we dedicate ourselves to God unreservedly, he will make use of whatever peculiarities of constitution he has imparted for his own glory, and he will, in answer to prayer, give wisdom to guide. He will so guide as to make us useful. . . . I want my life to be out and out for the divine glory, and my earnest prayer is that God will accept what his own Spirit must have implanted—the desire to glorify him. I have been more than usually drawn out in earnest prayer of late—for the expedition; for my family; the fear lest ——'s misrepresentations may injure the cause of Christ; the hope that I may be permitted to open this dark land to the blessed gospel. I have cast all things before my God. . . . There is a great deal of trifling frivolousness in not trusting in God—not trusting in Him who is truth itself, faithfulness, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. It is presumption not to trust in him implicitly, and yet this heart is sometimes fearfully guilty of mistrust. I am ashamed to think of it. Ay, but he

must put the trusting, loving, childlike spirit in by his grace. O Lord, I am thine, truly I am thine; take me, do what seemeth good in thy sight with me, and give me complete resignation to thy will in all things."

Two months later they succeeded in ascending the Shiré for a considerable distance, and in crossing over to Lake Shirwa, a magnificent inland lake never before heard of. They also made friends with a warlike chief named Chibiza, "a jolly person who laughs easily, which is always a good sign." Then they returned to their dépôt at Kongone Harbor in hope of finding letters and fresh supplies, but were disappointed. No word had yet come to Dr. Livingstone from his wife, from whom he had parted with such tormenting anxiety ten months before. A letter written shortly after to his little daughter Agnes gives the first hint of a scheme which, from this time, occupied much of his thoughts:

"*River Shiré, 1st June, 1859.*—We have been down to the mouth of the river Zambesi in expectation of meeting a man-of-war with salt provisions, but none appearing on the day appointed, we conclude that the admiral has not received my letters in time to send her. We have no post-office here, so we buried a bottle containing a letter on an island at the entrance to Kongone Harbor. This we told the admiral we should do in case of not meeting a cruiser, and whoever comes will search

for our bottle and see another appointment for the 30th of July. This goes with despatches by way of Quilimane, and I hope some day to get a letter from you by the same route. We have got no news from home since we left Liverpool, and we long now to hear how all goes on in Europe and in India. . . . Dr. Kirk and I, with some fifteen Makololo, ascended this river one hundred miles in the *Ma-Robert*, then left the vessel and proceeded beyond that on foot till we had reached a magnificent lake called *Shirwa* (pronounced *Shurweh*). It was very grand, for we could not see the end of it, though some way up a mountain-side, and all around it are mountains much higher than any you see in Scotland. One mountain stands in the lake, and people live on it. Another, called *Zomba*, is more than six thousand feet high, and people live on it too, for we could see their gardens on its top, which is larger than from Glasgow to Hamilton, or about fifteen to eighteen miles. The country is quite a highland region, and many people live in it. Most of them were afraid of us. The women ran in their huts and shut the doors. The children screamed in terror, and even the hens would fly away and leave their chickens.

“All the country we traveled through is capable of growing cotton and sugar, and the people now cultivate a good deal. They would grow much more if they could sell it. . . . Here there are hundreds of miles of land lying waste, and so rich that the grass towers far over one’s head in walk-

ing. . . . If our countrymen were here they would soon render the slave-trade unprofitable. Perhaps God will honor us to open up the way for this. My heart is sore when I think of so many of our countrymen in poverty and misery, while they might be doing so much good to themselves and others where our heavenly Father has so abundantly provided fruitful hills and verdant valleys. If our people were out here they would not need to cultivate little snatches by the side of railways, as they do. But all is in the hands of the all-wise Father. We must trust that he will bring all out right at last. . . . Tell Tom that we caught a young elephant in coming down the Shiré, about the size of the largest dog he ever saw, but one of the Makololo, in a state of excitement, cut its trunk so that it bled very badly, and died in two days. Had it lived we should have sent it to the queen, as no African elephant was ever seen in England. No news from mamma and Oswell."

On the 16th of September the great lake Nyassa was discovered to the north of Shirwa. Dr. Livingstone considered these discoveries of immense importance, because, the two lakes and river lying parallel to the ocean, all the traffic of the district must pass by them. The country was very well adapted to colonization, owing to its configuration. First, there was a warm, fertile plain level with the river-bed, like the valley of the Nile. Above this was another plain, two thousand feet

high, three or four miles broad, salubrious and pleasing. Three thousand feet above this was a third plain, positively cold. These varieties of climate within such small compass make it especially favorable for either mission or commercial stations. The soil on all the plains is unusually fertile.

Dr. Livingstone's mind was immediately occupied with plans for a colony here, which he felt sure, rightly managed, might be made a great mission agency, and in this case would go further than any other means to suppress the slave-trade. One steamboat on Lake Nyassa, he was convinced, would do more good than half a dozen cruisers on the ocean; and he immediately offers his own aid in the enterprise. He sends orders to Mr. Young to purchase a steamer to be placed upon Lake Nyassa, and writes of plans of colonization.

"I have a very strong desire," he writes in his journal, "to commence a system of colonization of the honest poor; I would give two or three thousand pounds for the purpose. The Lord remember my desire, sanctify my motives and purify all my desires! . . . Colonization from a country such as ours ought to be one of hope, and not of despair. It ought not to be looked upon as the last and worst shift that a family can come to, but the performance of an imperative duty to our blood, our country, our religion, our humanity. As soon as children begin to be felt an encumbrance, and what was properly

in ancient times Old-Testament blessings are no longer welcomed, parents ought to provide for removal to parts of this great world, where every accession is an addition of strength, and every member of the household feels in his inmost heart, 'The more the merrier.'"

To Mr. Maclear he writes: "I am becoming every day more decidedly convinced that English colonization is an essential ingredient for our large success. . . . How many of our home poor are fighting hard to keep body and soul together! My heart yearns over our own poor when I see so much of God's fair earth unoccupied. Here it is really so; for the people have only a few sheep and goats, and no cattle. . . . In no other part where I have been does the prospect of self-support seem so inviting and promising so much influence."

Suddenly-acquired wealth often makes men niggardly who were generous when poor. But the small fortune Livingstone's book had brought him only spurred him on to vaster plans for the benefit of mankind. Now, with the evangelization of Africa and the abolition of the slave-trade, plans for the help of "mine own order, the honest poor," are blended. It was the very greatness of his views, the boundlessness of their range, that made it impossible for some people to understand him. He felt this keenly, and was led to explain in a half-apologetic, half-independent strain. "We are working hard," he writes to his mother, "at what some

can see at a glance the importance of, while to others we appear to be following after the glory of discovering lakes, mountains, jenny-nettles and puddock-stools. In reference to these people I always remember a story told me by the late Dr. Philip with great glee. When a young minister in Aberdeen he visited an old woman in affliction, and began to talk very fair to her on the duty of resignation, trusting, hoping, and all the rest of it; when the old woman looked up in his face and said, ‘Peer thing! ye ken naething about it.’ This is what I say to those who set themselves up to judge another man’s servant.”

On the 4th of November, 1859, when his little daughter was nearly a year old, he first became aware of her existence. “A letter from Mrs. L. says we were blessed with a little daughter on 16th of November, 1858, at Kuruman—a fine healthy child. The Lord bless and make her his own child in heart and life!”

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMONG OLD FRIENDS.

THE time had arrived for taking the Makololo to their home, but first it was necessary to go down to Kongone on the coast to repair the *Ma-Robert*. Dr. Livingstone decided to send Rae, the engineer, home to apply to government for another vessel. On returning to Tete to pick up the men, there was another delay from the necessity of waiting for the hunting-season, that they might procure food upon the journey. Dr. Livingstone improved it by setting on foot negotiations with the Portuguese for free trade along the river. This would be essential to the success of any plan of colonization or missionary work. To this end he wrote frequently to England to enlist the Foreign Minister, Lord John Russell, in the matter, which was becoming one of no little difficulty. The Portuguese authorities, hitherto so friendly, and still keeping up the semblance of kindness, were beginning to perceive that all Dr. Livingstone's movements were tending to their disadvantage, since their settlements, by no means in a flourishing condition, depended upon

the slave-trade, which they saw was threatened much more seriously by his projects than it had been by all the English cruisers and all the official actions of the British government put together.

Not only the disaffection of the Portuguese, but their indolent, shiftless ways of going on, convinced Dr. Livingstone that a complete separation from them would be essential for the success of any scheme for the help of the natives.

“It is impossible to conceive how backward everything is here, and the Portuguese are not to be depended upon; their establishments are only small penal settlements, and the state of morals is frightful. The only chance of success is away from them. . . . After all, I am convinced that were Christianity not divine it would be trampled out by its professors. . . .

“The natives have fences made to guard the women from the alligators all along the Shiré; at Tete they have none, and two women were taken past our vessel in the mouths of these horrid brutes. The number of women taken away is so great as to make the Portuguese swear every time they speak of them, and yet when I proposed to the priest to make a collection for a fence, and offered twenty dollars, he only smiled.”

All this time there was no word from home or wife. There seems to have been a fatality about Livingstone's correspondence. The English mail had at this time been lost, and with it the year's

budget of letters. He did not know where his wife and two youngest children were—whether they were on their way to join him, or still safe with the Mofats at Kuruman. He had no clue to the government's doings or intentions with regard to his operations—knew not whether his friends were carrying out his wishes as to the purchase of a steamer for Lake Nyassa or as to the scheme of colonization. His only help in this trying situation was the old one which had never failed. “I am trying to do that which I did before—obey the injunction, ‘Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.’ And I hope that he will make some use of me. My attention is now directed especially to the fact that there is no country better adapted for producing the raw materials for English manufactures than this.”

Dr. Livingstone had brought a sugar-mill from England for Sekelétu, the gift of Archbishop Whateley's daughter, and he took the trouble to put it together while waiting at Tete, that he might show the natives what could be accomplished by machinery. He was rather disheartened by some changes he found a residence in the Portuguese dominions to have effected in the Makololo. He said they taught him more of the degrading nature of slavery than he had ever conceived before. He was glad to gather them together and set out on the homeward way, which he did in July, 1860. His brother and Dr. Kirk accompanied him. They

went to Kebrabasa rapids in the Ma-Robert, and there left her, and proceeded to "trudge up the Zambesi as if there were no steam, and no locomotive but Shank's nag, yet discovered."

Saddened by the failure of the Ma-Robert and by the insubordination of some of the members of the expedition, his heart wrung by the knowledge that the Portuguese were taking advantage of his discoveries to carry the slave-trade into regions where they had before never dared to penetrate, he solaces himself with labors for the spiritual welfare of the old companions of so many troubles. "It was refreshing to sit down every evening with the Makololo again and tell them of Him who came down from heaven to save sinners." He had brought with him a Sichuana translation of the Church-of-England Litany, by means of which he hoped to make family prayers more interesting to them.

The natives along the river, who had been so hostile when Livingstone passed them before, were now very friendly, having learned that he belonged to a tribe "that loved the black man and did not make slaves." Vast tracts of the country had, however, been desolated by war: they walked a whole week through a region studded with villages without meeting a living scul. Dr. Livingstone was convinced that a European colony here would be invaluable by way of teaching the tribes to live in peace. "Thousands of industrious natives would gladly settle around it, and engage in that peaceful

pursuit of agriculture and trade of which they are so fond, and, undistracted by wars and rumors of wars, might listen to the purifying and ennobling truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ." He made many fresh observations on the products of the district, and was surprised to find that in the pre-occupation of his mind he had omitted to notice cotton among them on his way down. "I did not observe before that all the banks of the Zambesi are cotton-fields."

Tragical news awaited their arrival at Linyanti. The London Missionary Society after Livingstone's departure from England had reconsidered their decision not to extend operations on the line of his discoveries, and had sent orders to a party of missionaries stationed in South Africa to proceed to Sekelétu's country. It seems astounding that any intelligent body of men could have made so stupid a mistake as not to consult with Livingstone as to the details of a plan in which he alone was competent to enlighten them. It is remarkable, indeed, that with his book within their reach they should have made the very blunders he there warned them against. He had pointed out the unhealthiness of Linyanti, and indicated other points more suitable for a mission-centre; he had urged the necessity of native teachers for the fever regions; he had distinctly pointed out the line of conduct wisest to pursue in dealing with the Makololo, illustrating it with repeated accounts of his own experience; he had

given minute details of the proper treatment of the fever, which was the only serious complaint known in that vast region, pointing out remedies which he had tested again and again with success. In the face of all this he learned, on coming to Linyanti, that the missionary party had been frequently involved in difficulties with the natives, that Mr. and Mrs. Helmuth, the principal members of it, had died of fever, and that the survivors had returned in disgust to Kuruman.

Livingstone was severely blamed for this lamentable failure, it being urged that he had misrepresented the character of Sekelétu and his people; but he made diligent inquiry, and ascertained that, though they had been neglected, the missionaries had assuredly met no foul play, and his conscience absolved him of blame. As to Mr. John Moffat, his own envoy to these people, who would have come to them thoroughly prepared by Livingstone's instructions, and armed with the prestige of relationship to and credentials from him, having heard of the society's projected mission to the Makololo, he had turned aside to the Matabele country. Livingstone received incidental testimony of the benefit of his labors among them in a rumor which came to him at a month's distance from Mosilikatse's village, "that a missionary had been there who told the chief that it was wrong to kill men, and that the chief had said that he was born to kill people, but he would drop the practice."

In Linyanti, Dr. Livingstone found his wagon and other property, which he had left there since 1853, safe and sound, except from the effects of weather and white ants. Sekelétu was rejoiced to see him, though in low spirits from protracted drought and suffering from leprosy, for which Dr. Livingstone treated him with considerable success. He afterward heard of the chief's death in 1864.

The people had made more than one trading-expedition to Loanda, successful as far as safety was concerned, though with no brilliant commercial results, owing to their ignorance of values and of business methods.

One piece of good news had come for his comfort. It was that his old friend Sechéle was still true to the faith and full of good works. He had gathered nine tribes around him, and had a missionary and several well-attended schools. He was himself a very acceptable preacher and teacher.

The Makololo were extremely disappointed at the non-arrival of Mrs. Livingstone and the children. How gladly would Livingstone have gathered his family around him and spent his days in teaching this interesting people! But at this moment he did not even know where his wife and younger children were. It was not until his return to Tete that he learned that Mrs. Livingstone, finding no means of joining him, had gone back to her children in Scotland.

Dr. Livingstone's stay among the Makololo was

necessarily short. He had heard a rumor of the projected Universities' Mission, and was anxious to be at the Shiré to do what he could toward forwarding it. On the 23d of November he was again at Tete, and set out for Kongone. "We are now on our way down to the sea, in hopes of meeting the new steamer for which you and other friends exerted yourselves so zealously. We are in the 'Asthmatic,' though we gave her up before leaving in May last. Our engineer has been doctoring her bottom, and pronounces it safe to go down the river by dropping slowly. Every day a new leak bursts out, and he is plastering and scoring, the pump going constantly. I would not have ventured again, but our whaler is as bad—all eaten by the teredo; so I thought it best to take both, and stick to that which swims longest. You can put your thumb through either of them; they never can move again. *December 20th.*—One day above Leema the Ma-Robert stuck on a sandbank and filled, so we had to go ashore and leave her."

The plan of a Church-of-England mission was delightful to Livingstone: "It is a good omen for those who are sitting in darkness, and I trust that in process of time great benefits will be conferred on our own overcrowded population at home." He was quite willing to lay aside his own plans of colonization and bend all his energies to aid this scheme. "I have recommended to the Universities' Mission a little delay till we explore; and for

a working staff two gardeners acquainted with farming; two country carpenters, capable of erecting sheds and doing any rough work; two traders to purchase and prepare cotton for exportation; one general steward of mission goods, his wife to be a good plain cook; one medical man, having knowledge of chemistry enough to regulate indigo- and sugar-making. All the attendants to be married, and their wives employed in sewing, washing, attending the sick, etc., as occasion requires. The missionaries not to think themselves deserving a good English wife till they have erected a comfortable abode for her."

As the Portuguese were now openly adverse to any English occupation of the country, Dr. Livingstone advised that a site should be selected beyond their jurisdiction. Such a site was Lake Nyassa, the fruit of his own explorations, but access to it could only be had through the Portuguese dominions by way of the rivers Zambesi and Shiré. He therefore resolved, as soon as the expected new steamer should arrive, to explore the Rovuma, a river entering the ocean at a point beyond the Portuguese territories, due east of Lake Nyassa. His hope was to establish communication with the lake from that direction. "We are waiting for our steamer, and expect her every day; our first trip is a secret, and you will keep it so. We go to the Rovuma, a river exterior to the Portuguese domains, as soon as the vessel arrives. Captain Oldfield of

the *Lyra* is sent already to explore, as far as he can, in that ship. The entrance is fine, and forty-five miles are known, but we keep our movements secret from the Portuguese, and so must you; they seize everything they see in the newspapers."

Early in 1861 the new steamer, the *Pioneer*, arrived. She was much superior to the *Ma-Robert*, but she had one very serious defect—she drew too much water. Everything seemed to conspire at this period of Livingstone's life, when the greatest issues lay in his hands, to hinder and thwart his plans. The insubordination of auxiliaries, the indifference or ignorance of authorities who could not even carry out his instructions as to things essential to the enterprise, the obstacles and delays interposed by well-meaning friends, were the causes of repeated failures, for which he was blamed while making superhuman exertions to overcome these entirely gratuitous difficulties or to succeed in spite of them. It is not surprising, after the experience of these years between 1858 and 1863, that he felt that in future it would be wiser to pursue his work unencumbered by either the helps or the hindrances of a large party. The annoyances and disappointments of this period no doubt were the cause of his later lonely wanderings, and hastened his death.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEETING AND PARTING.

THE first members of the Universities' Mission arrived at the same time with the Pioneer. They consisted of Bishop Mackenzie and five other Englishmen, with five colored men from the Cape. Livingstone's heart glowed with pleasure at their arrival. "I rejoiced when I heard that so many good and great men in the universities had turned their thoughts toward Africa, and, feeling sure that He who had touched their hearts would lead them to promote his own glory, I welcomed the men they sent with a hearty, unfeigned welcome. . . . The bishop," he writes to Mr. Maclear, "is A 1, and in his readiness to put his hand to anything resembles much my good father-in-law Moffat."

The mission, however, was quite over-manned. So many men who knew nothing of either the language or the country could not but be in the way at the start. Bishop Mackenzie wished Livingstone to go with them and see them well settled in their new field, but the Pioneer having come out under orders to explore the Rovuma, this was impossible.

The bishop therefore determined to accompany the doctor first, and afterward both would go together to the Shiré. It was so long, however, before he could get matters arranged for his departure that the Pioneer reached the Rovuma too late in the season to accomplish anything. With her heavy draft of water she could only navigate the rapids and shallows of these rivers when they were in flood. Livingstone would gladly have left the boat and pushed his explorations on foot, but being under a promise to the bishop, he returned to the Shiré, intending, after seeing the mission established, to explore Lake Nyassa and learn if the Rovuma flowed out of it, and if not to go on foot to its head-waters and explore it downward.

The navigation of the Shiré was difficult, for the Pioneer, being deep in the water, was constantly aground. The bishop and others of the mission were always ready with their help in hauling her off, but at best it was a very discouraging sort of navigation.

But how was Livingstone's heart torn at the evidences he met everywhere that the Portuguese were pushing the slave-trade with greater eagerness than ever! They had engaged chiefs in the service whom, until Livingstone had established friendly relations with them, they had never dared to approach. The whole land was desolated; the road to Magomero, where the new mission was to settle, was one frightful succession of burning villages,

ravaged fields, wailing women, shouting warriors, rotting corpses, tortured gangs of men, women and children going in chains to be sold. Nineteen thousand slaves, they afterward learned, were passed annually through the custom-house at Zanzibar from this region, and it was estimated that this was not more than one-fifth—possibly not one-tenth—of the victims of the barbarous trade, for uncounted numbers were killed or died of their wounds or of famine. One gang of slave-drivers took to flight on the approach of the mission-party, and their eighty-four captives were gladly taken in charge by the good bishop. It was deemed best to visit the chief of the Ajawa, the fierce marauding tribe, and try to turn him from his ways. In this undertaking, for the first time in Livingstone's experience, he was involved in actual conflict with the natives. His party was fired upon, and compelled to fire in return. So little did Livingstone expect this that he had not even gone armed, and was obliged to borrow a revolver. He describes the attack in a letter to his son Robert:

“The slave-hunters had induced a number of another tribe to capture people for them. We came to this tribe while burning three villages, and though we told them that we came peaceably and to talk with them, they, seeing that we were a small party and might easily be overcome, rushed at us and shot their poisoned arrows. One fell between the bishop and me, and another whizzed between another

man and me. We had to drive them off, and they left that part of the country. Before going near them the bishop engaged in prayer, and during the prayer we could hear the wail for the dead by some Manganja probably thought not worth killing, and the shouts of welcome home to these bloody murderers. It turned out that they were only some sixty or seventy robbers, and not the Ajawa tribe; so we had a narrow escape from being murdered."

The question now was, What attitude ought the mission-party to take with regard to slave-traders? Should they remain neutral, or attempt to drive them from the country and rescue the captive Manganja? Livingstone, with his usual policy, recommended patience, and advised the new-comers not to interfere with the quarrels of the natives, but the bishop afterward felt constrained to adopt a different course, with what sad consequences will soon be seen.

The bishop's party having reached their destination, the Pioneer was left at Chibisa's village, while Dr. Livingstone, his brother and Dr. Kirk went up the Shiré in a four-oared boat. On the 23d of September, 1861, they sailed into Lake Nyassa for the first time, the discovery having been originally made by Livingstone when on foot. A magnificent promontory at the southern end was named Cape Maclear, after Livingstone's friend, the astronomer-royal at the Cape.

In the end of October they returned to the

steamer, having been obliged to abandon the project of exploring to the eastward for want of provisions. Though the lake country was well peopled and fertile, there was no trade but the slave-trade, and the party suffered more from hunger than on any previous trip. It was a comfort to Livingstone to think of the *Lady Nyassa*, his own vessel which was being built in Scotland, soon, he believed, to be on the lake, putting down the dreadful trade in men.

At the steamer they found the bishop, who had come down with news of the mission. He was in the best spirits. The *Ajawa* had been defeated, and had promised to live in peace with the English. But Livingstone was troubled. "The bishop," he wrote in his journal, "takes a totally different view of the affair from what I do."

It was time for the *Pioneer* to return to the mouth of the *Zambesi*. A man-of-war, the brig *Gorgon*, was expected with provisions and the sections of the *Lady Nyassa*, and, best of all, Mrs. Livingstone, Miss Mackenzie and other members of the mission-party were also looked for. Making an appointment for January with the bishop and Mr. Burrup, a member of the mission, who were going to explore the neighboring country, the *Pioneer* was headed toward *Kongone*.

Alas! everything seemed to conspire against the all-suffering Livingstone. For five weeks the *Pioneer* was detained on a shoal; when they reached

the mouth of the river they were a month behind their appointment. The Gorgon had been there, had not found them, and, not daring to remain on the coast, had departed for Mozambique—had been caught in a gale, and was unable to return for three weeks. How exquisitely torturing thus to be detained from meeting the wife from whom he had so long been parted! His journal shows that he was fretted by the many times he had been too late—“too late for Rovuma below, too late for Rovuma above, and now too late for our own appointment!”

At length, on the last day of January, the long-looked-for ship hove in sight, and signals were exchanged—“the most interesting conversation I had engaged in for many a day.” First went up the Gorgon’s signal, “I have steamboat in the brig,” to which the Pioneer replied, “Welcome news!” Then, “Wife aboard” from the ship, which was answered by, “Accept my best thanks.” It was not until next morning that the Pioneer could go out and the long-delayed meeting between husband and wife take place. Besides Mrs. Livingstone, Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup and other members of the Universities’ Mission, had come the Rev. James Stewart (now Dr. Stewart of Lovedale, South Africa), who had been sent out by the Free Church of Scotland “to meet with Dr. Livingstone, and obtain by personal observation and otherwise the information that might be necessary to enable a committee at home to form a correct judgment as

to the possibility of founding a mission in that part of Africa." Here was another of those providences so dear to Livingstone. Mr. Stewart had been tutor for a time to Thomas Livingstone, the doctor's second son, and thus had become interested in Livingstone and in Africa.

The sections of the *Lady Nyassa* were put on board the *Pioneer*, the passengers transferred, and the vessel started for the mouth of the *Ruo*, a tributary of the *Shiré*, to meet the bishop. But again they were detained. "For ten days we were chiefly occupied in sailing or hauling the ship through sandbanks. The steamer was drawing between five and six feet of water, and, though there were long reaches of the river with depth sufficient for a ship of larger draught, yet every now and then we found ourselves in a shoal of water of about three feet. No sooner was the boat got off one bank by might and main and steady hauling on capstan and anchor laid out ahead—almost never astern—and we got a few miles of fair steering, than again we heard that sound abhorred by all of us, a slight bump of the bow, the rush of sand along the ship's side, and were again fast for a few hours or a day or two, as the case might be."

The boat was too heavily laden. It was resolved to put the *Lady Nyassa* together at *Shupanga*, tow her up to *Murchison Falls*, then take her apart and carry her around the falls, once more put her to-

gether and steam up to the lake. "The detention," says Dr. Stewart, "was very trying to Dr. Livingstone, as it meant not a few weeks, but the loss of a year, inasmuch as by the time the ship was ready to be launched the river would be at its lowest, and there would be no resource but to wait for the next rainy season. Yet in the face of discouragement he maintained his cheerfulness."

Meantime, Captain Wilson of the *Gorgon* had gone on in boats to meet the bishop, accompanied by Dr. Kirk, Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup and others. In three weeks he returned, accompanied by the two heartbroken ladies. The bishop and Mr. Burrup, with some of the Makololo, had gone on an expedition to rescue some Manganja captives, and had been successful. But as he was descending the Ruo the bishop's canoe was upset, his medicine-chest lost, and, being attacked with fever, he died in the most distressing circumstances on the 31st of January, the very day his sister and friends had reached the shores of Africa. Mr. Burrup, who had also taken the fever, was carried back to Magomero, and there died in a few days. This was a terrible blow to Livingstone. "It was difficult to say," writes Dr. Stewart, "whether he or the unhappy ladies, on whom the blow fell with the most personal weight, were most to be pitied. He felt the responsibility, and foresaw the widespread dismay which the news would occasion when it reached England, and at the very time when the

mission most needed support. ‘This will hurt us all,’ he said as he sat resting his head on his hands on the table of the dimly-lighted cabin of the *Pioneer*.”

The blame that fell even upon the good bishop when the news reached England was visited still more heavily upon Livingstone. His whole course was misrepresented; the mistakes of the mission-party were all laid at his door, although his whole previous course of conduct might have proved to the world what was really the case, that from the first he had strongly disapproved of the bishop’s policy. Livingstone took no steps to clear himself from these unjust accusations in public, not only because he had devotedly loved the bishop and revered his memory, but because he knew the harm that would be done by laying any blame upon a clergyman of the Church of England. Besides, now that all was over he felt that perhaps it could not have been avoided. “I thought you wrong in attacking the Ajawa; still, I looked on it as defence of your orphans. I thought you had shut yourselves up to one tribe, and that the Manganja, but I think differently now.”

The two heartbroken ladies, who had come with such bright hopes, to join the one her brother, the other her husband, in a beautiful work of self-devotion, had now nothing to do but to return to England. They were conveyed to the coast on the *Pioneer*, but when they reached the bar no ship was

there. The Gorgon had been forced by stress of weather to leave the coast, and did not return for a fortnight. Thus Livingstone's boat was detained in the lowlands at the most unhealthy season of the year. The cost of this service to his friends was heavy indeed.

It was the 2d of April when they could return to Shupanga, where the Lady Nyassa was being put together. Three weeks later Mrs. Livingstone, who, after so many weary separations from her husband, had fondly believed that partings now were over, was taken ill with fever. The disease, alarming from the first, ran its course with frightful rapidity. The long detention in the unhealthy lowlands of the delta had undermined her constitution. On the evening of Sunday, April 27th, her change came. Dr. Stewart, having received a message from her husband that the end was drawing near, went to him. "He was sitting by the side of a rude bed formed of boxes, but covered with a soft mattress, on which lay his dying wife. All consciousness had now departed, as she was in a state of deep coma from which all efforts to rouse her had been unavailing. The strongest medical remedies and her husband's voice were both alike powerless to reach the spirit which was still there, but was now so rapidly sinking into the depths of slumber and darkness and death. The fixedness of features and the oppressed and heavy breathing only made it too plain that the end was near. And the man who

had faced so many deaths and braved so many dangers was now utterly broken down and weeping like a child."

The husband asked his friend to commend her spirit to God, and together with Dr. Kirk they kneeled beside her bed. In less than an hour she was gone. The noble soul, worn out with many sorrows borne with such patient fortitude and love and trust, went out from the mists and vapors of the dark African river to be renewed in immortal youth in the paradise of God.

"It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered," writes the man of so many sorrows "and it quite takes away my strength. I wept over her who well deserved many tears. I loved her when I married her, and the longer I lived with her I loved her the more. God pity the poor children, who were all tenderly attached to her! and I am left alone in the world by one whom I felt to be a part of myself. I hope it may, by divine grace, lead me to realize heaven as my home, and that she has but preceded me in the journey. O my Mary! my Mary! how often have we longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng! Surely the removal by a kind Father who knoweth our frame means that he rewarded you by taking you to the best home, the eternal one in the heavens. . . . She rests by the large baobab tree at Shupanga."

"11th of May, Kongone.—My dear, dear Mary

has been this evening a fortnight in heaven, absent from the body, present with the Lord. 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' Angels carried her to Abraham's bosom; to be with Christ is far better. Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, 'Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints; ye also shall appear with him in glory.' He comes with them; then they are now with him. 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also, to behold my glory.' Moses and Elias talked of the decease he should accomplish at Jerusalem; then they know what is going on here on certain occasions. They had bodily organs to hear and to speak. For the first time in my life I felt willing to die."

"*May 19, 1862.*—Vividly do I remember the first passage down in 1856, passing Shupanga house without landing, and looking at its red hills and white vales with the impression that it was a beautiful spot. No suspicion glanced through my mind that there my loving wife would be called to give up the ghost six years afterward. In some other spot I may have looked at, my own resting-place may be allotted. I have often wished that it might be in some far-off, still, deep forest, where I may sleep sweetly till the resurrection morn, when the trump of God will make all start up in glorious and active existence."

CHAPTER XX.

THE LADY NYASSA.

IT was hard to go to work again, but this was a man who knew how to "endure hardness." By the end of June the *Lady Nyassa* was afloat, greatly to the astonishment of the natives, who did not understand how iron could swim. She was an excellent boat, and would have done good service on the lake. But, alas! much time had been lost: the river was already in low water, and before the next rainy season the expedition had been recalled.

Meantime, a voyage was made up the Rovuma, but it led to little. The natives were hostile: there were cataracts a hundred and fifty-six miles from the mouth, and worse ones reported beyond. There was no water-way to the Nyassa in that direction. On the 10th of January, 1863, they were again on their way from Tete to the Shiré, with the *Lady Nyassa* in tow. The desolation caused by the slave-dealer Marianno was heartrending. The river was so full of dead bodies floating by that in the morning the steamer had to be cleared of the corpses caught in the floats during the night.

“Wherever we took a walk human skeletons were seen in every direction, and it was painfully interesting to observe the different postures in which the poor wretches had breathed their last. A whole heap had been thrown down a slope behind a village, where the fugitives often crossed the river from the east; and in one hut of the same village no fewer than twenty drums had been collected—probably the ferryman’s fees. Many had ended their misery under shady trees, others under projecting crags in the hills, while others lay in their huts with closed doors, which, when opened, disclosed the mouldering corpse with the poor rags around the loins, the skull fallen off the pillow, the skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons. The sight of this desert, but eighteen months ago a well-peopled valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us that the destruction of life in the ‘middle passage,’ however great, constitutes a small portion of the waste, and makes us feel that unless the slave-trade—that monster iniquity which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down lawful commerce cannot be established.” His letters to Earl Russell, to the governor of Tete, to the Portuguese authorities, were many and urgent, and produced a decided sensation, but for the present no other effect.

On the way up the Shiré, Livingstone’s heart was saddened by a visit to the bishop’s grave, and still

more by the news which he received of the mission. It had been very unadvisedly removed from Magomero, on the high land near Lake Shirwa, to the low country of Chibisa on the river, and three of the members had died of fever. Fever attacked the exploring party too. Dr. Kirk and Mr. Charles Livingstone became so ill that it was necessary for them to go back to England. The only Europeans left with Dr. Livingstone were Mr. Rae, the ship's engineer, and Mr. E. D. Young, formerly of the *Gorgon*, who had joined the expedition, and who afterward rendered very great service both in the search after Livingstone and in establishing the Livingstonia Mission. Livingstone's journal reveals his feelings at this time:

"*March 1, 1863.*—I feel very often that I have not long to live, and say, 'My dear children, I leave you. Be manly Christians, and never do a mean thing. Be honest to men and to the almighty One.'"

"*16th of April.*—Reached the cataracts. Very thankful indeed after our three months' toil from Shupanga."

"*27th of April.*—On this day twelvemonth my dearest Mary Moffat was removed from me by death.

'If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Though you cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think me far away.'—

'TENNYSON.'

At the cataracts the Lady Nyassa was taken to pieces, but before the road by which she was to be carried to the upper waters was finished the expedition was recalled.

“*Murchison Cataracts, 3d of July, 1863.*—Got instructions for our recall yesterday, at which I do not wonder. The government has behaved well to us throughout, and I feel abundantly thankful to Her Majesty’s ministers for enabling me to carry out so far the experiment of turning the industrial and trading propensities of the natives to good account, thereby eradicating the trade in slaves. But the Portuguese dogged our footsteps, and, as is generally understood, with the approbation of their home government neutralized our labors. . . .

“Please the Supreme, I shall work some other point yet. In leaving it is bitter to see some nine hundred miles of coast abandoned to those who were the first to begin the slave-trade, and seem determined to be the last to abandon it.”

To Mr. Waller he wrote: “I don’t know whether I am to go on the shelf or not. If I do, I make Africa the shelf. If the Lady Nyassa is well sold, I shall manage. There is a Ruler above, and his providence guides all things. He is our Friend, and has plenty of work for all his people to do. . . . If the work is of God, it will come out all right at last. To him shall be given of the gold of Sheba, and daily shall he be praised. I always think it was such a blessing and privilege to be

led into this work, instead of into the service of those hard taskmasters—the devil and sin.”

The reasons assigned for the recall were that the expedition had not accomplished all that had been designed, and that it had proved more costly than was expected. No blame was attached to Livingstone, however. No doubt the principal reason for the step was unwillingness to get into trouble with Portugal. A strong remonstrance had indeed been addressed to the Portuguese government against slave-hunting; further than that it was probably not deemed prudent to go.

The recall was financially most disastrous to Dr. Livingstone. He had been willing to spend two or three thousand pounds on a steamboat for the lake, but the *Lady Nyassa* had already cost him six thousand, his whole fortune except a small fund he had put aside for the education of his children. He had hoped that when the benefits of the scheme should be proved the government would purchase the steamer from him, but the order of recall made no allusion to the *Lady Nyassa*; and there he was, at the foot of the cataracts, with the sections of a vessel which represented his entire estate, and which could be put to no use whatever. The disappointment of this long-cherished scheme coming so soon after the failure of his hopes of a mission to the Makololo, the grief caused by the bishop's death and his own most sorrowful bereavement, were hard indeed to bear. But he did not succumb. He re-

solved at least to spend the few weeks given him in carrying on his explorations, risking fever, starvation, death in the enterprise, that he might ascertain, for the benefit perhaps of a later generation, whether any large river flowed into the lake from the west. With Mr. Rae and a few natives he set out, and made his way on foot up the river and along the west bank of the lake. At one time they were lost in the woods for three days without food; at another, they could procure no guides, though the country was so broken as to be not only difficult but dangerous. Again, they were mistaken for slave-traders, and barely escaped a night-attack. Several of the natives were taken ill from exposure to the cold of the highlands; one died. At the river Loangwa (of Nyassa) they were forced to turn back, for the orders of the government were strict as to time, and the Pioneer must be given up to the English authorities. The Lady Nyassa was again put together, and, the Pioneer taking her in tow, they reached the mouth of the Zambesi on the 13th of February, 1864.

While waiting on a sandbank on the way down, Dr. Livingstone received a letter from Bishop Tozer, the successor of Bishop Mackenzie, saying that he had resolved to transfer the mission from the continent to Zanzibar—a step which Livingstone could not approve of, and which he afterward saw reason still more decidedly to regret. It was the deathblow to hopes which had once been the most

buoyant of his life. "I hope, dear bishop," he wrote, "that you will not deem me guilty of impertinence in thus writing to you with a sore heart. I see that if you go the last ray of hope for this wretched, downtrodden people disappears, and I again, from the bottom of my heart, entreat you to reconsider the matter, and may the all-wise One guide to that decision which will be the most for his glory!"

Even yet his steady, undaunted faith that God would interpose for Africa did not fail; but it was not permitted to become sight, for when the Livingstonia Mission, the direct though late result of his efforts, was founded at Cape Maclear on Lake Nyassa, he had been for a year where defeated hopes and bitter disappointments are unknown.

On arriving at the mouth of the Zambesi, Dr. Livingstone fell in with H. M. ship *Orestes*, which was joined the next day, February 14th, by the *Ariel*. The *Orestes* took the *Pioneer* in tow, and the *Ariel* the *Nyassa*. A cyclone passed over them the very day after they set out, bringing them into the most imminent danger. Dr. Livingstone thus describes the voyage, writing to his daughter Agnes:

"*Mozambique, 24th of February, 1864.*—I took two members of the mission away in the *Pioneer*, and thirteen women and children, whom, having liberated, we did not like to leave to become the certain prey of slave-traders again. The bishop

left twenty-five boys too, and these also I took with me, hoping to get them conveyed to the Cape, where I trust they may become acquainted with our holy religion. We had thus quite a swarm on board; all very glad to get away from a land of slaves. There were many more liberated, but we took only the helpless and those very anxious to be free and with English people. Those who would cultivate the soil we encouraged to do so, and left up the river. Only one boy was unwilling to go, and he was taken by the bishop. It is a great pity that the bishop withdrew the mission, for he had a noble chance of doing great things. The captives would have formed a fine school, and as they had no parents he could have educated them as he liked. . . . Captain Chapman of the *Ariel* very kindly invited me on board to save me from the knocking about of the *Lady Nyassa*, but I did not like to leave so long as there was any danger, and accepted his invitation for Mr. Waller, who was dreadfully seasick. On the 15th we were caught by a hurricane which whirled the *Ariel* right around. Her sails, quickly put to rights, were again backed, so that the vessel was driven backward, and a hawser wound itself around her screw so as to stop the engines. By this time she was turned so as to be looking directly across the *Lady Nyassa*, the wind alone propelling her, as if to go over the little vessel. I saw no hope of escape except by catching a rope's end of the big ship as she passed over us,

but by God's goodness she glided past, and we felt free to breathe. That night it blew a furious gale. The captain offered to lower a boat if I would come to the Ariel, but it would have endangered all in the boat: the waves dashed so hard against the sides of the vessel it might have been swamped, and my going away would have taken heart out of those that remained. We then passed a terrible night, but the Lady Nyassa did wonderfully well, rising like a little duck over the foaming billows. She took in spray alone, and no green water. The man-of-war's people expected that she would go down, and it was wonderful to see how well she did, when the big man-of-war, only about two hundred feet off, plunged so as to show a large portion of copper on her bottom, then down behind so as to have the sea level with the top of her bulwarks. A boat hung at that level was smashed. If we had gone down we could not have been helped in the least—pitch dark and wind whistling above; the black folks, 'ane bocking here, anither there' and wanting us to go to the 'bank.' On the 18th the weather moderated, and, the captain repeating his very kind offer, I went on board with a clear conscience; and even then the boat got damaged. I was hoisted up, and got rested in what was a steady ship as compared with the Lady Nyassa. The Ariel was three days cutting off the hawser, though nine feet under water, the men diving and cutting it with immensely long chisels. On the



Zanzibar.

19th we spoke a Liverpool ship, requesting the captain to report me alive, a silly report having been circulated by the Portuguese that I had been killed at Lake Nyassa, and on the 24th we entered Mozambique harbor, very thankful for our kind and merciful preservation."

Remaining at Mozambique long enough to repair the *Lady Nyassa*, they proceeded to Zanzibar. Dr. Livingstone had one or two offers for her there, but they were quite insufficient, and it seemed wisest to take her to Bombay to be sold. But here a difficulty arose: Mr. Rae, the ship's engineer, having received the offer of a good situation, wished to accept it. His place could not be supplied, and on the 30th of April, Dr. Livingstone set out in his little vessel on a voyage of twenty-five hundred miles over an unknown sea, with a crew consisting—besides the "skipper," Dr. Livingstone—of three Europeans, fireman, carpenter and one sailor, seven natives who had never before seen the sea, and two boys, one of whom, Chuma, was his attendant on his last journey.

To add to the perils of the enterprise, it was nearly the time for the breaking of the monsoon, which would occur in the end of May or early in June. But he felt, as he said, "jammed into a corner," and what could he do?

He believed that he might reach Bombay in eighteen days. Had any one told him that he would be twenty-five days becalmed, and that his vessel,

not being built for sea-service, would go but slowly in the best of weather, he would perhaps have thought differently of the plan. As it was, on this voyage he came as near being discouraged as he ever had been in his life.

“This very unusual weather has a very depressing influence on my mind. I often feel as if I am to die on this voyage, and wish I had sent the accounts to the government, as also my chart of the Zambesi. I often wish that I may be permitted to do something for the benighted of Africa. I shall have nothing to do at home; by the failure of the Universities’ Mission my work seems vain; no fruit likely to come from J. Moffat’s mission either. Have I not labored in vain? Am I to be cut off before I do anything to effect permanent improvement in Africa? I have been unprofitable enough, but may do something yet in giving information. If spared, God grant that I may be more faithful than I have been, and may he open up the way for me!”

Yet he never loses cheerfulness, nor forgets to make a record of any important fact in natural history or meteorology that comes under his notice, and his mind is constantly occupied with thoughts of the colonization of Africa. On the 28th of May they had a foretaste of the breaking of the monsoon, but it passed over. On the 10th of June came a furious squall that tore the sail to ribbons. On the 11th: “The squalls usually came up right against the wind,

and cast all our sails aback. This makes them so dangerous; active men are required to trim them to the other side. We sighted land a little before twelve, the high land of Rutnagerry. I thought of going in, but finding that we had twenty-eight hours' steam, I changed my mind and pushed on for Bombay, one hundred and fifteen miles distant. We are nearer to land down here than we like, but our north-west wind has prevented us from making northing. We hope for a little change, and possibly may get in nicely. The good Lord of all help us!"

The winds were still tempestuous, and it was not until the 14th that he entered the harbor of Bombay, where his craft was so small that it utterly escaped notice. When at last it became known that he was there, he was overwhelmed with attentions from Sir Bartle Frere, the governor, and other distinguished residents. Having visited many missionary establishments, arranged that the *Lady Nyassa*—not yet sold—should be taken care of, and settling his two boys, Chuma and Wikatani, in the Free Church Mission School, he borrowed one hundred and thirty-three pounds and ten shillings for the passage-money of himself and one of his men, and embarked for England.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST VISIT HOME.

IN the midst of the honors which were lavished upon him on his arrival in London tidings came to Livingstone which cut him to the heart. His eldest son, Robert, now a lad some eighteen years of age, had enlisted in the American army, and was a prisoner of war in Salisbury, N. C. He was a youth of much promise, but of peculiar temperament, and had given great anxiety to his guardians. Probably he felt the want of a father's care and of a settled and happy home more keenly than the other children. He was restless, and no doubt inherited a deal of "his father's vagabond disposition," as that father used to say. Livingstone's letters to him show the deep anxiety he felt on his boy's behalf, and how heavily the fact that his son was practically fatherless in this world weighed upon him.

Unable to settle at study, Robert had been sent to Natal with a view of joining his father, but finding no way of reaching the Zambesi, he had left Natal, made his way to America and enlisted in the Union army at Boston; he had been in the very

hottest of the struggle, wounded and taken prisoner. His letters to his sister show that his heart was softened by the troubles he had undergone. He confessed that they were all due to his disobedience. Respect for his father had caused him to enlist under a feigned name, and no one in the army had known whose son it was that was fighting the battles of the United States. This trying news was awaiting Dr. Livingstone, and even while he was using his influence with Lord Palmerston in his son's behalf the boy died in prison. His body lies now in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. This was the sorrow which, while all England was uniting to honor Livingstone, was secretly gnawing at that tender heart which had known so much of grief, and yet which kept so strong in hope and trust to its last pulsation.

As soon as possible he left London for Scotland. "*2d of August.*—Reached Hamilton. Mother did not know me at first. Anna Mary, a nice, sprightly child, told me she preferred Garibaldi buttons on her dress as I walked down to Dr. London to thank him for kindness to my mother.

"*3d of August.*—Agnes, Oswell and Thomas came. I did not recognize Tom, he had grown so much. Has been poorly a long while; congestion of the kidney, it is said. Agnes quite tall, and Anna Mary a nice little girl."

He spent some time with his family and in visiting friends, and consulted an eminent surgeon as to

an operation for a complaint which had troubled him since his first great journey, but decided rather to endure the trouble for the rest of his life than incur the publicity which would be sure to ensue, as everything about him got into the newspapers. Then he journeyed into the North, visited the duke of Argyle, and crossed over to the Hebrides to look up traces of his ancestors. The Highlanders were enthusiastic in their reception. "They cheered me as a man and a brother," he wrote to Sir Roderick Murchison.

Coming south, he traveled in the same railway-carriage with the Turkish ambassador, Musurus Pasha. At one station they were vociferously cheered by a party of volunteers. "The cheers are for you," Livingstone said to the ambassador with a smile.—"No," replied the Turk; "I am only what my master made me: you are what you made yourself." When they reached their destination, going into the hotel, a workingman rushed across the road, seized Livingstone's hand, saying, "I must shake your hand," slapped him on the back and rushed away. "You'll not deny now," said the ambassador, "that that's for you."

In the autumn he delivered a speech on Africa before the British Association in assembly at Bath. This speech gave great offence to the Portuguese. They abused him violently in their papers, and the government devoted funds for the translation of some of these articles and their circulation in Eng-

land as a tract. He replied to the main points, but took no notice of the personal slanders with which the articles were charged.

On the 26th of September he went with his daughter Agnes to live with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, at Newstead Abbey, during the writing of his book *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*. "Reach it about 9. P. M., and find Mr. and Mrs. Webb all I anticipated, and more. A splendid old mansion, with a wonderful number of curiosities in it, and magnificent scenery around. It was the residence of Lord Byron, and his furniture is kept" (in his private rooms) "just as he left it. His character does not shine. He appears to have been horrid."

He had at first declined Mr. and Mrs. Webb's invitation, on the ground that he wished to have some of his children about him, and that Agnes must have music-lessons. But his objections were overruled, and Dr. Livingstone was the guest of his kind friends for eight months. The "Livingstone Room" in the Sussex Tower will be associated with his name while the building stands. He used to rise early, work at his book, return to his task after breakfast and continue it till luncheon, and in the afternoon have a long walk with Mr. Webb. Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Goodlake (Mrs. Webb's mother) and his daughter Agnes would all be at work copying for him. As the book reached completion he used to work late

into the night, but most of the time had ample opportunity for social intercourse and for observations of natural history, still his favorite pastime, while the natural playfulness of his character seemed quite to recover its tone. Indeed, in the worst of times he never wholly lost it. On the 15th of April, 1865, he called his daughter Agnes to take his pen and write *Finis* at the end of the manuscript.

The book was meant to be a small one—only a blast against the slave-traders—but it afterward grew to embrace the record of the Zambesi expedition. On the 25th of April he writes: “Parted with my good friends the Webbs. May God Almighty bless and reward them and their family!”

Not long before this he received a letter from Sir Roderick Murchison suggesting that he should “finish off his career by determining the watersheds of Africa, *unshackled by other avocations than those of the geographical explorer*,” and marking out such a plan as would be very delightful to Livingstone. But, though the determination of the watersheds was a subject particularly fascinating to him, he answered Sir Roderick that he could only feel “in the way of duty by working as a missionary.” This answers the accusation which sometimes has been made, that Livingstone from this time dropped the missionary to become the explorer. He might have gone out as the agent of a wealthy and generous society, but he preferred to go alone, poor

and unbefriended—for the proceeds of his first book had already been exhausted—rather than accept any position which would fetter him in his missionary work.

At this time he received a message from Lord Palmerston asking what he could do for him. Now was the time for a title, for a pension for himself or a provision for his children, but in the simplicity of his heart these ideas never occurred to him. He asked that Lord Palmerston would secure to him free access to the high land of Africa by way of the Zambesi and Shiré, to be made good by a treaty with Portugal. This has at last been accomplished, but Livingstone did not live to see the day.

Instead of this desire of his heart, he received a message to call at the Foreign Office, where a plan was proposed that he should accept a commission giving him authority over the chiefs (!) from the Portuguese boundaries to Abyssinia and Egypt, the office to carry no salary. It seems incredible that such a proposition could have been made to a man whom the government had no wish to insult. Authority over the chiefs, supposing that England had the right to give it, Livingstone was far more likely to gain through his own personal influence than from any backing of government; and as to a salary, it would have been quite time enough to refuse it when it had been asked for. The indignation he felt was a righteous one. He was

more than willing to work for Africa without other recompense than the daily bread his heavenly Father would be sure to provide, but he felt it ungenerous to the last degree in the English government thus to take advantage of his devotion and self-sacrifice to deprive him of the recompense which the meanest of Her Majesty's servants never failed to enjoy.

While in London he heard of President Lincoln's assassination, which moved him deeply. Lincoln's character had been deeply revered by Livingstone, who was of a nature thoroughly in sympathy with him. On the 2d of May he wrote: "Heard a capital sermon from Dr. Hamilton (Regent Square Church) on President Lincoln's assassination: 'It is impossible but that offences will come,' etc. He read part of the President's address at his second inauguration. In the light of subsequent events it is grand. . . . The assassination has awakened universal sympathy and indignation, and will lead to more cordiality between the countries." . . .

His mother's feeble state now recalled him to Scotland. "*24th of May.*—Came down to Scotland by last night's train; found mother very poorly, and, being now eighty-two, I fear she may not have long to live among us.

"*2d of June.*—Tom's better, but kept back in his education by his complaint. Oswell getting on well at school at Hamilton. Anna Mary well. Mother gradually becoming weaker. Robert we

never shall hear of again in this world, I fear; but the Lord is merciful, and just and right in all his ways. He would hear the cry for mercy in the hospital at Salisbury. . . .

“*5th of June.*—Went about a tombstone to my dear Mary; got a good one of cast iron to be sent out to the Cape.

“Mother very low. Has been a good, affectionate mother to us all. The Lord be with her! Whatever is good for me and mine the Lord will give. . . . Contrary to expectations, she revived, and I went to Oxford. The vice-chancellor offered me the theatre to lecture in, but I expected a telegram if any change took place in my mother. Gave an address to a number of friends in Dr. Daubeny’s chemical class-room.

“*Monday, 19th of June.*—A telegram came saying mother had died the day before; started immediately for Scotland. No change was observed till within an hour and a half before her departure. Seeing the end was near, sister Agnes said, ‘The Saviour has come for you, mother. You can “lippen” yourself to him?’ She replied, ‘Oh yes.’ Little Anna Mary was held up to her. She gave her the last look, and said, ‘Bonnie wee lassie!’ gave a few long inspirations, and all was still, with a look of reverence on her countenance. . . .

“When going away in 1858 she said to me that she would have liked one of her laddies to lay her head in the grave. It so happened that I was

there to pay the last tribute to a dear, good mother."

His last business in Scotland was to go with Anna Mary to Oswell's school-examination to see him receive prizes. He was asked to address the children, and spoke a few practical words, ending with, "FEAR GOD AND WORK HARD." They were his last public utterance in his native land.

CHAPTER XXII.

ENGLAND TO NYASSA.

THE arrangements for a return to Africa were by no means satisfactory, but had they been even less so Dr. Livingstone would not have been deterred from making one more effort to liberate Africa from the double curse of sin and slavery. For her sake he repressed the wounded feelings which had been raised by the attitude of the English government and swallowed the mortification caused by the unhandsome conduct of the Geographical Society. For her sake he consented to receive from each the sorry dole of five hundred pounds, though accompanied by such stringent instructions as could not but have been extremely mortifying. For her sake he even consented to wear the gold-laced cap of an "honorary" consul which had been so shabbily tendered, knowing that it would give him a certain influence over the Arab slave-hunters. His personal feelings had never been allowed to stand in the way of his Master's business, nor should they now.

The generosity of friends provided him with an

additional thousand pounds, and there were some profits from his book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, which sold well, though by no means so well as his first work. With these sums he had to provide for the education and maintenance of his children and find means for a dangerous and expensive tour of exploration which might extend over many years. But for the promises of friends with regard to his children—promises never fulfilled—he would not have dared to leave them. But through all his perplexities we find only simple, childlike trust in God, without a trace of bitterness toward those from whom he had the right to expect aid and comfort rather than disappointment.

He thus sums up the objects of his last great journey: "Our government have supported the proposal of the Royal Geographical Society, made by my friend Sir Roderick Murchison, and have united with that body to aid me in another attempt to open Africa to civilizing influences, and a valued private friend has given a thousand pounds for the same object. I propose to go inland, north of the territory which the Portuguese in Europe claim, and endeavor to commence that system on the east which has been so eminently successful on the west coast—a system combining the repressive efforts of Her Majesty's cruisers with lawful trade and Christian missions—the moral and material results of which have been so gratifying. I hope to ascend the Rovuma or some other river north of the Cape

Delgado, and in addition to my other work shall strive, by passing along the northern end of Lake Nyassa and round the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, to ascertain the watershed of that part of Africa."

Dr. Livingstone, having taken his daughter Agnes to Paris to place her in school, proceeded to Bombay by the Overland Route. In Marseilles an amusing little incident occurred. Some Bombay merchants were conversing at the *table-d'hôte* of the hotel on the subject of the African trade in ivory. One of them dropped the remark, "I wonder where that old chap Livingstone is now?" when to his surprise a voice replied, "Here he is." They became fast friends from that time.

Arriving in Bombay September 11, 1865, his business was to dispose of the *Lady Nyassa*. This he at last succeeded in doing, though at great loss, selling her for twenty-five hundred pounds, she having cost six thousand. The money was invested, by the advice of friends, in an Indian bank which failed a year or two afterward, and thus the whole price of the vessel, the profits of his first book, which had been dedicated to the suppression of the African slave-trade, vanished into air.

While making preparations for the new expedition, engaging men and buying goods, he was invited to give a lecture on the subject of Africa. It was a great success, and a subscription of nearly one thousand pounds was raised at its conclusion.

As Livingstone wrote to his daughter, it was his wish that the Bombay merchants should use this money in setting up a trading establishment in Africa. "I must first of all find a suitable spot; then send back here to let it be known. I shall then be off on my work for the Geographical Society, and when that is done, if I am well, I shall come back to the first station."

It was arranged that Dr. Livingstone should cross over to Zanzibar in the *Shule*, a steamer which Sir Bartle Frere and the Bombay government were sending to the sultan of Zanzibar, and which Livingstone was commissioned to present in their name.

Dr. Livingstone was in his element when he found himself fairly afloat with his Africans around him. "The boys sing a couple of hymns every evening, and repeat the Lord's Prayer. I mean to keep up this, making it a Christian expedition, telling a little about Christ wherever we go. His love in coming down to save men will be our theme."

The *Shule* proved to be for a pleasure-yacht the most incorrigible roller ever known. "The whole two thousand miles has been an everlasting seesaw, and enough to tire the patience even of a chemist, who is the most patient of all animals." But the voyage was safely made, the steamer finally presented to the sultan's commodore, His Highness being ill of toothache, and orders were given to forward his enterprise in every possible way. A letter

which the sultan gave him to the Arab traders he might meet proved of essential service.

The journey from Zanzibar to the mainland was to be made in the *Penguin*, which kept him waiting two months in Zanzibar. It came at last, and on the 19th of March, 1866, he set sail for the last time for the "Dark Continent." His company consisted of thirteen Indian sepoy, ten Johanna men (from the Comaro Islands), nine Nassick boys (African lads educated in Nassick, India, by the English government), two Shupanga men and two lads of the Waiyau tribe, which appears to have been the same as the Ajawa which had given so much trouble to the Universities' Mission. Musa, one of the Johanna men, had been a sailor on the *Lady Nyassa*; Susi and Amoda, the Shupanga men, had been woodcutters for the *Pioneer*; and the Waiyau lads, Wikatani and Chuma, had been among the slaves rescued in 1861, and had lived for three years with the mission-party at Chibisa. Both Susi and Chuma were henceforth with Livingstone in all his wanderings, and theirs were the "faithful hands" which bore his dead body "over land and sea" to its last honorable rest.

Besides the human members of the expedition, Livingstone was accompanied by quite a menagerie—six camels, three tame buffaloes and a calf, two mules and four donkeys. They were taken to Africa that he might try the effect of the tsetse-fly upon them, with a view to introducing them into the country

should the experiment prove successful. Most unfortunately, the brutal conduct of the sepoy's made it impossible to decide whether their deaths were the result of the tsetse bite or of ill-usage. Whatever the cause, they all died.

On reaching Rovuma Bay it was found that the river had so changed its course since the former visit as to be inaccessible. The harbor was full of shallows and choked up with mangroves. It was necessary to make a landing twenty-five miles above, at Mikindany, where the Penguin left them March 24.

“Now that I am upon the point of starting on another trip into Africa, I feel quite exhilarated,” wrote Livingstone in his journal. “When one travels with the specific object in view of ameliorating the condition of the natives every act becomes ennobled. Whether exchanging customary civilities on arriving at a village, accepting a night's lodging, purchasing food for the party, asking for information or answering polite African inquirers as to our objects in traveling, we begin to spread a knowledge of that people by whose agency their land will yet become enlightened and freed from the slave-trade.

“The mere animal pleasure of traveling in a great unexplored country is very great. We have usually the stimulus of remote chances of danger from either men or beasts. Our sympathies are drawn out to our humble, hardy companions by

a community of interests, and it may be of perils, which make us all friends. . . . No doubt much toil is involved, and fatigue of which travelers in more moderate climes can form but faint conception; but the sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God; it proves a tonic to the system, and is actually a blessing."

They found this region very healthy, with abundant game and excellent water, but as they went on they were tormented by the density of the jungle and by the scarcity of provisions. The whole region had been depopulated by the slave-traders. Livingstone had seen many slaves in the markets at Zanzibar, some of whom he recognized by their tattooings as belonging to tribes with which he had been conversant. One woman told him that she had heard of his passing up Lake Nyassa in a boat. He thought he had known something of the horrors of the slave-trade before, but his experience on this journey surpassed all he had ever deemed possible. They came constantly upon long lines of miserable captives wearing the heavy "taming-sticks," and often and often they passed great heaps of dead and dying piled up together, who had been abandoned when no longer able to march.

His journal has many such entries as these: "It is astonishing to see the number of slave-taming sticks abandoned along the road as the poor wretches gave in and professed to have lost all hope of escape. . . . We passed a woman tied by the neck to

a tree, and dead. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in the gang, and her master determined that she should not become the property of another if she recovered by resting a while."

The sepoys from the first proved an infinite source of vexation, and so hindered the expedition that food became exhausted long before they reached the lake. The few natives they met were invariably kind, but were themselves in an almost starving condition. The following extracts from Livingstone's journal give some idea of the journey:

"On starting we found the jungle so dense that the people thought 'there was no cutting it:' it continued upward of three miles. The trees are not large, but so closely planted together that a great deal of labor was required to widen and heighten the path. Where bamboos prevail they have starved out the woody trees. . . . So long as we remained within the vegetation that is fed by the moisture from the Indian Ocean, the steamy, smothering air and dank, rank, luxuriant vegetation made me feel, like it, struggling for life, and no more capable of taking bearings than if I had been in a hogshead and observing through the bung-hole."

"*April 17th.*—Nearly all the sepoys had fever, but it it easily cured; they never required to stop marching, and we cannot make over four or five miles a day, which movement aids in the cure. In all cases of fever removal from the spot of attack

should be made; after the fever among the sepoy, the Nassick boys took their turn along with the Johannies.

“*April 18th.*—Ben-Ali misled us away up to the north, in spite of my protest; when we turned in that direction he declared it was the proper path. We had much wood-cutting, and found that our course that day and the next was to enable him to visit and return from one of his wives, a comely Makondi woman. He brought her to call on me, and I had to be polite to the lady, though we lost a whole day by the zigzag.”

“*April 21st.*—After a great deal of cutting we reached the valley of Mehambwé to spend Sunday, all glad that it had come round again. . . . The sepoy are a heavy drag on us, and of no possible use, except when acting as sentries at night. . . . I am afraid that several bruises which have festered on the camels, and were to me unaccountable, have been willfully bestowed.”

“*May 3d.*—Our poodle-dog Chitane chased the dogs of the village with unrelenting fury. His fierce looks inspired terror among the wretched pariah dogs of a yellow and white color, and those looks were entirely owing to its being difficult to distinguish at which end his head or tail lay.”

Chitane was a very efficient member of the expedition, and doubtless a great comfort to his master, who mentions him more than once. Unfortu-

nately, the poor little fellow was at last drowned in a bog in Central Africa, much to Livingstone's sorrow. "I grieve to write it, poor poodle Chitane was drowned. He had to cross a marsh a mile wide and waist-deep. I went over first, and forgot to give instructions about the dog; all were too much engaged in keeping their balance to notice that he swam among them till he died. He had more spunk than a hundred country dogs—took charge of the whole line of march, ran to see the first in the line, then back to the last, and barked to haul them up; then, when he knew what hut I occupied, he would not let a country cur come in sight of it, and never stole a thing himself."

The sepoys became daily a greater trial, literally killing the animals by blows and rough usage, lagging behind the party, and finally organizing a mutiny, which was only put down by very decided measures. "It is so difficult to feel charitably," Livingstone writes, "toward fellows whose scheme seems to have been to detach the Nassick boys from me first; then, when the animals were all killed, the Johanna men; afterward they could rule me as they liked, or go back and leave me to perish. But I shall try to feel as charitably as I can in spite of it all, for the mind has a strong tendency to brood over the ills of travel."

And then comes an entry which shows how strong were his home affections amid all the distractions of travel.

“*June 19th.*—I lighted on a telegram to-day: ‘Your mother died at noon on the 18th of June.’ This was in 1865. It affected me not a little.”

At last, on the 8th of August, they reached Lake Nyassa.

“It was as if I had come back to an old home I never expected again to see, and was pleased to bathe in the delicious waters again, hear the roar of the sea and dash in the rollers. Temperature, 71° at eight A. M., while the air was 65°; I feel quite exhilarated.”

Dr. Livingstone expected to pass across the lake, but the dhows (boats) were all in the hands of slavers, who refused him passage; and, finding that in consequence of the enormities of certain Arab traders the natives occupying the country north and west of the lake were in so excited a condition that traveling among them would be unsafe, he was forced to pass around it to the southward, every step recalling disappointed hopes and plans frustrated by the mistakes of others. At the point where the Shiré emerges from the lake all his bitterest griefs rolled over him. “Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now, instead of a check being given to the slave-trade by lawful commerce on the lake, slave-dhows prosper!”

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAKE TANGANYIKA.

IT is no wonder that Livingstone's heart was sad as he looked down on the broad waters of Nyassa and the blue ribbon of the Shiré. By that lake and river he had fondly hoped to introduce Christianity into Central Africa and to strike a deathblow at slavery. The Portuguese had been disinclined to allow free entrance through the Zambesi, and the river itself had interposed an obstacle in the shape of the Murchison Cataract; but these difficulties were not felt to be insuperable. Diplomacy and engineering skill might do away with both, but a more formidable hindrance had been found in the faint-heartedness of the head of the Universities' Mission, and all Livingstone's labors seemed to have been in vain.

“It is impossible not to regret the loss of good Bishop Mackenzie, who sleeps far down the Shiré, and with him all hope of the gospel being introduced into Central Africa. The silly abandonment of all the advantages of the Shiré route by the bishop's successor I shall ever bitterly deplore; but all will come right some day, though I may not live

to participate in the joy, or even see the commencement of better times.”

Thus he wrote on the 13th of September, 1866, in sorrow of heart, but in confident faith. And his faith and trust were prophetic. Better times were indeed coming, though he did not live to see them. A treaty with Portugal giving free passage through the river; the recall of Bishop Tozer to England, and the return of his successor, Bishop Steere, to the old quarters of the Universities' Mission, to resume the abandoned work; a road constructed around Murchison Cataract, and a vessel plying on both lake and river; the Livingstonia Mission planted by his own Scotch countrymen on the headlands of Cape Maclear; Scotch liberality opening a road between Lake Nyassa and the yet-to-be-discovered Lake Tanganyika; and, last of all, the news which comes as these words are penned that the Livingstonia Mission is to extend its stations toward the latter lake, and that the ægis of Livingstone's name is to be thrown over all that region made sacred by the imprint of his weary feet. Truly, God's own time can wait, but it surely comes at last.

The painful march is resumed, and Livingstone turns away from the familiar waters of Nyassa to seek in the north-west, by way of Lake Tanganyika, known by the reports of Arab traders, an outlet to the coast more practicable than any he has yet found. Going through the country of the hos-

tile Mazitu, all sorts of difficulties await him. Famine is on every hand; guides cannot be procured—they are afraid to venture beyond their own district, and are entirely ignorant of the country beyond; the slave-trade has depreciated the purchasing value of his cloth and beads; illness pursues him with relentless persistence; most vexing of all, the boys Wikatani and Chuma, on whom he depends to interpret his words to the natives, terrified by the hostility of the chiefs, take upon themselves to decide how much of Livingstone's meaning it is best to interpret, and involve him in frequent misunderstandings with the chiefs, from some of which he only rescues himself by infinite tact and patience at the risk of bloodshed.

Yet the object of his mission is always in mind. Every Sunday is a day of rest, except when actual starvation forces them on, and even then religious services are held previous to striking camp. Religious teachings are mingled with all his negotiations for food and shelter. His testimony against the slave-trade is invariably borne, and lessons of universal brotherhood are everywhere taught. He is always ready to go out of his way to do good, as when he turns aside from the direct route to remonstrate with chiefs addicted to marauding, or loses precious days that he may prescribe for a sick child. Everywhere he is taking observations of latitude, longitude and altitude, noticing plants and animals, recording the rainfall, and jotting down every fact.

which he thinks may be of use to those who shall come after him, even to pointing out the difference between the six edible and the ten poisonous kinds of mushrooms in a district which produces little other food.

Before leaving the Waiyau country the party was diminished by the defection of Wikatani, the Waiyau lad who had been Bishop Mackenzie's favorite protégé. He met a brother, and found that he had other relatives living not far away. It was natural that he should be drawn toward his relatives, even though they had sold him into slavery. Although he was of great service as an interpreter, Livingstone would not urge his remaining, as the Arabs had spread a report that Livingstone only liberated slaves to make them his own, and this was an opportunity to refute the charge. He even hoped that good might grow out of the boy's remaining with his tribe. He had been well taught, and, "though he has not much to say, what he does advance against the slave-trade will have its weight, and it will all be in the way of preparation for better times and more light."

Sometimes he was cheered by the evident interest of the people in his teachings. "The chief's brother asked a few questions, and I took the occasion to be a good one for telling him something about the Bible and the future state. The men said that their fathers had never taught them aught about the soul, but they thought that the whole man rotted and came to noth-

ing. What I said was very nicely put by a volunteer spokesman who seemed to have a gift that way, for all listened most attentively, and especially when told that our Father in heaven loved all, and heard prayers addressed to him."

A difficulty hitherto unexperienced beset the whole journey among the lakes. This was the frequent recurrence of immense bogs or sponges, through which they had to wade in mud and water often up to the thighs, and full of leeches, which fastened upon the bared limbs of the travelers and could hardly be detached. This in the dry season. Later on, in the vicinity of Lakes Moero and Bangweolo and in the rainy season, the recurrence of these bogs presented an obstacle which only superhuman energy and determination could possibly have overcome.

The party, already diminished by the return of the sepoys, who had been sent back from Lake Nyassa, was made disastrously small by the desertion of the Johanna men. Some Arab traders brought word that the country beyond was full of fierce Mazitu, which news terrified these cowardly islanders exceedingly. Musa, their head man, although Livingstone assured him that he should make a circuit and avoid the Mazitu, could not be convinced. "His eyes fairly stood out with terror. When we started all the Johanna men walked off, leaving the goods on the ground." He did not consider their defection an unmixed evil.

“They have been such inveterate thieves that I am not sorry to get rid of them ; for, though my party is now inconveniently small, I could not trust them with flints in their guns nor allow them to remain behind, for their object was invariably to plunder their loads.”

That they might get their pay at Zanzibar, these men circulated a report of Livingstone's death which for a time spread dismay all over Europe and America. Their story was very circumstantial and plausible, detailing how Livingstone had crossed Lake Nyassa in a boat, and was pushing on westerly when a band of savages stopped the way ; how he had fired and killed two, but while reloading three Mafite had leaped upon him, one dealing him a blow with a battle-axe which nearly severed his head from his body ; how the Johanna men had fled into the jungle, but, returning at night, had found the body of their master, and dug a grave with sticks and buried it.

This story, at first believed, was doubted when it came to the ears of Mr. E. D. Young and Mr. Waller. The former had had dealings with Musa when on the Pioneer, and knew him to be an unmitigated liar, and Mr. Waller's experience of African traveling, and of Livingstone's habits in particular, led him to doubt the whole story. This doubt Sir Roderick Murchison shared, and the Geographical Society determined to send out a search expedition to ascertain the truth. Mr. E. D. Young (now of

the Livingstonia Mission) was put in command. A small steamer, the *Search*, was carried by sea to Zanzibar, there put together and launched, carrying the expedition to the foot of the Murchison Cataract, again taken to pieces and carried for twenty miles through the woods to the head of the falls, and again launched upon the upper waters of the Shiré. By this means the expedition reached Lake Nyassa, where they at once found people who had seen Livingstone, learned from them that he had not crossed the lake in boats, as Musa had reported—that no tidings of his death had been heard, but that the desertion of the Johanna men was well known. Having thus established the falsehood of the whole story, they returned to England without having seen Livingstone, who, all unaware of the stir he was creating, was slowly and painfully working his way into the interior. The nine men left in his party not being sufficient to carry all the goods, they were at the mercy of the chiefs, who furnished or refused porters at their own caprice. After keeping them waiting for days together in places where food was pitifully scarce, the porters would lead them astray to answer their own purposes. Often they had to go far out of their way in search of food. “Our course is like that of a vessel baffled with foul winds,” writes Livingstone. Sometimes they were obliged by sheer starvation to go forward without porters, leaving two men to guard the extra loads, and then returning to bring them on,

their ignorance of the path leading them through thorns which cut their feet, or through the disheartening sponges. Livingstone was constantly haunted by dreams of food from which he awoke only to suffer severe hunger.

“The people have nothing to sell but a little millet porridge and mushrooms. Woe is me! good enough to produce fine dreams of the roast beef of old England, but nothing else. I have become very thin, though I was so before, but now, if you weighed me” (he was writing to his son), “you might calculate very easily how much you could get for the bones. But we got a cow yesterday, and I am to get milk to-morrow.”

Even where game was abundant they could get none, for from the universal custom of trapping it in pitfalls it had become wary, and was never seen. Famine and “sponges” made all the men sick; Livingstone suffered severely from fever and sore feet. The New Year found them still south of the Chambeze, little more than halfway between the two lakes.

“We now end 1866,” he writes. “It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better, more gentle and loving; and may the Almighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass and prosper me! Let all the sins of '66 be blotted out for Jesus' sake! . . .

“*Jan. 1, 1867.*—May He who was full of grace

and truth impress his character on mine! Grace, eagerness to show favor, truthfulness, sincerity, honor,—for his mercy's sake!"

The rains now set in, and made traveling at first more comfortable, since the ground had been baked so hot that it was painful to walk upon except in the early hours of the day. But as the ill-health of the party made shelter necessary during rain, their progress was constantly delayed. A calamity which proved, from its consequences, to be the heaviest of Livingstone's whole life, now befell him. A guide decamped with the medicine-chest, which, from the care with which it was always carried and the vigilance with which it was watched, he no doubt thought contained something of exceeding value. This loss was like the sentence of death to the brave explorer. Remembering as he did how the like accident had cost Bishop Mackenzie his life, knowing the value of the remedies for fever which he had so often proved, it is no wonder that Livingstone felt prostrated by this blow. Without a doubt his life was shortened by it, and his remaining days made one long period of suffering for which he had no longer any means of relief.

Yet he has "a heart at leisure from itself" to enjoy and record the surpassing beauty of the country through which he is passing. He employs the hours of enforced leisure in working up his scientific observations and in completing a packet of letters, written all along the road, to send to the

coast by an Arab trader, opportunely met, whom the sultan's letter transforms into a kind friend.

At last, on the 28th of March, ill with rheumatic fever, with a pain in his chest and a ringing in his ears so loud that he cannot hear the ticking of his chronometers, he comes to the ridge overlooking the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, but is unable to go farther. Three days later he gathers strength to crawl to the summit of the ridge, and sees the bright water two thousand feet below him.

"On the 2d of April last," he writes to Lord Clarendon, "we reached the brim of the deep cup-like cavity in which the lake reposes. The descent is two thousand feet, and still the surface of the water is upward of twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The sides of the hollow are very steep, and sometimes the rocks run the whole two thousand feet sheer down to the water. . . . The scenery is extremely beautiful. The Acesy, a stream fifteen yards broad and thigh-deep, came down alongside our precipitous path, and formed cascades by leaping three hundred feet at a time. These, with the bright red of the clay schists among the green-wood trees, made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder."

"I never saw anything so still and peaceful as it lies all the morning," he wrote. "I feel deeply thankful at having got so far. I am very weak, cannot walk without tottering, and have constant ringing in the head, but the Highest will lead me farther."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WATERSHED.

LIVINGSTONE remained six weeks upon the shores of Lake Liemba (the southern portion of Tanganyika), "trying to pick up some flesh and strength," but hardly succeeding, since without medicine the fever took powerful hold upon him.

“After I had been a few days here,” he wrote, “I had a fit of insensibility, which shows the power of fever without medicine. I found myself floundering outside my hut and unable to get in; I tried to lift myself from my back by laying hold of two posts at the entrance, but when I got nearly upright I had to let them go, and fell back heavily on my head on a box. The boys had seen the wretched state I was in, and hung a blanket at the entrance of the hut, that no stranger might see my helplessness; some hours elapsed before I could recognize where I was.”

During this long illness a party of Arabs came into the country and inquired after him, but the natives, from a mistaken zeal for his safety, denied that he was there. This must have been very dis-

appointing to one to whom any news from the outer world, after two years of burial in African jungles, would have been as grateful as cold water to the thirsting; but understanding the motive which had prompted the natives, he felt no irritation. In the same friendly spirit they refused him boats for the navigation of the lake: there were hostile chiefs beyond who would do him mischief. He was burning with eagerness to explore the lake to its northern extremity, but since this was impossible in the unsettled state of the country, he turned away westward, hoping to find that the chain of lakes which he had heard of in that direction was connected with Tanganyika, and that he might approach it by the connecting river.

In the country of Chitimbo, a chief whose dominions were west of Tanganyika, he found a large company, six hundred in number, of native or Suaheli Arabs, a race which has been in Africa for many centuries, and whose head-quarters are in the region which Livingstone was now exploring. As their principal business is the trade in slaves and ivory, they are perpetually involved in difficulties with the native tribes, and the whole region is unsettled and very unsafe in consequence. This explains why Livingstone from this time was obliged more or less to depart from his rule of never traveling in the company of slave-traders. With his small party it was necessary for him at times to attach himself to some more powerful force, and he

thought it right to make use of the sultan's letter to gain him the protection of the Arab chiefs, without which the country would have been utterly closed to him. Still, he never in any way identified himself with them, always keeping his little band apart, even to such an extent that they were often starving while their Arab companions had abundant food. He won their love, however, as he did the love of every one he met, and occasional gifts of dainties from his Arab friends rendered his coarse and scanty fare more nearly endurable.

The Arabs at Chitimbo's were involved in difficulties with Nsamo, the native chief through whose dominions lay the road to Lake Moero (to the west), now the object of Livingstone's journey, and he was advised to remain with them until peace was made. The unwritten law of the country being that whoever brought goods into it must be protected, Nsamo was undoubtedly wrong in attacking the Arabs, though doubtless there had been blame on both sides, and certainly the Arabs were making the feud the excuse for a plundering foray.

There was no help for Livingstone but in patience. Patience, indeed, he needed, for he was detained for three months and a half. "While the peace-makers are gone I am employing time in reading Smith's *Bible Dictionary* and calculating different positions which have stood over in traveling. I do not succeed well in the Baulungu dialect."

Peace was finally cemented by the ceremony of "blood-brotherhood" between the parties and the marriage of Hamees, the principal Arab, with Nsamu's beautiful daughter, and Livingstone was permitted to set out, having previously lightened his baggage by sending a package of books and clothes to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, to await his return thither. He was thus enabled to dispense with porters, and being in company with a party of Arabs might hope soon to accomplish his expedition.

The long period of inaction, however, had been very unfavorable to the health of the party, as was invariably the case. The journey to Lake Moero was a constant repetition of the old story—delays from illness, from the punctilious observance of etiquette among the petty chiefs, from the laziness of the Arab escort, always bolstered up by divination upon the Koran; difficulties from rapid rivers, to be forded often by swimming, from "sponges" to be waded through, from dissensions among the escort, from want of food. In the midst of it all, when so nearly starving that he writes again and again that he would not mind how badly a mess of food tasted if only he could have enough, Livingstone found solace in meditations upon the watershed and in observing the beauty of the country and the picturesque appearance of the party.

"These valleys along which we travel are beautiful. Green is the prevailing color, but the clumps of trees assume a great variety of forms,

and often remind one of English park-scenery. The long line of slaves and carriers brought up by their Arab employers adds life to the scene; they are in three bodies and number four hundred and fifty in all. Each party has a guide with a flag, and when that is planted all that company stops till it is lifted and a drum is beaten and a kudu's horn sounded. One party is headed by about a dozen leaders dressed with fantastic headgear of feathers and beads, red cloth on the bodies and skins cut into strips and twisted: they take their places in line, the drum beats, the horn sounds harshly, and all fall in."

At last, on the 8th of November, they reached the northern end of the hitherto unvisited Lake Moero.

"Lake Moero seems of goodly size, and is flanked by ranges of mountains on the east and west. Its banks are of coarse sand, and slope gradually down to the water. Outside these banks stands a thick belt of tropical vegetation, in which fishermen build their huts. . . .

"The point of most interest in Lake Moero is that it forms one of a chain of lakes connected by a river some five hundred miles in length. First of all, the Chambesi rises in the country of Mambwe, north-east of Molembe. It then flows south-west and west till it reaches latitude 11° S. and longitude 29° E., where it forms Lake Bemba or Bangweolo; emerging thence, it assumes the new

name, Luapula, and comes down here to fall into Moero. On going out of this lake it is known by the name Lualaba as it flows north-west in Rua to form another lake, with many islands, called Urengé or Ulengé. Beyond this information is not positive as to whether it enters Tanganyika or another lake beyond that." *

These remarks give the first hint of the subject which occupied Dr. Livingstone's mind during the remainder of his life; the explorations to which it impelled him undoubtedly shortened his days. We have seen how the subject of the watershed of Africa had interested him for many years, not as a purely scientific problem, but as bearing directly upon all those questions of climate, productions and tribal relations which his far-reaching mind perceived to have connection with the grand problem of the evangelization of Africa. Now, upon reaching these inland lakes, he felt that he was upon the verge of an answer to all the questionings of many years. Without a doubt, the great rivers Congo, Nile and Zambesi had their rise not far from this region. *Where* they rose was a question which the whole

* Subsequent explorations seem to prove that Lake Tanganyika has an intermitting outlet. At its north-western end a river carries off its surplus waters when they have reached a sufficient height. When this outflow has lowered the level of the lake, herbage and shrubbery spring up and choke the river-bed, until a subsequent rise renews the stream, which flows into the Congo, and by it to the Atlantic Ocean. The waters of this lake do not go into the Nile.

scientific world was waiting breathlessly to have answered. It was for this that the Geographical Society had given him their support; it was this which his dearest friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, was most deeply interested in learning. Bright visions of the glory which would surround his name should he discover the utmost source of the Nile floated before him. He longed intensely for the discovery, not because he coveted the glory for himself, but because he believed that could he but add this prestige to his name, then, then indeed, after all his futile efforts to obtain a hearing, the world would stand and listen to his pleadings for Africa; then might he hope that the shackles would be struck from fettered limbs, the veil be rent away from darkened souls, and Africa at last go free.

In the strength of this inspiration he suddenly relinquished his project of going eastward to Ujiji for the fresh supplies which he had ordered to be sent there, and resolved to push on to Lake Bangweolo. "I am so tired of exploration without a word from home or anywhere else for two years that I must go to Ujiji for letters before doing anything else," he had but lately written; and indeed he was already well on his eastward way, but the thought of what might be discovered would not let him rest, and he turned again toward the south-west.

This step, which seems almost reckless in view

of his impoverished condition and suffering health, was made justifiable by the information which he received that it would be impossible to reach Lake Tanganyika during the rainy season, now close at hand. He had gone as far east as the domains of a powerful chief, Casembe, a brutal creature, who cut off his people's ears and hands at the slightest provocation, but who was kindly to strangers, or at least to Livingstone. An Arab trader, Mohamad Bogharib, lately arrived on his way to the lake, proposed that he should join his party, and "presented a meal of vermicelli, oil and honey, also cassava-meal cooked so as to resemble a sweetmeat." He had not tasted honey or sugar since he left Lake Nyassa in September, 1866, and the kindness touched him deeply; but he could not listen to the Arab's persuasions to remain at Casembe's till after the rainy season.

It was necessary, however, to have Casembe's permission to depart, as, according to the laws of African etiquette, he could not procure food for the journey till this was given. While waiting the chief's good pleasure he spent the time in writing letters, reports and despatches, and in endeavoring to persuade Casembe to give up the trade in slaves. He also explored the north-eastern shores of Lake Moero, and attempted, though in vain, to visit the mountains of Rua, where, as he learned, there was a city of underground houses or caves cut out of the hillside, twenty miles long, with a river flowing

through a street in the middle, to which the natives retreated in time of war, and which, they said, had not been built by man, but God. This city he afterward tried to reach from another direction, but without success.

The year closed without his having received the desired permission, but severe illness made the delay hardly to be regretted. "I have had nothing but coarsely-ground sorghum-meal for some time back, and am weak. I used to be the first in the line of march, and am now the last. Mohamad presented a meal of finely-ground porridge and a fowl, and I immediately felt the difference, though I was not grumbling at my coarse dishes. It is well I did not go to Bangweolo Lake, for it is now very unhealthy to the natives, and I fear that without medicine continual wettings by fording rivulets might have knocked me up altogether." And then, a little later, comes the New Year's prayer: "*Jan. 1, 1868.*—Almighty Father, forgive the sins of the past year, for thy Son's sake. Help me to be more profitable during this year. If I am to die this year, prepare me for it."

His dread of the swamps of Bangweolo was but too prophetic.

On the 12th of April, after six months of detention, which would have been exasperating to any one who had not learned in every event to see the hand of a loving Providence, the long-delayed permission to depart was given. The road to Tangan-

yika was by this time open; letters and provisions awaited him there, but he now felt as if put upon his mettle, and determined that neither chiefs nor traders should balk him of his enterprise. At the very moment of starting an unexpected difficulty arose: his men refused to go.

“I did not blame them very severely in my own mind for absconding; they were tired of tramping, and so verily am I;” and then he adds, with his characteristic gentleness, “Consciousness of my own defects makes me lenient.”

Finally, five of them consented to go on, but then Mohamad's course led him out of the direct road, and it was not until the 11th of June that their faces were really turned southward. The difficulties of the way were excessive—frequent rivers and almost impassable bogs, with hunger, sickness, and now the want of shoes, added to all the rest.

The bogs, or sponges, which were worse around Lake Bangweolo than elsewhere, now suggested an idea to Livingstone which almost repaid him for the misery of wading through them. These bogs were immense springy tracts, covered by three or four feet of decayed vegetation, which when the rains came was immediately converted into a sort of soft black slush. In regions so near the equator as this there are two rainy seasons in the year. “All the pools in the lower portion of this spring-course are filled by the first rains, which happen south of the equator whenever the sun goes verti-

cally over any spot. The second or greater rains happen in his course north again, when, all the bogs and river-courses being wet, the supply runs off and forms the inundation."

With his usual quickness to see the guiding hand of his heavenly Father, he found reason for gratitude that he had been so long delayed at Casembe's, for had he come to the lake after the "latter rains" he felt sure that he could never have waded through the sponges. All the sufferings and patience of nearly a year were fully rewarded at last by the discovery of the lake, which he records in these quiet words:

"*July 17-18, 1868.*—Reached the chief village of Mapuni, near the north bank of Bangweolo. On the 18th I walked a little way out, and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither."

CHAPTER XXV.

BANGWEOLO TO UJIJI.

THE first business was to explore the lake. To get boats for this purpose it was necessary to propitiate the chief. Livingstone's goods were all expended—a fathom of calico was the most that he could spare—but the chief was gracious, and said that seeing his goods were done he would say nothing. The time for a formal reception was appointed.

“I asked him if he had ever seen any one like me, and he said, ‘Never.’ A Babisa traveler asked me why I had come so far. I said I wished to make the country and people better known to the rest of the world; that we were all children of one Father, and I was anxious that we should know each other better, and that friendly visits could be made in safety. I told him what the queen had done to encourage the growth of cotton on the Zambesi, and how we had been thwarted by slave-traders and their abettors. They were pleased with this. When asked, I showed them my note-book, watch, compass, burning-glass, and was loudly drummed home.”

He was obliged to remain here some time to take lunar observations and determine the position of the lake. He improved the opportunity to show the people the Bible and tell them something of its contents.

Permission to explore the lake was given, but canoe-men were extortionate. In fact, they were afraid. Lake Bangweolo is a vast inland sea one hundred and fifty miles long by eighty broad, and these were not very skillful mariners, using their canoes mostly to punt about from village to village over the submerged sponges during the flood-time. However, after a fortnight's delay they got off, cruising about from island to island till they had traversed a small section of the lake. Further than that they would not go, but Livingstone ascertained from universal testimony, as well as from his scientific observations, that the Chambeze did flow into the lake, and saw the Luapula flowing out of it as large a river as the Thames at London.

On the 3d of July he left the lake, being anxious to overtake Mohamad Bogharib before his start for Ujiji, as the country in that direction was in a state of war. He reached him in a few days, but found all in his camp turmoil and panic. The Arabs had taken Casembe's part against the fierce Mazitu, and now Casembe, fearing that the Arabs were growing too powerful, had turned against them. In the confusion Livingstone was mistaken by one of the allied tribes for an Arab.

“I was surrounded by a party of furious Imbohwa. A crowd stood within fifteen or twenty yards, with spears poised and arrows set in the bowstrings, and some took aim at me. . . . One good soul helped us away: a blessing be on him and his!”

Finally, the two principal Arabs, Mohamad and Syde bin Habib, found it necessary to unite their forces and effect a retreat to Tanganyika, and Livingstone could do nothing better than join them. Traveling through a hostile country with great hordes of slaves and vast quantities of copper and ivory was a terrible affair. The carriers had to pass over every step of the way four times to bring up the property by relays. Stockades had to be erected every night for safety. Slaves were perpetually escaping, and involving them in fresh difficulties with the neighboring tribes. All these troubles were added to the usual fatigues of travel, the exposure, the poverty, the starvation, the want of shoes. Though the Arabs were very kind, he had no goods to buy food with, and was tantalized with a constant longing. “It was amusing,” he said, “to find myself dreaming of being in Mivart’s Hotel. Sorry amusement for a starving man!”

It is needless to repeat that every delay was turned to good account. The voluminous papers which were brought home with his body after death give some idea of how these delays were employed, but enough has already been said on this subject. Un-

til the pen dropped from his dying hand neither hand nor brain was ever idle.

The three men who had refused to go on with him came back to him repentant on his return to Casembe's, and were taken again into his service with the generous reflection, in extenuation of their conduct, "More enlightened people often take advantage of men in similar circumstances: I have faults myself."

At last, on the 11th of December they are safely through the war-country and fairly on the way to Ujiji—"a motley group, composed of Mohamad and his friends, a gang of Unyamwesé hangers-on, and strings of wretched slaves yoked together in their heavy slave-sticks. Some carry ivory, others copper or food for the march, while hope and fear, misery and villainy, may be read off the various faces that pass in line out of this country, like a serpent dragging its accursed folds away from the victim it has paralyzed with its accursed fangs." *

The Christmas festival was a sorry one. "We can buy nothing except the very coarsest food—not a goat or fowl—while Syde, having plenty of copper, can get all the luxuries." On the last day of the year he was obliged to wade the river Lofuku in a pelting rain, and had no clothes for changing. "Scenery very lovely," he remarks characteristically, but the next few entries in the journal tell their own story.

* Horace Waller, editor of Livingstone's *Last Journals*.

“*Jan. 1, 1869.*—I have been wet times without number, but the wetting of yesterday was once too often. I felt very ill, but fearing that the Lofuku might flood, I resolved to cross it. Cold up to the waist, which made me worse, but I went on for two hours and a half east.

“*Jan. 3.*—I marched one hour, but I found I was too ill to go farther. . . . We crossed a rill and built sheds, but I lost count of the week and month after this. Very ill all over.

“*About Jan. 7.*—Cannot walk. Pneumonia of right lung, and I cough all day and all night; sputa, rust of iron and bloody; distressing weakness. Ideas flow through the mind with great rapidity and vividness. . . . I saw myself lying dead on the way to Ujiji, and all the letters I expected there useless. When I think of my children and friends the lines ring through my head perpetually—

‘I shall look into your faces,
And listen what you say,
And be often very near you
When you think I’m far away.’

“*Jan. 8-9.*—Mohamad Bogharib offered to carry me. I am so weak I can scarcely speak. . . . This is the first time in my life I have been carried in illness, but I cannot raise myself to the sitting posture. . . . Great distress in coughing all night long; feet swelled and sore. I am carried four hours each day on a *kitanda* or frame like a cot; carried eight

hours one day. . . . Sixteen days of illness. May be 23d of January; it is the fifth of the lunar month. . . . Mohamad is very kind to me in my extreme weakness, but carriage is painful: head down and feet up alternate with head up and feet down; jolted up and down and sideways; changing shoulders involves a toss from one side to the other of the kitanda. The sun is vertical, blistering any part of the skin exposed, and I try to shelter my face and head as well as I can with a bunch of leaves, but it is dreadfully fatiguing in my weakness."

On the 14th of February they reached the western shore of Lake Tanganyika. Then came a delay in getting canoes to cross the lake. It was twelve days before they could embark, and then they were obliged to creep along from islet to islet, often detained on the larger ones by the will of the people who lived on them.

"Patience was never more needed than now. I am near Ujiji, but the slaves who paddle are tired; and no wonder. They keep up a roaring song at their work night and day. I expect to get medicine, food and milk at Ujiji, but dawdle and do nothing." And then, though he is often too ill to write more than two lines at a time, come little notes of the habits of the lake birds and fishes, or theories drawn from the flow of the waters.

At last, worn and weary, he arrives at Ujiji, on the east side of Lake Tanganyika, only to meet

fresh disappointment. Most of the goods he had sent for, his letters and papers, had been left at Unyanyembe, the halfway station between Ujiji and the coast. Those which had been brought on had been unmercifully plundered by the Arab in charge. How cruel was this blow to a man who for years had been starving for news from home, and hardly less for suitable food! Not one word from home—not an ounce of medicine! The Arab who had enriched himself by plundering his goods had even the assurance to demand pay for all the time he had been waiting, and made endless trouble between him and the Ujiji people.

These last, Livingstone found, were a very bad set. "This is a den of the worst kind of slave-traders. Those whom I met in Urungu and Itawa were gentlemen slavers;* the Ujiji slavers, like the Kilwa and Portuguese, are the vilest of the vile. It is not a trade, but a system of consecutive murders." So well aware were they of their own enormities that they refused to permit his letters to go to the coast, lest he should expose their iniquities. Though an Arab trader finally consented to carry them, yet not one of the whole forty which he had written at such heavy cost of strength reached its destination.

* Though they appeared such by contrast and by their kindness to him, yet he afterward found reason to change his opinion, and to revert to his former view that slave-trading was invariably corrupting in its influences—utterly and entirely

A letter which he soon afterward found means to send to the sultan of Zanzibar gives an account of his losses and details his future plans:

“I beg the assistance of your authority to prevent a fresh stock of goods for which I now send to Zanzibar being plundered in the same way. Had it been the loss of ten or twelve pieces of cloth only, I should not have presumed to trouble Your Highness about the loss; but sixty-two pieces or gorahs out of eighty, besides beads, is like cutting a man’s throat. If one or two guards of good character could be sent by you, no one would plunder the *pagasi* next time.

“I wish also to hire twelve or fifteen good freemen to act as canoe-men or porters, or in any other capacity that may be required. I shall be greatly obliged if you appoint one of your gentlemen who knows the country to select that number, and give them and their head man a charge as to their behavior. If they know that you wish them to behave well, it will have great effect. I wish to go down Tanganyika through Luanda and Chowambe, and past the river Karagwe, which falls into Lake Chowambe, then come back to Ujiji, visit Manyuema and Rua, and then return to Zanzibar, where I hope to see Your Highness in the enjoyment of health and happiness.”

The plan which Livingstone here detailed was laid down with a view to establish the connection between Lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza.

If after that he could prove that the Lualaba emptied into Tanganyika, he would have proved the Chambeze to be the source of the Nile.

All these conjectures were erroneous, as we now know, but the mistake was by no means a strange one, for although the natives all insisted that Tanganyika had no outlet, yet Livingstone saw, in its decided northward current and in the freshness of the water, positive indications that they were mistaken. All inland seas without outlet are salt from the process of evaporation. If Tanganyika had no outlet, then it was an exception to the universal law. When Dr. Livingstone ascertained, as he afterward did, that the river Lusize at the northern end of the lake ran into, not out of it, he conjectured that the lake had a subterranean outlet.*

None of his conjectures could, however, at this time be decided, for there had lately been a war in the north, and not for love or money could he get men who were to be depended on to go with him. He therefore resolved to go north-west through Manyuema to the Lualaba, explore it upward to the Rua country, where the celebrated cave-dwellings were, ascertain the position of the lakes of

* The latest explorations seem to prove that Lake Tanganyika has near its northern end an intermittent outlet. The river by which its surplus waters flow into the Congo, having drained the lake to a certain level, ceases to flow, becomes filled by vegetation, and closed until a rise in the lake breaks it open afresh. Thus the contradictory evidence of travelers can be reconciled.

which the natives had told him, and then return to carry out the first part of his plan.

The Manyema were reported to be cannibals, but Livingstone was inclined to discredit the story. At any rate, the idea of going where the slave-traders had never been, even though among cannibals, was pleasant. Nearly four years of constant association with the slave-trade had made any savagery inviting by contrast. To Manyema, then, he prepared to go.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SLAVE-TRADERS AND CANNIBALS.

LIVINGSTONE was disappointed in his hopes of escaping the slave-trade. Rumors of the vast quantities of ivory lying waste in Manyuema had begun to stir the Arab mind, and Mohamad Bogharib was fitting out an expedition. As Mohamad had been Livingstone's very good friend on his travels, and as his character shone in a very favorable light in the midst of that "den of slaves," Ujiji, Livingstone decided to go with him as far as the Lualaba, forty days' march, as he had been told, where he expected to procure canoes to explore the river in both directions.

On the 10th of July, 1869, they set out, crossing the lake in boats, and then striking westward. Livingstone was still very weak; every hill made him pant distressingly, and fever soon returned upon him. It is unnecessary to say that neither religious services, nor scientific observations, nor even his delightful studies of Nature, were discontinued on these accounts.

Before they had penetrated through Manyuema he learned from observations of the streams which

were known to be tributaries of the Lualaba that they were already below the level of Tanganyika, and that one part of his theory was certainly disproved. Still, as he was everywhere assured that the Lualaba flowed north-east, he thought it might still make its way into Albert Nyanza. At any rate, since the *truth* was more to him than any theory, however fascinating, he would push on.

“The object of my expedition,” he wrote to his son Thomas, “is the discovery of the sources of the Nile. Had I known all the hardships, toil and time involved, . . . I should have let the sources ‘rin by’ to Egypt, and never have been made ‘drumly’ by plashing through them. But I shall make this country and people better known. . . . By different agencies the great Ruler is bringing all things into a focus. . . . The day for Africa is yet to come.”

Of the Manyuema country he thus writes :

“I am in the Manyuema country, about one hundred and fifty miles west of Ujiji, and at the town of Moenekoos or Moenékuss, a principal chief among the reputed cannibals. His name means ‘Lord of the light-gray parrot with the red tail,’ which abounds here, and he points away still farther west to the country of the real cannibals. His people laugh and say, ‘Yes, we eat the flesh of men,’ and, should they see the inquirer to be credulous, enter into particulars. . . . They showed me the skull of one recently devoured. . . . It was the skull of a

gorilla, here called *soko*, and this they do eat. . . . Eating sokos or gorillas must have been a step in the process of teaching them to eat men. The sight of a soko nauseates me. He is so hideously ugly I can conceive no other use for him than sitting for a portrait of Satan.”

The people were very friendly at first, and interested in Livingstone's teachings. “Two very fine young men came to visit me to-day. After putting several preparatory inquiries as to where our country lay, etc., they asked whether people died with us, and where they went after death. ‘Who kills them? Have you no *buanga* (charm) against death?’ It is not necessary to answer such questions except in a land never visited by strangers. . . . I told them that we prayed to the great Father, Mulunga, and he hears us all: they thought this to be natural.”

Having been detained by fever until November, Livingstone pushed on, crossing many large rivers, all of which flowed into the Lualaba, and delighted with the surpassing beauty of the country. “Palms crown the highest heights of the mountains, and their gracefully-bended fronds wave beautifully in the wind; and the forests, usually about five miles broad, between groups of villages, are indescribable. Climbers of cable size in great numbers are hung among the gigantic trees; many unknown wild fruits abound, some the size of a child's head, and strange birds and monkeys are everywhere.”

By this time the Arabs, having performed the ceremony of blood-brotherhood with Moenékuss, and sworn eternal friendship, were swarming all over the country, committing ravages of every kind in the pursuit of slaves and ivory. Very naturally, Livingstone was often mistaken for one of them, and when, at last, with great difficulty, he had penetrated to within ten miles of the Lualaba, he could get no farther. The natives collected around him armed with spears, refused canoes for the passage of the Luamo, here two hundred yards wide and very deep, and forced him to retreat to Bambarré, glad to get away without actual war.

In a few days he set out again, taking a more northerly direction, hoping to strike the Lualaba at another point. His spirits, in spite of his reverses, are as buoyant as ever. "I have to go down and see where the two arms unite," he writes to Sir Roderick Murchison—"the lost city Meroë ought to be there—then get back to Ujiji to get a supply of goods which I have ordered from Zanzibar; turn bankrupt after I secure them, and let my creditors catch me if they can, as I finish up by going round outside and south of all the sources. . . . I have still a seriously long task before me. Of this I am sure: my friends will all wish me to make a complete work of it before I leave, and in their wish I join."

The New Year found him ill with fever, pushing on toward the river, with the prayer, "May

the Almighty help me to finish the work in hand, and retire through the Basango before the year is out!"

The people were civil, but not always willing to sell food. The constant rains brought on choleraic symptoms and excessive weakness. On reaching Katomba's camp (February 7th), "quite knocked up and exhausted," he was obliged to go into winter quarters until June. While here he heard with deep gratitude of Mr. Young's search expedition. Meanwhile, the Arabs continued their forays in every direction, getting into quarrels on the slightest pretexts—"forty Manyuema killed and nine villages burned" in one instance, "and all about a single string of beads"—and making the country so unsafe that when at last he was able to set out his people were afraid to go.

With only three attendants, Susi, Chuma and Gardner, he set out, passing through many villages and crossing many streams—"fourteen in one day, some thigh-deep"—which made his feet sore. Narrowly escaping being involved in the feuds between the natives and slavers, and disheartened by the news that the Lualaba was not where he expected to find it, but flowed away to the south-west in a great bend, he was finally brought to a stand. "For the first time in my life my feet failed me, and now, having but three attendants, it would have been unwise to go farther in that direction. Instead of healing quietly, as heretofore when torn

by hard travel, irritable, eating ulcers fastened on both feet. . . . The wailing of the slaves tortured with these sores is one of the night-sounds of a slave-camp. They eat through everything—muscle, tendon and bone—and often lame perpetually if they do not kill the poor things.” In such a pitiable state he limped back to Bamarré, arriving on the 22d of July.

For eighty days he lay in his hut racked with pain and fever—enduring sharper sufferings from the iniquities of those with whom he was in a measure associated—trying to teach the benighted people the beautiful gospel of peace, gathering information from the stories of the natives and the reports the traders brought back from their several journeys, revolving the great Nile problem in his mind, reading his Bible, communing with his God, exercising patience. “Patience is all I can exercise: these irritable ulcers hedge me in now, as did my attendants in June, but it will all be for the best, for it is in Providence, and not in me.”

And then he indulges in flattering dreams: “I dream of discovering some monumental relics of Meroë; and if anything confirmatory of sacred history does remain, I pray to be guided thereunto. If the sacred chronology would thereby be confirmed, I would not grudge the toil and hardships, hunger and pain, I have endured; the irritable ulcers would only be discipline.” His journals barely allude to his sufferings, being filled

with whatever scraps of valuable information he can pick up; but here and there is a word which speaks volumes of repressed suffering—of suffering, but not of conflict. The days when he agonized in the struggle between faith and despair, pleading for Africa in one word and grasping the strong promises of God in the next, are over, for the victory of faith is his already.

“I read the Bible through four times while in Manyuema.” Thus he wrote a year after while looking back upon that time. Who of us, even what most ardent Bible-lover, can realize what the Book of books was to that lonely soul?

On the 10th of October he was able to leave his hut, but hearing that a caravan was on the way out from the coast, probably bringing letters to him, he decided to wait for it. “I am in agony for news from home,” he wrote. But the delay was far longer than he had anticipated, and one that his feeble state and impoverished condition could ill bear. “I long with intense desire to move on and finish my work; I have also an excessive wish to find anything that may exist proving the visit of the great Moses and the ancient kingdom of Tirkaka, but I pray give me just what pleases thee, my Lord, and make me submissive to thy will in all things.”

The year drags slowly on. “I groan and am in bitterness at the delay, but thus it is. I pray for help to do what is right, but sorely I am perplexed, and grieve and moan. I cannot give up making

complete work of the exploration." But he begins to suspect that his letters have been destroyed, and that no answers will be forthcoming.

Toward the end of January the caravan arrived, but the men and goods which had been sent to him had stopped in Ujiji. A week later he hears that a detachment of these men are approaching, and rejoices at the news. Alas! of forty despatches but one arrived! The rest had been destroyed or lost.

If the men had lost themselves, less harm would have been done. They proved to be an utterly worthless lot. Instead of being freemen, as he had distinctly directed, they were slaves—slaves too of Bauians, English subjects! They began by trying to force him to return to Ujiji, and when Mohamad interfered to prevent that, they would only go on upon a promise of higher wages. The two head men were in Ujiji reveling on his goods, of which they had been put in charge.

But he was on foot again after so many months, and ascertained that the Lualaba flowed west instead of north. Though it might take another turn, he was prepared to learn, after all his pains, that it was the Congo. The slave-trade was more horrible than ever. "I am heart-sore and sick of human blood." His men are a ceaseless trial; mutinies, delays, treachery, thefts, are the constant experience, until he begins to doubt whether the divine favor is still his. Then he arrives in Nyangwe, on the longed-for

Lualaba. The river is a mighty one, three thousand yards broad and very deep. No boats can be obtained: the traders do not wish him to go farther, preaching against their trade, and circulate false reports of his intentions: "He does not wish slaves or ivory, but a canoe in order to murder the Man-yuema." His men play into the traders' hands, who are here in full force under one Dugumbé.

Day after day negotiations for canoes are begun, only to be broken off. From week to week he is cheated with promises and postponements, while the traders get boats and go away by dozens on their nefarious business. His paper and ink are gone by this time, and the journals of the period are written across the print of old newspapers with ink made from the bark of a tree. When brought to England they are deciphered with difficulty, by his daughter and friend, with the help of a magnifying-glass; and this is how we have the record of his "dreary waiting" and of all the interesting facts which he never fails to gather up, no matter how heart-sore.

His men make a plot to murder him, which he discovers, and is upon the point of disbanding them and going on foot through the mud with only his faithful three, when they promise better things and he gives them a new trial. And then comes news which strengthens his faith in the Providence that had guided him hitherto. The traders, going down the river in the boats he could not get, had unex-

pectedly come upon rapids; a canoe had been overturned and five lives lost. Had he been there his would have been the first canoe. He gratefully remembers now that he had been foiled in his wish to descend the Luamo, for he hears that there are great cataracts there. "We do not always know the dangers we are guided past."

The people of Nyangwe begin to love and trust him, in spite of misrepresentations, and he goes about among them fulfilling as best he may the great object of his mission, when a terrible event occurs which makes it impossible for him evermore to go a step with slave-traders. A fearful massacre of women, men and children by Dugumbé's men takes place on a fair June morning as they are peaceably assembled in the market. Hundreds are shot down, drowned or dragged away into captivity. To Livingstone the horrors of that morning were indescribable. They gave him the impression of being in hell. There was nothing for him now but to turn back and approach the river from some other point, the labor and suffering of twenty-one months all thrown away.

Three days later he was on his way to Ujiji, ill, baffled, tried, "almost every step a pain," among burning villages and an exasperated people. Three times in one day he was saved from death by unseen assassins as by a miracle; for five hours he ran the gauntlet of vindictive spearmen, who took him for Mohamad Bogharib. "The Lord is good,

a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knows them that trust in him."

He was very ill—able only to make the briefest entries in his diary. Frequent choleraic attacks had caused the intestinal canal to give way, and constant hæmorrhages weakened him. Still he pushed on, though he felt as if dying on his feet. At last, in October, starving, feeble, exhausted, with bleeding feet and nerveless frame, he tottered into Ujiji.

Here surely he would find food, comforts, rest. Alas! it was too cruel! Every article of all the property sent to him from Zanzibar had been squandered by the wretches who had it in charge. He was reduced to utter beggary. "This is distressing," he simply says, and compares himself to the man who fell among thieves, but without hope of a Good Samaritan.

Yet the good hand of his God was still upon him. The Good Samaritan was not far off. First came an Arab with a friendly offer, but Livingstone, remembering a few old goods which he had left there years before, prefers to decline his aid, since these will save him from extreme want for a little while. To this poor comfort he was about to turn when Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, "An Englishman! I see him!" and darted off to meet him. The Good Samaritan had arrived.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

“IT was Henry Moreland Stanley, the traveling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., at an expense of two hundred thousand dollars, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend, the proof that Her Majesty’s government had not forgotten me in voting one thousand pounds for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema.” Thus characteristically Livingstone records the arrival of his deliverer, passing at once from thoughts of his own rescue to the interests of the world at large.

To tell the story of Stanley’s coming is to relate

the history of another of those wonderful providences which had encompassed Livingstone's whole life. What should have brought the young American newspaper correspondent into the depths of Africa in search of the lost traveler? Whence came the wise discernment that saw in him the wonderful adaptability which was essential to his success? God, whose are all the powers and resources of men, who can make of any one of them the instrument to execute his will, had seen fit to bring the business-zeal of a newspaper publisher, distant by half the world's circumference, to the help of his beloved servant. The proprietor of the *Herald* no doubt did himself injustice when he said it was not philanthropy but pure business enterprise which prompted him to send out Stanley. The world wanted to know where Livingstone was, and it was the business of a great journal to find out. No doubt he did himself injustice, but the ruling hand of God was in it all.

The commission thus given to Stanley was executed with wonderful forethought and success. Arriving at Zanzibar in January, 1871, he made his preparations with a discrimination and celerity which would have been wonderful in a more experienced traveler. By the beginning of March one hundred and ninety-two persons had started from Zanzibar in five caravans, with "bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking-pots, tents, etc.," which made Livingstone think, when he saw them

approaching, "This must be a luxurious traveler, and not one at his wits' end like me."

Stanley had indeed been nearly at his wits' end more than once; he had surmounted all the ordinary difficulties incident to African travel, but when fever deprived him of his senses for nearly a fortnight, and again when he found himself taking sides with the Arabs in a war with the natives, in hope of restoring peace the sooner, he was in a sorry case. He realized his mistake when the Arabs, being defeated, made off and left him to get out of trouble as best he could; but he *did* succeed in getting out with all his goods and men, and in making his way through the disturbed country to Ujiji, little thinking to find Livingstone so soon. He was surprised enough to see the excitement his arrival was creating, and to hear one voice after another accosting him in English. They were Susi and Chuma, and behind them came one whom, though he had never seen, he recognized at once.

"As I advanced slowly toward him," says Mr. Stanley, "I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately



Stanley meets Livingstone.

up to him, took off my hat and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'—'Yes,' said he with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly. I replace my hat on my head and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud, 'I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.' He answered, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.'"

Stanley could never remember a word of the conversation that followed. "I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me. . . . Oh, reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! Had you been there to see and hear! His lips gave me the details—lips that never lie."

To Livingstone that first interview brought new life—not merely the news that Stanley had to tell, but the sight of a kindred face, the sound of his native tongue, unheard for long years except in the broken speech of his attendants or in his own cries to God. The look of affection, the thrill of mutual sympathy,—who can tell what refreshment they brought to the man who *for six years* had been shut out from the sight of a friend?

The news from Europe was exciting indeed—that

from the coast had an unpleasant interest of its own. Stanley had seen a caravan at Bagamoio, which ought to have reached Livingstone four months before his own arrival. The letter-bag he had forced the carrier to bring on in his company, but for the remainder of his property Livingstone was finally obliged to go to Unyanyembe to gather up such fragments as his rapacious carriers had left him—a significant commentary on the thoroughness of Stanley's arrangements as compared with those of Dr. Kirk, the experienced African traveler, Livingstone's friend and "brother" English consul at Zanzibar, who had Livingstone's affairs in charge.

To say that a warm love grew up between Livingstone and Stanley is but faintly to describe the feeling which united them. Why should not that loving heart have leaped from its long loneliness to embrace the ardent youth who had braved such dangers for his sake? And when did Livingstone ever fail to win the devoted allegiance of one who knew him? Stanley's record of the impression made on him by Livingstone is a beautiful one:

// "I defy any one to be in his society long without thoroughly fathoming him, for in him there is no guile, and what is apparent on the surface is the thing that is in him. . // Dr. Livingstone is about sixty years old, though after he was restored to health he looked like a man who had not passed his fiftieth year. His hair has a brownish color

yet, but is here and there streaked with gray lines over the temples; his beard and moustaches are very gray. His eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright; he has a sight as keen as a hawk's. . . . When walking he has a firm but heavy tread, like that of an overworked or fatigued man. He is accustomed to wear a naval cap with a semicircular peak, by which he has been identified through Africa. His dress, when I first saw him, exhibited traces of patching and repairing, but was scrupulously clean. . . .

“You may take any point in Dr. Livingstone's character and analyze it carefully, and I would challenge any man to find a fault in it. His gentleness never forsakes him; his hopefulness never deserts him; no harassing anxieties, distraction of mind, long separation from home and kindred, can make him complain. He thinks ‘all will come out right at last,’ he has such faith in the goodness of Providence.”

“He came with the true American characteristic generosity,” wrote Livingstone of Stanley. “The tears often started into my eyes on every fresh proof of kindness. My appetite returned, and I ate three or four times a day, instead of scanty meals morning and evening.”

Livingstone did not know until Stanley brought him word what an immense stir his theories about Lake Tanganyika and the sources of the Nile had created in the scientific world. Sir Roderick was

especially excited on the subject. If anything had been wanting to stimulate Livingstone to brave the hardships of his task until the end, it was the knowledge that Sir Roderick felt so deep an interest in it. It was decided that a thorough exploration of Lake Tanganyika should be made at once at Stanley's expense. This exploration proved to Livingstone that the lake had no visible connection with the Nile system.

And now comes the moment for a most important decision. Should Livingstone go home to recruit his strength, attend to his children, make more substantial preparations, and then return to finish his task, or should he remain in Africa till that task was done? The former was Stanley's plan, and every affection of Livingstone's heart, every remembrance of the past terrible years, cried out in favor of it. But duty spoke otherwise. Perhaps the annals of self-sacrifice contain nothing more heroic than the decision of this man of many sorrows to stay and finish his work for Africa. Had he gone home, no whisper of blame could have assailed him; his country would have outdone itself to do him honor; he might have made his own terms for his family and for his future life; but he was one who "sought not his own."

As far as Unyanyembe he would go with Stanley to meet his long-delayed supplies, and then return to complete his work. "I propose to go from Unyanyembe to Fipa (lying east of Tanganyika);

then round the south end of Tanganyika, Tamberé or Mbeté; then across the Chambeze, and round south of Lake Bangweolo, and due west to the ancient fountains; leaving the underground excavations till after visiting Katanga (west of Bangweolo). This route will serve to certify that no other sources of the Nile can come from the south without being seen by me. No one will cut me out after this exploration is accomplished; and may the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of his stout-hearted servants, an honor to my children and perhaps to my country and race!"

The New Year had dawned with the earnest aspiration, "May the Almighty help me to finish my work this year, for Christ's sake!" They were on their way eastward. Stanley was very ill of fever, Dr. Livingstone busy writing letters and copying journals to be sent home. When Stanley had somewhat recovered they went on, going slowly "across a very lovely green country of open forest, all fresh, and like an English gentleman's park," where food was somewhat hard to come by. On the 18th of February, after going through low granite hills, "the country opens out, and we come to the *tembé** in the midst of many straggling villages. Unyanyembé! Thanks to the Almighty!"

It was the old story about the stores: they were broken into, scattered, stolen. Stanley's packages, thanks to his better arrangements, were nearly in-

* *Tembé*, a flat-roofed Arab house.

tact, and he forced upon Livingstone so much as he thought needful—"thirty-eight coils of brass wire, fourteen and a half bags of beads, twelve copper sheets, a strong canvas tent, boat-trousers, nine loads of calico, a bath, cooking-pots, a medicine-chest, a good lot of tools, tacks, screw-nails, copper nails, books, medicines, paper, tar, many cartridges and some shot."

One precious package of Livingstone's own came safely. "To my great joy, I got four flannel shirts from Agnes, and I was delighted to find that two pairs of fine English boots had been considerably sent by my friend Mr. Waller."

A month of busy writing followed, and then, having committed to Stanley's care his bulky packet of letters and his "journal sealed with five seals," the bitter moment of parting came. Who can describe the agony of that last look upon a brother's face, that last clasp of a loving hand? And Stanley—what were his emotions then? As from Elijah's fiery chariot fell the mantle upon Elisha, as from Stephen's stony martyrdom went forth the spirit which inspired St. Paul, so in that bitter parting moment fell upon Stanley the rich inheritance of Livingstone's spiritual sonship—his dear-bought achievements, his painful discoveries, his triumphant, all-conquering faith.

Another interval of dreary waiting followed, for Stanley was to send a force of picked men from the coast, and they were long delayed. "Weary!

weary!" is the frequent entry in his journal among notices of the habits of bird and flower and allusions to books which Stanley's thoughtfulness had provided. The last birthday but one passed here—the day on which he wrote that last solemn dedication of himself to "my Jesus, my King, my life, my all!" It was not until August, after six months' waiting, that he could write, "I do most devoutly thank the Lord for his goodness in bringing my men near to this. . . . Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! Amen."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.

IF Livingstone could have had such a company before as this one which Stanley sent him, how different his life might have been! There were fifty-seven men and boys in all, several of them, including John and Jacob Wainwright, native Christians educated at Nassick, and all with one exception docile, courageous and persevering. "The men," he writes Sir Thomas Maclear, "have behaved as well as Makololo: I cannot award them higher praise."

There was war in Fipa, and they had to make a wide circuit, which brought them to Tanganyika at a point where the mountains were so precipitous that even the donkeys which had been provided to save Livingstone the labor of walking were unable to climb them, and had to be dragged up as best they could. Livingstone, ill at the start, was completely prostrated by the climbing, the intense heat radiating from the rocks and the frequent want of water. Constant hæmorrhages fearfully reduced him. He could take no food but milk, and it was next to impossible to drag the cows over these terrible rocks. A box of condensed milk which had

been provided for the time when the cows should fail had inadvertently been left behind. It was a joyful moment when the first rain fell. The men eagerly called out to it, "Come! come with hail!" and gladly prepared to receive it.

From Tanganyika westward there were all the old difficulties of false guides and scarce food, but with his faithful men at his side they were more easily borne. There are streams to ford and bogs to wade, for this is the watery district, the country of many streams. By this time he is too ill to do more than pencil a few words in his note-book, yet by a superhuman effort manages to take observations whenever the clouds will permit. Sometimes the natives are suspicious; again, they are kind and bring presents of food, but hunger is often the order of the day. Christmas, his last Christmas, is greeted with thanks for the good gift of Jesus Christ our Lord, and a feast is made by killing an ox and distributing the meat among the men.

But there was illness in the camp; one of the men died. When near Lake Bangweolo they were detained by heavy, continuous rains, and, the sponges being now full, the rest of the way was one continuous plunge in and out of bogs or through rivers. Such entries as the following are frequent: "We crossed the rivulet and sponge of Nkulumuna, one hundred feet of rivulet and two hundred yards of flood, besides some two hundred yards of sponge, full and running off. We then,

after another hour, crossed the large rivulet Lopopussi by a bridge which was forty-five feet long, and showed the deep water; then one hundred yards of flood thigh-deep, and two or three hundred yards of sponge. After this we crossed two rills called Linkanda and their sponges, the rills in flood ten or twelve feet broad and thigh-deep."

Livingstone was no longer able to wade through these terrible bogs, but was carried upon the shoulders of his men. "Carrying me across one of the broad, deep sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least one thousand feet broad, or more than three hundred yards. The first part, the main stream, came up to Susi's mouth and wetted my seat and legs. One held my pistol up behind; then one after another took a turn, and when he sank into a deep elephant's footprint he required two to lift him so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist-deep. Others went on and bent down the grass to ensure some footing on the side of the elephant's path. Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants. Susi had the first spell, then Farijala, then a tall, stout, Arab-looking man, then Amoda, then Chanda, then Wadé Salé; and each time I was lifted off bodily and put on another pair of stout, willing shoulders; and fifty yards put them out of breath; no wonder. . . . It took us full an hour

and a half for us all to cross over. . . . The water was cold, and so was the wind, but no leeches plagued us."

He was constantly drenched to the skin and suffering from cold. "Never was in such a spell of cold, rainy weather except in going to Loanda in 1853." And then he goes on to notice the beautiful flowers in the forest where they made their huts at night, taking refuge from utter discomfort in the wonderful works of God.

The natives seemed timid and distrustful; he could not stay long enough in any one spot to gain their confidence. They tried to hinder his progress, and baffled him constantly by false directions. This was the more perplexing because for weeks he was unable to take observations, owing to the constant cloudiness, and he was uncertain where he was.

As they drew near Lake Bangweolo the rivers became deeper, but since the people hid their canoes they had constantly to double on their steps, going up a river for miles to find a shallow, and then coming down on the other side. For two months they were thus wandering in and out among the swollen streams, trying to get at the lake, while Livingstone's strength was ebbing fast with pain and constant hæmorrhages. In his old grateful spirit he sees good in this, as saving him from fever, but he is not ignorant of the danger. "If the good Lord gives me favor and permits me to finish my work, I shall thank and bless him, though it has cost me

untold toil, pain and travel. This trip has made my hair all gray."

Then came a furious attack of white ants one night, which swarmed all over him, biting viciously, and not to be dislodged for two hours. On the 19th of February they were near enough "to hear Bangweolo bellowing," but could get no canoes. The people were afraid both of the lake and of him. Their small canoes were only fit to carry them from island to island over the watery plain. It was hard even to get passage over to the village of one Matipa, a powerful chief who had large canoes fit for lake-navigation. When they at last reached him he kept them waiting from day to day. Livingstone's last birthday finds him at Matipa's:

"*March 19.*—Thanks to the almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life! Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus!"

Canoes are furnished at last, and the lake is skirted in the pitiless rain, the night being passed on an islet with a turned-up canoe for shelter. "Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward," he writes on the following morning.

Having after several days reached the southern bank of the Chambeze, the canoes are sent back, a pad made for the back of the donkey, which has been dragged and forded and carried all their way,

and they go on, but slowly, slowly, for food is scarce and rain heavy, and he is very weak. "I am pale and bloodless and weak from bleeding profusely ever since the 31st of March last [it is April 16th]; an artery gives off a copious stream and takes away my strength. Oh, how I long to be permitted by the over Power to finish my work!"

The wind and rain have torn the tents to shreds, fever has come back upon him, his head is so weak he cannot remember the names he wants to put down in his journal; there are no longer any astronomical observations, but he has Sabbath services still. "I am excessively weak. It is not all pleasure, this exploration," yet he pushes on.

On the 21st his strength fails utterly. From that time forward he can do nothing more than mark on his map the streams which enter the lake as he crosses them, with perhaps a word or two in his note-book; as—

"*April 21.*—Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil., exhausted."

He had been placed upon the donkey, and had gone on a little way, when he fainted and fell to the ground. Susi and Chuma carried him back to the village. The next morning they made a kintanda, or litter of wood and grass, covered with a blanket, which they slung from a pole and carried by turns to the next village over the flooded plain. His dysenteric pains were excruciating: he was thankful to be set down in two hours and a half,

and to lie down in a hut as soon as it could be built. So for four days more, going on for an hour or an hour and a half a day, too weak to write more than the date, but careful to do this, lest the record of time should be lost. The agony of the swaying, jolting kitanda is almost unendurable, yet as thus painfully he creeps from village to village he still makes inquiries about the sources which are the object of his search.

On the 27th, in an almost dying condition, he wrote: "Knocked up quite, and remain = recover—sent to buy milch-goats. We are on the banks of Molilamo."

These are his last written words. The busy pen which for thirty years has known no respite falls from his weak fingers, its last duty done.

For two days he lay in the hut on the banks of the Molilamo, waiting for the milch-goats which might supply the only food he could safely take; but the men who were scouring the country for them could find none. Then the march was resumed to the river-bank, across it, direly suffering, in a canoe, and on a mile farther to Chitambo's village, Ilala. Every few minutes he begged his carriers to lay him on the ground and let him rest. When he reached the village, whither Susi had run on to build the hut, it was not ready, and he had to be laid under the broad eaves of a native hut in the drizzling rain until his own was finished.

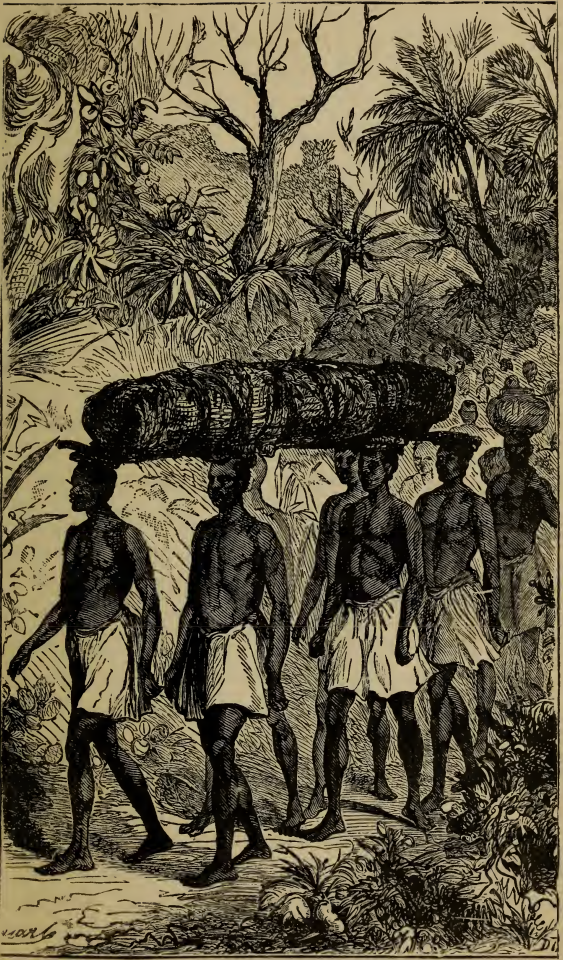
Then they made him as comfortable as their poor means allowed. It was the 29th of April. He was too weak to see the chief on the next day, but hoped to receive him on the morrow. Toward evening he called Susi to bring his watch, and showed him how to hold it in his hand while he slowly turned the key.

The still African night came on; the watchers sat around their fire. He was dozing lightly, only asking a question now and then, sighing, "Oh dear! dear!" when told that the Lualaba was still three days off. Toward midnight he called Susi, asked for his medicine and a little water to be placed by his bedside, and said in a feeble voice, "All right! you can go out now." They were the last words he was heard to speak.

The last to human ears. But to his God, with whom he had talked so intimately for so many years, who can tell with what words of faith, of love, of triumph, he resigned into his hands the trust he had so long and faithfully borne—the weal of Africa? For when, in the dim early morning, they went into the hut, the wasted figure which for many days had lain prone in utter weakness was kneeling by the bedside, the face bowed upon the clasped hands, the spirit gone to God.

No, surely that had been no hour of conflict, no wrestling of the parting soul for faith. He knew that the prayer of long years was answered—not in his life, but by his death.

To finish his work—that was his long desire. And it was finished. In that last hour, when faith was brightening into sight, he learned the meaning of his thwarted plans. He may even have foreseen, with the swift intelligence of eternity, how his dying breath would send a thrill through Christendom, prompting missionary, explorer, man of wealth, philanthropist, to labor to make good his place. He may have seen how the nations, so long deaf to his pleadings, should leap into action at the trumpet-call of his martyr death, and unite together to heal “the open sore of the world,” to suppress the slave-trade, to establish lawful commerce, to plant Christian missions, to build highways in Africa which shall be called “the Way of Holiness.”



The Body borne to the Coast.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

THE worn and wasted body which so long had enshrined that precious soul was not to be laid away in the dark African forest. The devoted companions of nine weary years and the faithful attendants of the last arduous journey were alike decided in this. Ignorant as they were of the best methods of carrying out their plans, well aware of the difficulties in their way, they resolved to carry it hence to rest in England.

Before daylight the irreparable loss was known to all, and, quietly assembling, the men placed themselves under the orders of Chuma and Susi. The boxes which contained their dead master's property were examined in the presence of them all; Jacob Wainwright made an inventory, and they were sealed up. Then came the preparation of the body.

A hut was built, open to the sky, but securely guarded all around, first by the huts of the men, and then by a strong palisade around the whole encampment. In this the body was prepared and exposed to sun and air for fourteen days, until com-

pletely dry. The heart was buried under a large mvula tree; Jacob Wainwright read the Burial Service in the presence of the whole company; two posts and a cross-piece were erected to mark the spot, and an inscription was carved upon the tree. The body, being ready for removal, was wrapped around in calico, rolled in a cylinder of bark, securely sewed up in sail-cloth, and slung upon a pole to be carried between two men. The homeward march was then begun.

For nine months these devoted men guarded their precious burden more jealously than their own lives. The superstitious fear of the dead prevalent among the natives made the journey among them perilous in the extreme. The ordinary dangers of the way were not diminished. For a whole month the men were prostrated by illness; for days they marched through swamp and water, where places for the night's encampment could only be found upon the great ant-hills common in the country. It was with difficulty that they avoided war; indeed, they were obliged to repel actual violence, but they never forgot their charge. Everywhere the tidings of their loss had gone before them, sometimes turning the people's hearts to pity, but more often causing them to take advantage of their want of a leader.

At last they arrive at Unyanyembe, and deposit their sacred burden in the tembé where the "weary waiting" was endured two years before. Here

they met an aid expedition, under Lieutenant Cameron, come out to search for Livingstone.

So far these poor ignorant men had safely brought not only their master's body, but every article of his property—papers, instruments, goods; the worst of the journey was over; they were now on the highway to the coast.

Here Lieutenant Cameron relieved them of their charge, and would have buried the body, but to this these faithful men would not consent. They submitted, because they could not help it, to a tampering with the property which must have seemed to them, as it has seemed to many others, an unwarrantable liberty; they could not hinder the English officer from opening the boxes and appropriating to the purposes of his own expedition the instruments with which so many observations had been made; but they would not consent that the body of their master should be left in Africa, and were finally permitted to carry it to the coast.

But the way lay among powerful and warring tribes, who would not fail to attempt to rob them of their precious burden. A stratagem was necessary to ensure its safety, and this they effected with wonderful ingenuity. Secretly in their hut they removed the body from its wrappings and buried them; then they packed it in such a form as that when wrapped in calico it should resemble a bale of merchandise. Their object being to make the natives believe that they had given up the attempt

to carry the body to Zanzibar, and had decided to take it back to Unyanyembe for burial, they cut a fagot of sticks six feet long, swathed it in such a way as to resemble the original package, and committed it to six trusty bearers, as if to carry it back to the English officers. The men marched off with due solemnity, but once in the forest, beyond chance of detection, they began to dispose of their burden. One by one the sticks were thrown far into the jungle, and the bark wrappings after them. Then, going farther on, first one and then another jumped clear of the path, so as to leave no trace of footsteps, and, going through the forest by separate ways, rejoined their companions during the night. The ruse was not suspected, and for the remainder of the way the body was unmolested.

Arrived in Zanzibar, the company broke up, each going his own way, except Susi, Chuma, and Jacob Wainwright, who accompanied the body to England. On arriving it was given over to the care of the Geographical Society, and, to allay the doubts of those who could not believe it possible that so difficult a feat had been accomplished, an examination was made, and the false joint in the left arm, so well known as the result of the encounter with the lion, was found, proving that these were indeed the remains of David Livingstone.

On Saturday, April, 18, 1874, they were carried to their last resting-place, in Westminster Abbey. The abbey was crowded in every part. Among the

pall-bearers were Mr. Stanley, Mr. Waller, Mr. Oswell, Mr. E. D. Young, Dr. Kirk and Jacob Wainwright—all associated with his African travels—and Mr. Webb, in whose house his last book was written. Dr. Stewart, who had knelt with him at his wife's bedside, and Dr. Moffat, his father-in-law, were also present.

There they laid him, among kings and princes and nobles of the earth, to await his last great change. His name is graven on the marble slab, but his record is written in far more enduring characters on the world's history and in the hearts of men.

“Droop, half-mast colors, bow, bareheaded crowds,
As this plain coffin o'er the side is slung,
To pass by woods of masts and ratlined shrouds,
As erst by Afric's trunks, liana-hung.

“'Tis the last mile of many thousands trod,
With failing strength, but never-failing will,
By the worn frame, now at its rest with God,
That never rested from its fight with ill.

“Or if the ache of travel and of toil
Would sometimes wring a short, sharp cry of pain
From agony of fever, blain and boil,
'Twas but to crush it down, and on again.

“He knew not that the trumpet he had blown
Out of the darkness of that dismal land
Had reached and roused an army of its own,
To strike the chains from the slave's fettered hand.

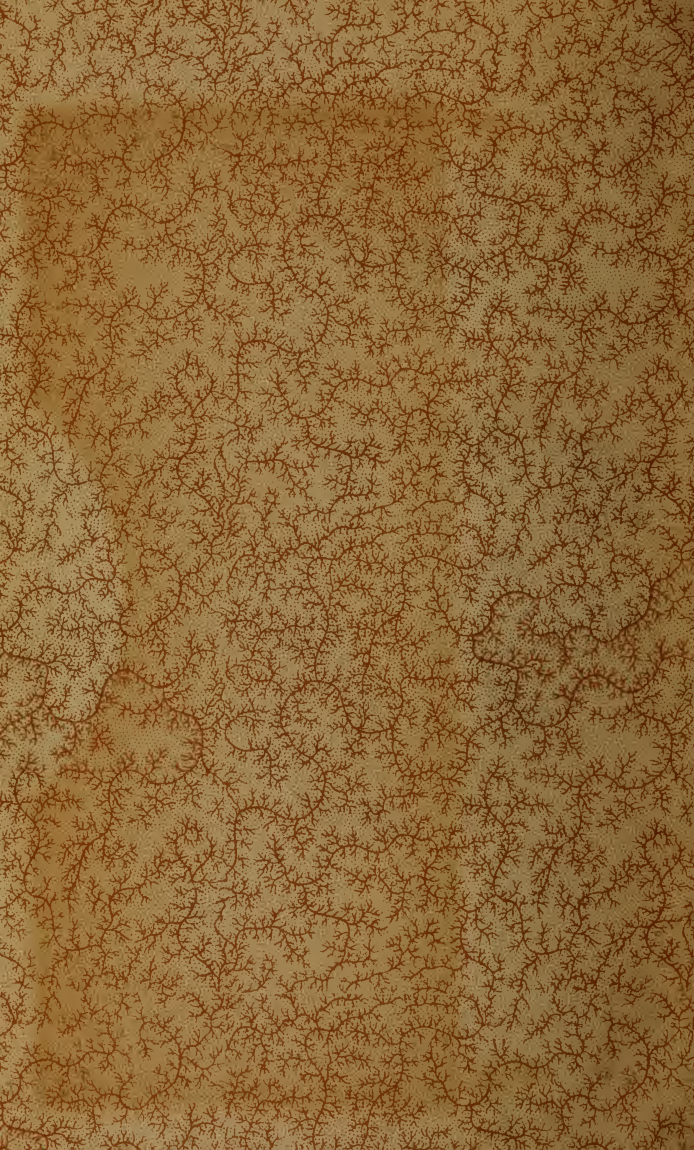
“Now, we believe, he knows, sees all is well—
How God had stayed his will and shaped his way,

To bring the light to those that darkling dwell,
With gains that life's devotion well repay.

“Open the abbey-doors, and let him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

“He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame.
Let marble crumble: this is Living-stone.”

THE END.



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Author Houghton, L.S.

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